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Meditations

on the Supper of our Lord, and the Hours of the Passion,

by

Cardinal John Bonaventura
the Seraphic Doctor.

Drawn into English Verse by Robert Manning of Brunne.

(ABOUT 1315—1330.)

EDITED FROM THE MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD,

with Introduction and Glossary

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

I. DESCRIPTION OF THE MS.

The MS. from which the poem here presented to the reader has been copied is known as Harl. MS. 1701, and marked Plut. LXXII. B. The volume, which is about 12 in. × 9 in., contains three poems:

a. *Handlyng Synne,*
b. *The Medytacyuns,*
c. *Roberd of Cyssille.*

The first two leaves are blank; *a.* occupies 83 leaves and part of the 84th, ending in the second column of the first side of leaf 84. It is immediately followed by our poem, which, it will be seen, commences in the second column of leaf 84. It closes on the second page of leaf 91 (fol. 91, back), of which it occupies somewhat more than half. On leaf 92 commences *Kyng Roberd of Cyssille,* which closes on the first side of leaf 95.

The headings of the divisions of the poem are all written in red ink; a few of the capitals are illuminated, and the lines are all bracketed in pairs with red ink. In "the fourþe poynt of þe soper" five ¶'s have been introduced, but whether by the original scribe or by a later one I am unable to say: they are done in blue. The handwriting is very regular and very clear; a few omissions occur, but nearly all have been supplied by the original scribe with the usual mark (ʌ) underneath. These are all noted, as well as a few which I have thought to be required: one whole line has been supplied from the Bodleian MS.

A few words have their meanings written over them, thus :—

	wraþþe		euer
l. 345	mode	l. 1030	ay
	place		soper
l. 440	ce to ce	l. 1111	cene
	haste		take
l. 821	reke	l. 1114	nome

The punctuation of the MS. is so very slight, that it has been disregarded altogether. I have expanded the contractions where I could see clearly what was intended, and have marked the expansions according to our custom. In a few cases the mark of contraction seemed doubtful, and these I have noted at the foot of the page where they occur. Frequently *gh* has a mark through it, thus, gh̄, and it will be found so printed in the text, even where it perhaps ought to be followed by a *t*: thus tagh̄ in the MS. is not expanded into tagh̄*t*; and thogh̄ is printed thogh̄ without any expansion. In line 554 the words "crucyfye, crucyfye" have a slight curl, or it may be *g*, over the *ye*; a curl somewhat similar is found over such a word as "our," which I have expanded into oure; but the word "crucyfye" I have left. MS. B. has "crucyfige." The word is in the imperative mood, singular; and "crucyfye" or "crucyfyge" will correspond with the grammar of the poem, as will be seen further on.

The only other known copy of the poem is in the Bodl. MS. 415, which also contains the *Handlyng Synne*. Mr Geo. Parker of Oxford has kindly read my transcript with the Bodleian MS., and noted all the variations between the two. They are but slight, but the Bodl. MS. has supplied one whole line (248) as stated before, and correct readings in ll. 214, 216; while l. 1102 seems to be corrupt in both MSS.

II. GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The few notes I have made upon the grammatical forms of this poem are such as presented themselves to my mind in reading the MS., aided by a hint from the Rev. W. W. Skeat, which is referred to below. The forms I have tabulated are intended for those readers who are interested in the grammar of our language, and they will, I trust, be of some use to those who are more competent than I am to

draw correct conclusions as to the date of the poem and the locality in which it was written. My object has been simply to tabulate forms; and if at any time I have ventured to give utterance to an opinion of my own, or to deduce any principle from the facts before me, I have done so with the utmost deference to the opinions of others.

I. Verbs.

(i.) Verbs in the third person singular, indicative mood, present tense, end generally in *eth*, some few in *th*; as :—

wytnesseþ	l. 51	kalleþ	l. 535
putteþ	71	goþ	571
boweþ	148	bereþ	572
wasseþ	151	suffyseþ	693
cleppeþ	152	endyþ	775
kysseþ	152	suffreþ	782
gouerneþ	211	wexyþ	825
foleweþ	295	seeþ	848
preyeþ	310	accepteþ	913
kepeþ	404	answereþ	1004
seyþ	408	shameþ	1081
cumþ	418	ȝyfþ	1106
chargeþ	470	cryeþ	1106
wadeþ	520	geþ	1122
sheweþ	524		

Once only have I noticed the verb in the *second* person singular, indicative, present tense, to end in *th* :—

"Fy! þat goddes temple *dystroyþ*" (674).

(ii.) Verbs in the third person plural, present indicative, end in *eth* and in *en*. The following end in *eth* :—

bygynneþ[1]	p. 1	scorneþ	l. 429
blyndyþ	l. 427	syngeþ	429
boffeteþ	428	dyspyseþ	673
seyþ	428	seeþ	848

The following end in *n*, *en* :—

ben	l. 122	pycchen	l. 612
sen	232	cleuyn	616
crepyn	286	beren	667
callen	292	doun	755
deluyn	347, 611	dyen	755
axen	430	lakkyn	884
leyn	521	wounden	911
dryuen	593	wrastyn	911
dyggen	611	shullen	1108

[1] In B. *bygynnen*

(iii.) Imperatives in the singular have two terminations *-e* (sometimes omitted), and *th* in the proportion of rather more than two of the former to one of the latter. Bearing in mind Mr Skeat's distinction between "thou and ye" in *William of Palerne* (Intro. xli), I have endeavoured to classify these imperatives to see whether the author followed any definite system in their use.[1] At first all seems confusion—*e* and þ being apparently used indiscriminately.

Omitting the expletives "þenk"(e), "beþenk"(e), and "beholde," used only by the translator to his reader, which never end in þ, they may be divided thus :—

(*a*) The translator addressing the reader, *or equal addressing equal*, uses the *e* termination generally, as :—

say	l. 8	receyue	l. 218
opone	10	here	219
hyde	10	do	298
take	17, 43, 297, 371	loþe	299
loke	167	crucyfye	608
haue	179	se	826

Christ addressing His Father—*Equals*—also uses the *e* termination :—

kepe	l. 259, 354, 366, 368	ryse	l. 338
bowe	312	forgyue	649, 711
lestene	312	graunte	650
here	313	saue	651
dyspyse	313	slake	696
see	316	take	746

The Father to the Son—*Equals* :—

Com	l. 750	sytte	l. 754
Come	754		

The Virgin to death :—

Come	l. 791	do	l. 792

The Virgin to her Son :—

haue reuþe on me l. 832

The mob to Christ :—

telle who þe smyt	l. 428	saue þy selfe	l. 675
Come to þy dome	483	come adowne	676

The Virgin to the disciples :—

dysmay ȝow nat l. 1090

St Michael to Christ in His agony :—

cumforte þe weyl l. 398 do manly l. 398

[1] I am reminded that *ye* for *thou* is regularly Northern ; it is first found in the *Tristrem*, then in the *Havelok*.

The last two ought, perhaps, to be classed with the following three, as exceptions to the rule :—

Be	l. 2	graunte	l. 5
saue	4		

These occur in the translator's invocation to the Deity. And lastly, *se*, 701, used by the Virgin to God. This may be an error of the scribe, as Mary, we shall see, in every other instance uses the termination *th*.

We may then, I think, conclude that equals address equals without the final *th*.

(*b*) I come now to examine the imperatives which end in *th*. Among these are no expletives to be struck out.

Christ addressing His disciples, Superior addressing inferiors, use *th* :—

makeþ	l. 196	weteþ	l. 254
kepeþ	247	aryseþ	280

The Virgin, apparently assuming superiority, says to the women, seeþ (809); to the disciples :—

takeþ	l. 950	lateþ	l. 994
beryeþ	951	douteþ	1105
abydeþ	991, 1047	beþ	1107
goþ	994		

The Virgin to the Jews who came to remove the bodies from the cross :—

pyneþ	l. 847	ȝyueþ	l. 848
brekeþ	847	haueþ	850

In these last instances, although the Virgin appears as a suppliant, yet we cannot doubt but that the poet intended to represent her as the superior of the "houndes" who came to break the legs of those hanging on the cross, and to cast their bodies into the ditch close by. Once, as we have seen (1090), Mary uses "dysmay" when addressing the disciples, and only once. John, too, uses the forms under notice twice; once, addressing these same Jews at the cross, he says, "goþ hens" (873), and again, in addressing the women, "beþe of gode cumforte" (895). A seeming inconsistency appears in this last, but it must be remembered that to him was given the care of the Virgin; and with this charge he seems to have had the care and command of all the women.

So far, then, we should be tolerably safe in saying equals addressed equals without the *th*, and superiors inferiors with it; but another class will compel us to modify what would have been a convenient division, and one which could have been accounted for by *number* (as the division, perhaps, will be after all), namely, that imperatives singular end in *e*, while in the plural they end in *th*. The class which remains for examination is that in which inferiors address superiors.

The Virgin in her prayer to God uses

kepeþ	l. 458	ȝeldeþ	l. 468
beþ	459	helpeþ	471
doþ	465	bryngeþ	472
lateþ	467		

Broadly stated, then, we may say, equals address equals in *e*, and unequals address unequals in *th*.

We may also say that all imperatives in *e* (except dysmay followed by the pronoun) are in the singular number, and that all in *th*—*nine* exceptions—are in the plural number.[1]

(iv.) A few verbs occur in the second person indicative, terminating in *est*, as: þenkest (21), takest (202), seest (205), forsakest (727), betakest (728), suffrest (868), and sentest (317). We have also byt for bade (305), and byst for biddest (1015); fynst for findest (557), shust for shouldest (714), and bynte for bind (427).

(v.) The present participle ends in *ing* (yng) throughout; to this I find no exceptions; unless memorand, ll. 32 and 195, are taken as participles.

II. Nouns.

Of Nouns not much need be said. Generally the plural ends in *s*, *es*, or *ys*, as opynyon*s*, wurd*es*, hert*ys*; but a few end in *en*, as:—

teren, tears	l. 634	sostryn, sisters	l. 647
yen, eyes	357	shamen, shames	672
breþren	647	honden, hands	912

The possessive (several exceptions) ends in *s*, *es*, *ys*, as:—

Martyals legende	l. 51	goddes grace	l. 9
Sones passyun	3	crystys passyun	14

[1] See *Morris's Specimens of Early English*, Introduction, xxxiii.

III. Pronouns.

The Personal Pronouns are, Singular--

1.	2.	3.
y	þou	he, she (also *se*), hyt
my, myn	þy, þyn	hys, here
me	þe	hym, here, hyt

Plural—

1.	2.	3.
we	ȝe	þey
oure	ȝoure	here
vs	ȝow	hem

The interrogatives *who* (106, 551) and *ho* (526, 790) occur; also the relatives *whiche* (812) and *þat* (215). *He* occurs once as a neuter unless we say 'world' is masculine:—

> And ȝyf þe worlde ȝow hate now,
> Weteþ þat *he* me hated ar ȝow (253-4).

Here I cannot do better than quote Mr Skeat's remarks on the use of *Thou* and *Ye* before referred to. He says, "*Thou* is the language of a lord to a servant, of an equal to an equal, and expresses also companionship, love, permission, defiance, scorn, threatening; whilst *ye* is the language of a servant to a lord, and of compliment, and further expresses honour, submission, entreaty."[1] A careful examination of the pronouns used in this poem gives the same results. Thus, Christ addresses His Father as *Thou*, *Thee*—using *ȝow* once in the accusative (314)—or in the language of an "equal to an equal." The author addresses his reader in the same terms—*thou*, *thee*.

The Jews, in "scorn," address Jesus as *Thou* (436-8). John, as the beloved companion of Christ, uses *thee*—"who shal *þe* betreȝ?" (106). St Michael, who was sent from heaven to comfort the Saviour, uses at first the language of a "servant"—"for *ȝow* we (the angels) preyd" (382); but afterwards he uses that of love—*thee* (383). He again uses *thee*, but he seems to be repeating the Father's words (403).

Mary, using "the language of a servant to a lord," and expressing at the same time "honour, submission, and entreaty," in her prayer to the Father in heaven, uses *ye*, *you*, *youre*, with the plural verbs (457—469).

[1] *William of Palerne*, Intro. xlii.

The translator twice uses *you* when addressing Christ (579-80), and John uses *ye* to Mary (853).

IV. Adjectives.

The comparative in *er* occurs in logher (133), and the superlative in *est* in ȝungest (56).

V. Adverbs.

In adverbs we have *nygh* (90) and *ny* (418, 566) with the comparative *ner* (584). Once the adverb terminates in *lygh*, gladlygh (89); in all other instances in *ly*, as shamely (172), manly (398).

To conclude. The results of this examination show that

1. Verbs in the third person singular, present, indicative mood, end in *eth*. This termination is Southern and East Midland.[1]

2. Verbs in the third person plural, indicative mood, end in *eth* or in *en;* the number having the latter ending being eighteen, that of the former only eight: *eth* is the Southern ending; *en* is the Midland ending.[2]

3. Verbs in the second person singular, indicative mood, end in *est*. This termination is Southern and East Midland.[3]

4. Verbs imperative, singular, end in *e*, except some few particularly mentioned above; the imperative plural, second person, with one exception, in *eth;* (but note "ƿank we" and "gyn we" in ll. 1133, 1135, which are 1st pers. pl.)

5. The present participles end in *ing*, which is Southern,[4] but had spread over the Midland by 1310, as we see in the rimes in the *Handlyng Synne*.

6. Nouns plural end in *es, ys,* some few in *en*.

From all which we conclude the language is Midland, with some Southern forms, due, most likely, to the transcriber.

III. AUTHORSHIP, etc.

The numerous translations of S. Bonaventura's *Vita Christi* which exist show how popular the work has always been. The partial translation here for the first time printed is probably the earliest in existence. The next in order would seem to be one

[1] *Specimens of E. E. Poetry*, xii. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid. In the *Havelok* we find "Thou sittes." [4] *Genesis and Exodus*, xxviii.

mentioned in Lowndes' *Bib. Manual* under the title of *The Myrrour of the blessyed Life of Ihesu Cryst*, translated into English in the year 1410, and printed by Richard Pynson.[1] In the British Museum are two copies, printed by Caxton in 1488, one on paper, the other on vellum. There is also in the Museum a copy printed by W. de Worde in 1525. The only copies of modern editions which I have seen are one published in London in 1739, translated and edited by "E. Y." and another published at Frome Selwood for the use of Members of the Church of England, so recently as 1868. This appears without translator's or editor's name.[2] "E. Y." speaks of an "Obsolete Edition" which he intended to copy, merely altering the orthography; but finding the "Editor (of this Obsolete Edition) having often through the whole omitted many Passages of the Saint, and inserted others in their Room, such as were either agreeable with his own Thoughts, or collected from other Authors, who have wrote on the same Subject," he determined on a new translation. To what "obsolete edition" he refers I cannot say, nor can I ascertain who "E. Y." was.

Robert Mannyng of Bourne, in Lincolnshire, was probably the translator of the *Medytacyuns*. In 1303 he translated *Le Manuel des Pechiez* under the title of *Handlyng Synne*. In the Harl. MS. our poem immediately follows the *Handlyng Synne*, and in the Bodleian the two also appear together. Between 1327 and 1338 Mannyng translated Peter de Langtoft's French *Chronicle* into English, and possibly he may, about this time, have made a translation of a portion of Bonaventura's *Meditationes Vitæ Christi*.[3]

As bearing upon the authorship, we may say it is well known that Mannyng used to take great liberties with his originals. A glance at Mr Furnivall's *Handlyng Synne* will show to how great an extent he introduced original stories to illustrate some point which he deemed of importance. The same thing will be found here. Among passages which do not appear in the Latin original may be noted the following:—

[1] Bohn's *Lowndes' Bib. Man.*, p. 234.

[2] The Catalogue says it is by the Rev. F. Oakeley.

[3] Mr T. L. Kington Oliphant thinks Manning wrote the *Handlyng Synne* from 1303—1310; and that he then began the present poem.

The opening part, consisting of 22 lines, is wholly the translator's own. Lines 130, 136, 138, and 170,

> þat þe lered men shulde teche the lewed,

are also interpolations.

Lines 212, 215, 217, and 218 are new, and noteworthy, as showing the opinion of the translator upon an important doctrine :—

> He *þat þou seest yn þe prestes fest.* 212
> *He þat þou seest yn forme of brede,* 215
> Hyt ys goddys sone quyk nat ded.
> With clene herte þou hym receyue, 217
> For elles þy soule þou wylt deceyue. 218

The expression "tyl þat he wax hote" (369), and that Christ suffered in His agony only in His Manhood and not in His Godhead (411-12), are also new; as are lines 477-8,

> Both bollers of wyne and eche a gadlyng
> Come oute for to se of Ihesus endyng;

and the exclamation (529-30),

> Almyȝty god! where art þou now?
> Þese houndes seme myȝtyer þan þou!

In the "third hour" the expressive lines (567-8) are due to the translator :—

> þey punged hym furþe þurgh euery slogh,
> As an hors ys prykked þat goþ yn þe plogh.

As he went on the translator took greater liberties, and introduced more of his own matter, and generally with advantage. Thus, after l. 768 had said the Saviour's dying cry was heard in hell, we have added :—

> Þenk now, man, what ioye þere ys
> Whan soules ben broȝt from pyne to blys.
> A! how long þey haue þere lyne,
> To abyde here sauyour yn many a pyne;
> Þey cleped, and cryed, com goddes sone,
> How long shul we yn þys wo wone?

And further on, after l. 834, the following new matter is introduced :—

> To þe cros foote hastly she ran,
> And clypped þe cros faste yn here arme,
> And seyd, my sone here wyl y dey,
> Ar þou from me be bore aweye.

After the Saviour's death and the appearance of the water and blood, the translator breaks out (861-8) :—

AA, wrong! aa, wo! aa, wykkednes!
To martyre here for here mekenes.
Þe sone was dede, he felte no smerte,
But certes hyt perced þe modyrs hert.
Þey wou*n*ded here, and heped harm vp on harmes;
She fyl, as for dede, yn maudeleyns armys.
A! Ih*e*su, þys dede ys ful wu*n*dyr to me,
Þat þou suffrest þy modyr be martyred for þe.

The line commencing "She fyl" only being in the original. Omitting the inserted lines 879-882 and 923-4, we arrive at a longer passage, which also seems worthy of being introduced here :—

Feyn wulde she ha bore more of here dere sone,
But grete sorowe here strengþe had ou*er*come.
Þat arme wepyng ofte she kyste,
She kolled hyt, she clypped hyt vp on here brest.
But eu*er* wha*n* she behelde þat grysly wou*n*de,
For sorowe & for feyntnes she fyl to þe grou*n*de.
Oftyn she seyd a, sone! a, sone!
Where ys now alle þat werk become,
Þat þou were wunt to werche w*ith* þys honde?
Feuers and syke men to brynge oute of bonde.
A, flesshe! a, fode! moste feyr*e* and most fre,
Of þe holy goste conceyued yn me,
Why fadest þou? no fylþe yn þe ys fou*n*de,
For sy*n*neles y bare þe yn to þys mou*n*de.
A! ma*n*nes sy*n*ne dere hast þou boȝt,
W*ith* a gretter prys myȝt hyt neu*er* be boȝt.—ll. 929-944.

The whole of the final Meditation, except the idea in ll. 1126-29, is due to the translator. Of other liberties, such as the expansion or condensation of the original, it would be too tedious to speak—the handling throughout has been free,—the translator following his own judgment wherever he deemed it best.[1]

R. Mannyng's desire to teach the lewed will be well remembered. He translated Langtoft's *Chronicle* into "*symple speche*" "*for the luf of symple men*," and in "light lange" he it "beganne, *for luf of the lewed manne;*" and here, in the *Medytacyuns*, we have

A feyre monasshyng hys sermoun shewed
Þat þe lered men shulde teche þe lewed.[2]

One other parallel passage may be quoted. In *Handlyng Synne* we meet with this :—

Whan Iesu deyde thurghe passyun
Hys dyscyplys doutede echoun

[1] Miss L. Toulmin Smith read my proof with the Latin Original.
[2] ll. 169, 170.

Whether he shulde ryse or noun.
Alle that beleuede yn hym byfore,
Alle here beleue was nyghe forlore
Fro the fryday that he deyde
To tyme that he ros, as he seyde.
But hys modyr vyrgyne Marie,
She bare the beleue vp stedfastly
Fro the fryday at the noun
Tyl alle the satyrday was doun,
And alle the nyght tyle that he ros.[1]

With this compare ll. 1107, 1110 of the *Medytacyuns*. Addressing the weeping disciples, Mary says:—

Beeþ of gode cumfort, for trustly y say,
We shullen hym se on þe þrydde day;
Seþþen he haþ boght vs at so grete prys,
Nedes from þe deþ he mote aryse.

Against these in favour of Mannyng being the translator we must place the undoubted difference of dialect between the *Medytacyuns* and the *Chronicle*. By the kindness of Mr Furnivall I have been supplied with some forward sheets of his forthcoming edition of Brunne's translation of Langtoft's *Chronicle*, and have made a careful examination of 2230 lines (all I had), or of a portion about twice the length of the *Medytacyuns*. I have shown in the grammatical notes to this poem[2] that the dialect is E. Midland. Availing myself of Mr Morris's tests I have obtained the following results respecting the dialect of the *Chronicle*:—

1. Verbs in the third person singular, indicative, end (with a very few exceptions) in *es*. This is the Northern or W. Midland form.[3]

2. Verbs in the third person plural, indicative, end in *s* or *es* (except one or two). This also is the Northern or W. Midland termination.[3]

3. Verbs of the second person singular, present, indicative, end in *es* and *est*, two of the latter to three of the former; again showing in favour of a Northern dialect.

4. Imperatives singular are but few, and show no partiality for any particular dialect; but the imperatives plural mostly end in *es*; that is, have a Northern or W. Midland ending.

5. Present or imperfect participles end in *and*, *ande*, and *yng*.

[1] *Handlyng Synne*, Furnivall's ed., p. 29. [2] Ante, p. xii.
[3] These forms are also found in the E. Midland *Havelok*.

6. Nouns plural generally end in *es;* none I think in *en.*

There are other details which point strongly to a Northern rather than a Southern influence; such as the use of *hepen* and *þepen*, which are said to be "unknown to the Southern dialect;"[1] the constant occurrence of *til* (to) as a preposition; and other forms which I need not specify. So marked a difference in dialect can only be accounted for, supposing the *Chronicle* and the *Medytacyuns* proceeded from the same man, by the liberties taken by transcribers with their originals. It was only natural that, when they copied a work, they should endeavour to adapt the language to the district in which it was to be used.

It is matter for regret that these *Meditations* have not been in the hands of subscribers and students earlier. I copied the MS., and this Introduction was written, some five years ago—want of funds on the one hand, and my absence from England on the other, have delayed its appearance until now. During my brief holiday I have done what little I could (imperfectly, I know) to finish Henry Brinklow's volume for the student of history, and these *Meditations* for those especially who care to go back to "The sources of Standard English."[2]

J. M. Cowper.

Watling Street, Canterbury,
February 23, 1875.

Mr T. L. Kington Oliphant has read the proof of the *Medytacyuns,* and has kindly made the following notes:—

"I think there is no doubt that the 'Soper' must have been compiled by Robert of Brunne. The following are expressions that also come in the *Handlyng Synne*:—

"Page (Soper) 30. God *ones* (olim) said; also, *swyche, same, nat only, smert, afore, pens, tugge, holy* (omnino), *the which, ho* (quis), *wuld God, seced* (cessavit). There is the same fondness for *gh* instead of the old *h*, as *logher, syghyng, þogh, Myghel, þurgh, glad-*

[1] Morris's *Specimens, &c.*, xv.
[2] The title of Mr Oliphant's most useful book.

lygh. There is, in common with the Northern Psalter, *bie* (emere), *wicked* (with the *d* at the end), *thos* = *thes* (illi), p. 19, *them which* (p. 9).

"*Astyte* is a regular Northern expression; *teit* comes in the Haveloc; so does *stone dead.*

"*Furthermore* is in the Tristrem. There are many expressions found in the Cursor Mundi (Northern Version, which I think Dr Morris dates about 1290). These are *tite*, p. 268; *rife*, p. 18; *put* (in the sense of *ponere*), p. 96; (Ormin's) *bad* (jussit), p. 108; *cole* (occidere), p. 166; *ha* instead of *have*, p. 22; *wunt*, p. 208; *you* for *thou*, p. 164; *cors* (corpus) is also used in both works. Stratmann gives none but Northern examples of this last.

"There are some new expressions in the Soper, such as *bring about*, *swoon* (the *n* at the end is here first found); *stuck*, from *stikien* (p. 29); *grub*, for pluck up; *hereupon*, *strait* to hell (p. 35); *by cause* (quia); *most* is used for the superlative, p. 15. We see *a by path*, 16, like Manning's *bi way; to lay on* (thrash), *own self* (line 680). The Northern *them*, not *hem*, comes in p. 12, and has not been altered by the transcriber. The East Anglian *clad* is found in p. 16. The 3 pers. sing. in *es* comes often, like *hangis* (pendet).

"The word *preyour* (p. 13) altered to suit the rime is odd. The Southern transcriber was most likely a Kentishman, for we find *a ver* (afar), p. 19. He has *teren* (lachryme), *some seyþ*, was *ibroke*, and many such.

"The different reading *nor* in p. 2 is a sure mark of the North; it is never found in the South East about 1360, which I suppose is the date of the transcription."

[*Harl. MS.* 1701, *leaf* 84, *col.* 1.]

Here bygynnep[1] medytacyuns of pe soper of oure lorde Ihesu. And also of hys passyun. And eke of pe peynes of hys swete modyr, Mayden marye. pe whyche made yn latyn Bonauenture Cardynall. [leaf 84]

Alle myȝty god yn trynyte,
Now & euer wyþ vs be;
For þy sones passyun
Saue alle þys congregacyun;
And graunte vs grace of gode lyuyng
To wynne vs blysse wyþouten endyng.
Now euery man, yn hys degre,
Sey amen, amen, pur charyte.
Thou crysten creature, by goddes grace,
Opone þyn herte and hyde þy face;
For þou shalt chaunge þy chere a none,
Or elles þyn herte ys harder þan stone.
Y wyl þe lere a medytacyun
Compyled of crystys passyun;
And of hys modyr, þat ys[2] dere,
What peynes þey suffred þou mayst lere.
Take hede, for y wyl no þyng seye
But þat ys preued by crystes feye,
By holy wryt, or seyntes sermons,
Or by dyuers holy opynyons.

God be with us,

and grant us bliss.

Christian, open thy heart.

I will teach thee a meditation of the Passion.

May be proved by Holy Writ or Saints' sermons.

[1] bygynneu [2] ys so

No fiend will annoy thee. [leaf 84, col. 2]

Whan þou þenkest þys yn þy þo3t
Thyr may no fende noye þe *with* no3t.[1]

Now of þe soper of oure lorde Ihesu.

Comyng þe tyme of grete *mer*cy,
God sent His Son to save mankind. Whan god sent hys sone down[2] fro[3] hy,
Of a mayden he wulde be bore,
To saue mankynde þat was forlore.
He would not "buy" us with silver and gold, but with His blood. But no*þer with* corupt syluer ne[4] golde;
But wyþ hys blode, by[5] vs he wulde.
Whan tyme was come to suffre þys
He made a Supper for a memorial. A soper he made to hys dycyplys;
Are he were ded and shuld fro[6] hem wende,
A memorand þyng to haue yn mynde.
This Supper was real. þys soper was real as þou mayst here,
Foure real þynges cryst made þere.
Think upon it, and God will not let thee go fasting. 3yf þou þenke weyl on þys fedyng,
God wyl nat late þe passe fastyng.
Four things to be had in mind. Foure þynges þou most haue yn þy þo3t,
þat yn þys soper cryst haþ wro3t:
First, a bodily feeding. þe fyrst ys a bodly[7] fedyng,
Second, the feet washing. þe secu*n*de ys [8]hys dycyples fete[8] wasshyng,
Third, Himself in Bread. þe þred yn brede hy*m* self takyng,
Fourth, a Sermon. þe fourþe a sermou*n* of feyre makyng.

The fyrst poynt of þe soper.

The first "point." Now to þe fyrst:—take gode entent
He sent Peter and John to prepare the Supper. How petyr and iohn*e* from hy*m* he sent,
Yn to þe mou*n*te of syon,
[leaf 84, back] To greyþe hys paske a3ens he com.
On Thursday night He came with His disciples. And on a þursday þedyr he ly3t
Wyþ hys dycyplys a3ens ny3t.
The Supper was prepared by the 72 disciples. þe soper was dy3t, as y herd sey,

[1] oght [2] down *comes after* sent *in* B. [3] fro*m* [4] nor [5] bie [6] fro*m* [7] bodyly [8] *om.*

By dyscyplys seuenty and twey;
Seynt Martyals legende wytnesseþ ry3t,
With hem he was þe soper to dy3t.
Whan þe soper was made redy,
Cryst sette hym down, and þey hym by;
Iohne þe euangelyst sate hym nexte,
Al þogh he were of age 3ungeste;
To hym was none of hem echone
So trusty and so trewe as was Iohne:
For fere wulde he nat fle hym fro,
Tyl he was ded and byryed also.
Byholde now, man, and þou shalt se
How euery man sate yn hys degre.
Here table was brode and foure square,
The maner of þat[1] cuntre was swych þare;
On euery syde sate of hem þre,
And cryst yn a corner mekely to se:
So þat here by þou mayst lere
þat of o dysshe þey etyn yn fere,
þarfore þe my3t nat vndyrstonde
Whan cryst seyd, "he þat hys honde
Yn my dysshe putteþ furþ ry3t,
He shal betraye me þys ny3t."
Thys table at rome men haue seyn,
Yn seynt Iohne chyrche þe latereyn.
A nouþer maner mayst þou vndyrstande,
þat þey stonde *with* staues yn honde,
Etyng faste, and stondyng stylle,
Moyses lawe to fulfylle.
Cryst lete hem sytte, so semeþ best,
For elles ne had Ione slept one hys brest.
When graces were seyd, and alle men sette,
Here paske lombe rosted furþe was fette.
Thys lomb toke vp[2] cryst Ihesus,
A verry lombe slayn for vs,

S. Martial's legend.

When supper was ready, Christ sat down;

John sat next to Him.

None so true as John.

He would not flee till Christ was buried.

The table was four-square.

Three sat on each side and Christ in a corner.

Hereby thou mayest learn how they could eat out of one dish.

This table men have seen at Roma. [See *Stacions of Rome*, ed. Furnivall.]

They eat standing to fulfil Moses' Law,

but Christ lets them sit.

"Graces" said,

[leaf 84, back, col. 2]

[1] *om.* [2] *vp* written over the line in MS.

Christ cuts the lamb into small gobbets. As a servant He sits with them.

Alle yn smale gobéttes he hyt kytte;
For vs as a seruaunt wyþ hem[1] he sytte,
With hem he[2] ete ryȝt with glad chere,
And cunforted hem to ete yn fere,

But they are afraid.

But euer þey dredde to ete gladlygħ,
For sum sorowe semed hem nygħ.
Whyles þey ete on þys manere,

Christ says, "I have desired to eat this Passover with you.

Cryst seyd þese wurdes dere:—
"Long haue y desyred with ȝow, y seye,
Þys paske tó ete ar þat y deye:
Forsoþe, þe soþe [3]to ȝow y[3] seye,

One of you shall betray Me."

One of ȝow shal me betraye."
Byholde now, man, what sorowe and wo
Þe dycyplys toke[4] to hem þo;

This word pierces their hearts.

Þys voys as a swerd here hertes persed,
And to ete anone þey seced.

Each looks on other, and asks, "Lord, is it I?"

Eche loked on ouþer with grysly ye,[5]
And seyd, "lorde wheber hyt be y[6]?"

Judas goes on eating.

Þe treytur ete faste, and wulde nat blyn,
As þogħ þe[7] tresun come nat by hym.

John asks privily who should betray Him.

Pryuyly þan Ion to cryst gan prey,
And seyd, "lorde, who shal þe betrey?"
For specyal loue cryst hyt hym tolde,
"Iudas skaryot," he seyd, "beholde."
Þan Iohne þoȝte hys herte wulde breste,

John lays his head on Christ's breast.

And leyd hys hede[8] on crystys breste.
Ful mekely cryste lete hym lye stylle,
And suffred hym do alle hys wylle.

Christ did not tell Peter.

Why cryst wulde nat to petyr telle,
Yn austyns sermoun þou mayst hyt spelle;[9]
ȝyf cryst þys treytur hym had tolde,
With nayles and teþ rent hym þey[10] wulde.

What meekness to hold His disciple on His breast!

Byholde what mekenes yn hym reste,
To holde hys dycyple so on hys brest.

[1] hem [2] *hem he* written over in MS. [3–3] I. wil ȝow
[4] token [5] ie [6] I [7] þat [8] heuede
[9] Homily on the Gospel for S. John's Day. [10] he

A! how tendyrly þey loued yn fere,
Y[1] wys to loue, here mayst þou lere.
þenk, man, also a ruly þo3t,
What s[orow]e[2] hys dyscyplys ben yn bro3t. [leaf 85]
At cry[stys][3] wurde, beholde, a none
þey etyn no more but madyn here mone; The disciples cannot eat;
Eche of hem loked vp-on[4] ouþer,
But cunseyl coude none take of ouþer. they know not what to counsel.
Beþenke, and holde þys weyl[5] yn þy mende,
How þys soper ys bro3t now to an ende.

The secunde poynt of the soper.

The secunde poynt, beþenke þe weyl,[6] The second point teaches meekness.
For grete mekenes hyt wyl þe spelle.
Whan þe soper was do, cryst ros anone, Supper is done;
And with hym þey ryse[7] vp euerychone;
To a logher place þey gunne þan to go, they go into a lower room.
þey þat þe hous haue sey seyn[8] ry3t so.
He made hem sytte downe yn þat stede; Christ makes them sit.
Beholde, and[9] þenke weyl on crystys dede;
Hys cloþes he cast of swyþe sone,
Hys dycyplys wundred what he wulde done;
With a towel hym self he gert, He girds himself with a towel.
Watyr he badde brynge furþe smert,
He hyt yn a stonen bacyn put,
To wasshe here fete greued hym nat.[10] He washes their feet.
Petyr refused al þat seruyse; Peter refuses.
Cryst bad hym suffre on alle wyse.
Beholde now, man, eche doyng,
And þenke þys mekenes with grete wundryng, Think on the meekness of
That þe hygh mageste and my3tyest eke, Christ.
Boweþ hym downe to a fysshers fete.
He stode krokyng,[11] on knees knelyng,
Afore hys cretures fete syttyng.

[1] I. [2] Illegible in MS., but *sorowe* in B. [3] Illegible in MS.
[4] fast vppon [5] *e* in *weyl* written over in MS. weil in B.
[6] welle [7] rese [8] seie, seiin [9] now, *and* [10] not [11] croked

Wyþ hys handys hys[1] fete he washeþ,
He wypeþ he cleppeþ,[2] and swetly[3] kysseþ.
A greater meekness yet: He does the same to Judas.
Of a more mekenes ȝyt mayst þou gryse,
þat he to hys treytur [4]dyd þe same wyse.[4]
O Iudas, sore a shamed þou be may,
So meke and so[5] myþe[6] a mayster to tray;
þyn herte ys harder þan any hardnesse,
Aȝens swyche mekenes deþ for to dresse.
[leaf 85, col. 2] Whan cryst þys seruyse had alle ydone,
They return to the place of supper. To þe sopyng[7] place aȝen þan þey come.
By þys ensample, and many ouþer,
He conforted[8] hem to do to[9] here broþer.
Think of the ensamples of meekness which Christ showed. Man, here beþenke, yn eche degre,
How feyre ensample cryst shewed to þe;
Ensample of mekenes to þe he lete,
Whan he wysshe hys dyscyplys fete;
A grete ensample of mekenes[10] loke,
Whan he hys flesshe to þy fode toke.
The learned should teach the "lewed." A feyre monasshyng hys sermoun shewed,
þat þe lered men shulde teche þe lewed.
Pacyens he suffred,[11] hys treytur suffryng
So shamely to þe deþ, as a þef hym bryng;
Yn goyng to þe deþ, he shewed obedyens
Yn fulfyllyng[12] hys faders comoundemens.
Learn to pray, Stedfastly for to prey here mayst þou lere,
for He prayed thrice ere He was heard. For he preyd fyrst þryys ar hys fadyr wulde here.
By þese vertues folue hym, y[13] rede,
And yn to hys blys þey wyl þe lede.

The prydde poynt of þe soper.

The third point The þryd poynt, man, haue yn mynde,[14]
How derwurly,[15] afore hys ende,

[1] So in MS.; here in B. [2] clippeþ [3] sweteli hem [4—4] dede þis seruise [5] *so* written over in MS. [6] miþi [7] soupinge [8] cumfortede [9] to do to [10] charite [11] shewed [12] fulli-fillinge [13] I [14] mende [15] derwrþli

A derwurþ 3yfte he wulde *with* þe lete,
Hym self al hole vn to þy mete.
Whan he hadde wasshe here al *þer*[1] fete,
And seten a3en þere as þey ete,
A newe testament he gan sone,
þe olde sacryfyce to fordone;
A new sacryfyce hym self he fonde,
And toke vp brede yn hys holy honde,
And to hys fadyr lyfte vpp hys ye,
He blessed and made hys precyus body;
To hys dycyplys he hyt 3aue, and seyd,
"þys ys my body for 3ow betrayed."
Also of the chalys drynke he hem bad,
"þys ys my blode þat shal be shad."
Yn a memorand of hy*m* *with* outyn ende,
He seyd, "makeþ þys yn my mende."
Beholde, how trewly and how deuoutly
He com*u*nde and conforted þat blessed meyny.
þys mete shulde, most of any þyng,
Glade þy soule yn eu*e*ry werchyng;
þyn herte shulde brenne for grete loue,
Whan þou hyt[2] takest to þy[3] behoue;
No þyng more pr*o*fytable, ne more chere,
þan hym self [4]ne my3t he[4] leue here.
þat sacrament, þat þou seest þe before,
Wundyrfully of a mayden was bore,
Fro heuene he ly3te for þe to deye,
He ros fro deþ to heuene to stye;
On goddys ry3t honde he ys syttyng;
He made heuene and erthe and alle þyng;
He gou*e*rneþ alle þyng swetly and best,
He þat þou seest yn þe prestes fest,
Yn whos powere onely hyt ys
To 3yue[5] þe blys,[6] or endeles blys;

184 When He had sat down again,

188 He took bread,

and gave it to His disciples, and said,

192 "This is my Body."
Also the chalice, saying,
"This is my Blood."

196 [leaf 85, back]

This meat shall gladden thy soul.

200

204

The Sacrament was born of a maiden.

Came down from heaven.

208 Rose from death, and is now at God's right hand.

212 He that thou seest in the priest's hand,

[1] þer [2] hi*m* [3] þin [4—4] he ne mighte
[5] 3eue [6] So in MS., but *pine* in B.

in the form of bread, is God's Son.

He þat þou seest, yn forme of brede,
Hyt ys goddys sone, quyk and[1] dede.
With clene herte þou hym receyue,
For elles þy soule þou wylt deceyue.

The fourth point.

The fourþe poynt of þe soper.

The fourþe [poi*n*t[2]] beholde and here,
A louesu*m* lessu*n* þou mayst lere.
Whan cryst hadde fed hem eu*er*ychone.

Christ began a sermon,

A feyre sermou*n* he began a none,
Ful of swetnes and ful of loue,
Eul of cumfort to oure behoue;

of which I take five parts.

Of whych wurdys su*m* mende to make,
Fyue pryncypals y þenke to take.

1st. He told them of His parting from them.

¶ The fyrst he tolde of hys partyng
And cumforted hem ful feyre, seyyng,
"3yt a whyle y am *with* 3ow now,
But faderles y wyl nat leue 3ow;
Y go and come to 3ow a3en,
Forsoþe eftsones y wyl 3ow sen;
[leaf 35, back, col. 2] þan 3oure hertys ioye shul make,
þat ioye shal no man fro 3ow take."

His words cut them to the heart.

Lyke to þese mo gan he moue,
þat kytte here hertys for grete loue.

2nd. He commanded them to love one another.

¶ In þe secunde þou mayst se
How he enformed hem yn charyte;
Ofte he reherced þese wurdes dere,
"Thys y 3ow hote, þat 3e loue yn fere;
3yf 3e loue alle men shul knowe þys,
þat 3e be my dere dyscyplys."
þus hertly of charyte he tagh̄ hem well,
As þou shalt fynde yn Iones gospel.

3rd. He admonished them to keep His commandments.

¶ The þrydde he tagh̄ hem by monasshyng
For to kepe hys comandyng:

[1] So in MS., but *nat* in B. [2] Not in MS., but in B.

"Kepeþ my comandementys, 3yf 3e me loue,
3if 3e hem kepe, 3e dwelle in loue."[1]
¶ The fourþe, he warned hem feyþfullye,
What þey shulde suffre are þey shuld dye:
"3e shul here haue sorowes some,
But truly y haue þys worlde ouercome,
And 3yf þe worlde 3ow hate now,
Weteþ þat he me hated ar 3ow;
3e shul be sorowful, þe wurlde shal ioye,
But 3oure sorow shal turne to ioye."
¶ The fyueþe, beþenke how cryst Ihesus
To hys fadyr turned and preyd for vs.
"Fadyr, kepe hem whyche þou 3aue me,
For whyle y was with hem y kepte hem to þe;
Now, holy fadyr, to þe y come,
For hem y pray, and nat for þys wone;
And nat onely for hem, but for alle men
þat shul byleue yn me by hem.
Fadyr, y wyl where þat y be
þey be with me, my blysse to se."
þese wurdys, and ouþer þat hem[2] tolde,
Kytte here hertys and made hem colde.
Beholde now þe dyscyplys yn here mornyng,[3]
How þey stonde alle heuy here hedys bowyng,
Mornyng,[3] sorowyng, and ofte syghyng,
þat cryst wytnessed to hem seyyng,
"For y þese wurdes to 3ow haue seyd,
Sorwe 3oure hertes haþ alle be leyd."
Byholde how homely Ion lyþ slepyng
On crystys brest, as hys derlyng.
þys sermoun at crystys[4] brest slepyng he soke,
And toke hyt to vs yn holy boke,
Among al ouþer as cryst tagh hem.
He seyd, "aryseþ and go we hen."

4th. He warned them of the sufferings they should undergo.

5th. He prayed to His Father for them and for all men.

"Father, I will that where I am they may be with me."

The disciples all stand sighing.

[leaf 86]

Behold how "homely" John lies on Christ's breast!

Christ says, "Arise, go we hence."

[1] Line 248 is supplied from B. [2] he hem in B.
[3] morening [4] his. *crystys* written over in MS.

A! what drede went yn hem þo,
þey wyst nat whedyr for to go,
For þey went, as y shal sey;
Cryst endyd hys sermoun by þe wey.

As they go the disciples are like chickens creeping under the hen's wing.

Behold þe dyscyplys, yn here wendyng,
As chekenes[1] crepyn vndyr þe dame wyng;
Some go byfore, and some go behynde,
Hys blessed wurdes to haue yn mynde;
One þrest on hym, eftsones anoþer,
þat meke mayster ys neuer þe wroþer.

They go over the brook Cedron,

Fast þey went, and come a none,
Ouer a broke men callen Cedron.

where Judas awaits them.

Hys treytur he abode þere tyl he come,
And ouþer armed men, a grete summe.
Now foleweþ, yn þys medytacyun,
To trete of crystys passyun.

Here begynneþ þe passyun.

Prepare your heart to bleed!

Now crystyn creature, take goode hede,
And do þyn herte for pyte to blede;
Loþe þou nat hys sorowes to se,
þe whych hym loþed nat to suffre for þe.

What pains He suffers!

Beholde and þenke with ruly mone
What peynes he suffred ar morowe none;
Beholde hym yn an orcherd syttyng,
Hys treytur þere mekely abydyng;

He bids His disciples watch,

He byt hys dyscyplys pray and wake,
þat none temptacyun 3ow ouertake;

and goes from them a stone's cast,

A stones kast þan from hem he went,
And to hys dere fadyr hys knees he bent.

[leaf 86, col. 2]

and prays,

Now þenke how mekely and how reuerently,
To hys swete fadyr he preyeþ an[2] hy:—

"My Father, hear my prayer and despise it not.

"My wurschypful fadyr, y pray to þe,
Bowe þyn eres and lestene to me,

[1] The second *e* written over in MS. [2] on

Here my bone and dyspyse hyt noȝt,
For sorowe my soule haþ ȝow soȝt;
My spyryt ys anguyssed ful sore yn me, — My spirit is anguished.
Myn herte ys dysturbled, fadyr, now se;
þou sentest me hedyr, as þy wyl ys, — Thou sentest me.
To bye mankynde aȝen to blys;
To do þy wyl, y seyd y go; — I said, To do Thy will, I go.
Yn þe bokes hede hyt ys wryte so;
Here haue y be and preched þyn helþe, — Here have I preached Thine health.
Yn pouert, yn trauayle & noþyng yn welþe:
Fadyr, þyn hestes y haue fulfylt, — I have fulfilled Thine 'hests.'
And more y wyl, ȝyf þou wylt;
þou seest what sorowe ys to me dyȝt, — Thou seest my sorrow.
Of my foos aȝens alle ryȝt,
ȝyf any wykkednes ys yn me fou*n*de, — If any wickedness is found in me,
Or euyl for euyl haue ȝyue[1] astou*n*de, — then am I worthy of these pains.
þan were y wurþy þese peynes to fong;
But, fadyr, þ*o*u wost weyl þey do me wrong; — Father, Thou knowest they wrong me,
Euyl for gode þey haue me ȝoue,
And also grete hate for my loue. — and give me hate for love.
My dyscyple, whych y haue chersed,[2]
Me to betraye hym haue þey hyred; — They have hired my disciple to betray me.
At þrytty pens my mede ys take,
þey haue me preysed my wo to awake;
My swete fadyr, y prey to þe, — My Father, rise up to help me.
Ryse vp redyly yn helpe of me,
For þogh̄ þey wyte[3] nat þat y am þy sone, — They know not that I am Thy Son.
ȝyt, by cause þat y here wone,
Lyuyng w*ith* hem Innocent lyfe,
þey shulde nat shape me so grete stryfe.
þenk[4] þat y stode afore þy syȝt, — Think that I stand before Thee
To speke for hem boþe gode and ryȝt,
To turne a waye [5]from hem, fadyr,[5] þy mode,[6] — to turn away Thy wrath from them.
But whe*ther* nat euyl be ȝulde for gode;

[1] ȝulde [2] chershed [3] wete [4] The*nke* fader
[5—5] fader fro*m* he*m* [6] *wraþþe* written over *mode* in B.

[leaf 86, back]

For þey to my soule deluyn a lake,
A vyleynys deþ to me þey shape;
Dear Father, let this death go from me;
Wharfore, dere fadyr, ȝyf hyt mow be,
Y prey þat þys deþ mow go fro me;
If not, Thy will be done.
ȝyf þou se hyt be nat so best,
þy wyl be ydo, ryȝt as þou lest.
I commend myself unto Thee."
But, fadyr, myn herte y betake þe,
Kepe hyt and strenþe hyt how so hyt be."
To hys dyscyplys hys wey[1] þan he toke,
He finds His disciples sleeping.
He fond hem slepyng and hem sone awoke:[2]
Here yen[3] were slepy and heuy as clay,
He bad hem algates wake and pray.
He prays twice, thrice, the same orison.
Aȝen to pray he toke hys pas,
Twyys, þryys, yn dyuers place.
þe same orysun þat he preyd byfore,
He preyd now and ded to more:
"Father, I am here to do Thy will.
"Fadyr, ȝyf þys deþ mow nat fro me go,
Y am here, þy wyl be algates do.
I commend my mother and brethren unto Thee."
My swete modyr, fadyr, y þe betake,
My breþren also, kepe hem fro wrake;
Y kepte hem þyrwhylys y[4] was with hem,
My derwurþe fadyr, now kepe þou þem."
þus long he preyd tyl þat he wax hote,
For anguish His blood ran down as sweat.
For anguys hys blode ran down ryȝt as swote.
Man, take ensample here at goddes sone,
Whan þou shalt pray of god any bone,
Prey so stedfastly tyl þat þou be herde,
For cryst preyd þryes ar þat he were herd.
While He prayed
Whyles he þus preyd yn grete dolour
S. Michael came and said,
Seynt mygħel lyȝt a down fro heuene toure,
And hym cumforted and seyd þus:
"All hail! Thy prayer and bloody sweat I have offered to thy Father."
"Alheyl, my lorde, cryst Ihesus!
þy preyer and þy swote blody
Y haue offred to þy fadyr an hy,
Yn syȝte of alle þe courte of heuene;

[1] wei [2] he woke [3] eien [4] þat I.

For 3ow we preyd alle *with* o steuene,
þat he shuld nat suffre þe dey[1] þus;
þy fadyr, by resu*n*, answered vs,
'My derwurþe sone wote þys ful weyl,
þat ma*n*nes soule, þat lyþ yn helle,
May nat semely to blys be bro3t,
But þey *with* hys blode be fyrst oute bo3t.
þarfore, 3yf my sone wyl soules saue,
Nedes he mote for hem þe deþ haue.'"
þan cryst answered, *with* mylde state:
"Soules saluatyu*n* y wyl algate,
þarfore to dey ra*þer* y chese,
þan we þe soules yn helle shulde lese,
þe whych my fadyr formed to hys lykenes:
Hys wyl be ydo, y wyll no lesse."
þan seyd þe au*n*gel to hy*m* an hy:
"Cu*m*forte þe weyl and do manly;
Hyt ys semely to hym þat ys hyghest,
Grete þynges to do, and suffre mest;
þy pyne shal sone be ou*er*paste,
And ioye shal sewe eu*er* for to last;
þy fadyr seyþ eu*er* *with* þe he ys,
þy modyr he kepeþ and þy dyscyplys."
Cryst bade þe au*n*gel, "go, grete þou[2] me
To my fadyr dere an hy yn hys eyte."
Beholde now, how mekely þys cu*m*forte he toke
Of hys owne creature, as seyþ þe boke,
A lytyl from au*n*gels he ys made lesse,
Whyl he ys yn þys valey of dyrknes;
þys wo he suffred yn hys manhede,
But god suffred naght[3] yn hys god hede.
þe þryd tyme he ros from hys preyour
All be sprunge *with* blody coloure;
Beholde hym auysyly, þan shalt þou se
With oute grete dolour þys may nat be.

384 He answered,
[leaf 86, back, col. 2]
"My Son knows if He will save souls He
388 must die."
Christ said,
392 "I choose death:
396 His will be done."
The Angel said,
"Comfort thyself and do manly.
400
404 Thy Father is ever with Thee."
408
He was made little less than the angels.
He suffered in His manhood,
412 not in His Godhead.
416

[1] deie [2] *þou* written over in MS. [3] noght

He returns to His disciples.
To hys dyscyplys went he, and seyd,
"He cumþ ny þat haþ me betrayd."

Judas comes, and says,
Anone come Iudas, *with* hys cumpanye,
Cryst went aȝens hym ful myldely:

"Hail, Master!"
"Heyl, mayster!" he seyd, and to hy*m* sterte,
He ḳessed hys mouþe *with* tresu*n* yn herte.

[leaf 87] They all fall upon Him.
þo fyl vpp on hym alle þe touþ*er* route,
For erst of knowlechyng þey were yn doute.
þe cursed hou*n*des ru*n*ne hym aboute,
And drowe hym furþe, now yn, now oute;

Some bind, some blind, some spit upon, some buffet, some scorn Him.
Su*m* bynte hy*m*, su*m* blyndyþ hy*m*, & su*m* on hy*m* spyt,
Su*m* boffeteþ hy*m*, and su*m* seyþ, "telle who þe smyt;"
Su*m* scorneþ hy*m*, and su*m* syngeþ of hy*m* a song,
Some axen questyons, to[1] do hym wrong;

He says nothing.
But to hem no þyng answere he wulde.
Werse þo þan a fole of hem [2]he ys[2] holde,

"Where is Thy wisdom?"
Some seyd, "where ys now all þy wysdom?
þou held þe wyser þan any ou þ*er* man;
Of oure patryarkes & prestes þou haddest despyte,

"Thou shalt die."
þarefor [3]þou shalt[3] haue of vs þe deþ astyte;

"If Thou art God's Son, help Thyself."
Thou seyst þat þou art goddes sone,
Helpe þy self[4] ȝyf þou kone."

Some seek false witness.
Su*m* seke aȝens hym fals wytnes,
Su*m* seyn on hym vnsekernes,
Some tugge,[5] su*m* drawe[6] fro ce to ce,[7]

Ah, how may this be!
A! lorde Ihesu, how may þys be?
þyrwhylys he suffred þys[8] sorow & wo,

The disciples run away.
Hys dyscyplys ru*n*ne awey hym fro.
To maudelens hous Ion went ful ryȝt,
þere as þe soper was made þeke nyȝt;

John tells Our Lady of her Son's punishment.
Oure lady he tolde and here felawshepe
Of here dere sonys shenshepe.
þenk, man, of þe dyscyplys doyng!

[1] for to. *to* written over in MS. [2–2] is he [3–3] shalt *þou*
[4] þeself now [5] tugge hi*m* [6] drawe hi*m*
[7] *place* written over *ce to ce* in MS. [8] *om.*

Þey wepe, þey weyle, here handys þey wryng,
Here mayster ys take, þat shulde hem kepe;
Þey renne aboute as herdles shepe.
Oure lady wente here seluyn alone,
To þe fadyr of heuene she made þys mone:—
"My wurschypfullest fadyr, and moste meke,
Moste mercyable, and most helpyng eke,
My swete sone y ȝow betake!
Derwurþe fadyr, kepeþ hym fro wrake,
Beþ nat cruel to my dere chylde,
For to alle men ȝe are ful mylde.
Fadyr, shal my chylde be dede, Ihesus,
What haþ he mysdo to dey þus?
But, fadyr, ȝyf ȝe wyl mankynde
Be boȝt to blys withoutyn ende,
Y prey outher wyse doþ bye[1] hem now,
For al þyng ys posyble to ȝow.
Lateþ nat, fadyr, my sone dede be;
Y pray ȝow ȝeldeþ hym aȝen to me;
He ys so buxum to do ȝoure wyl,
þat he nat chargeþ hym self to spyl.
Helpeþ my sone fro cursed houndes;
Dere fadyr, bryngeþ hym out from here hondes."
Þenke, man, now & rewe on here syghyng,
For þys preyd she with watyr wepyng.

452 She goes alone to pray.
456 "My Father, my sweet Son I commend to Thee.
460 Keep Him from 'wrack.'
464 [leaf 87, col. 2] Shall He die? Father, if Thou wilt save mankind, do it in some other manner.
468 Let not my Son die.
472 Help Him from cursed hounds."

The medytacyun of pe oure of pryme.

On a colde mornyng, at pryme of daye,
The prestes and prynces gun[2] hem araye;
Both bollers of wyne and eche agadlyng
Come oute for to se of Ihesus endyng.
Þey shokyn hym [3]oute þan[3] of hys cloþyng,
And bonden hys handys fast hym behynd,
As a þefe among hem[4] led furþe he was,
Now to pylat, now to eroud, now to kayphas.

476 The priests prepare themselves.
Drunkards come to see Jesus.
They strip Him,
480 lead Him to Pilate, thence to Herod and Caiaphas.

[1] bie [2] gunne [3—3] þan out [4] *hem* written over in MS.

þey cryde, "þou þefe, come to þy dome!"
And he, as a meke lambe, aftyr hem come.
His Mother goes to meet Him. Hys modyr, Ion, and[1] ouþer kyn,
Wente by a bypaþ to mete with hym.
When þey hym saye so shamely ylad,
No tunge may telle what sorowe þey had.
þenke, whan hys modyr fyrst hym byhelde,
She swoons in the field. Aswo[2] she fyl down yn þe felde:
þan cryst was turmented yn moste kare,
Whan he say hys modyr so pytusly fare.
Beholde to pylat he ys furþe drawe,
He is falsely accused. Falsly acused aȝens here lawe:
Pilate sends Him to Herod. Pylat sent hym to eroude þe kyng,
And eroude þe kyng was glad of hys comyng;
A myracle he coueyted of hym for to se,
[leaf 87, back] But noþer myracle ne wurde hym shewe wulde he.
þan as a fole eroude hym hadde,
Herod clothes Him with a white cloth, and sends Him again to Pilate. And with a whyte cloþe y[3] skorne hym he clad,
And sente hym aȝen to syre pylate:
And þo was made frenshepe þar arst was debate.
Nat onely a mysdoer now [4]he ys[4] holde,
But as a lewed fole he ys eke tolde:
þey cryed on hym, as foules on owle,
With wet and dirt they defile Him. With wete and eke dung þey hym defoule.
Hys modyr þat tyme folwed hym longe,
And wundred þat he wulde suffre swyche wrong.
þey broȝt hym to pylate, he stode ful feynt;
Boldely þe[5] howndes pursewed here pleynt.
Pylate þoȝt to delyuer hym,
For no cause of deþ he fonde yn hym:
"Scourge Him, and let Him go." "Y wyl vndyr neme hym, he seyd þo,
Do scurge hym weyl, and so late hym go."
They bind Him to a pillar, To a pylour fast þan þey hym bownde,
þey bette hym, & rent hym, wounde be[6] wounde.

[1] *and* his [2] Aswowe [3] *in* [4—4] is he [5] þo [6] *om.*

Beholde now, man, a ruly[1] syȝt ! A rueful sight.
Þy cumly kyng stant bou*n*de vpryȝt,
Alle forwou*n*ded for þe yn[2] mode ;
Beholde how he wadeþ yn hys owne blode !
ȝyt þey bete hy*m* and leyn[3] on soꝛe, They lay on until they are weary.
Tyl þey be wery and mow no more.
Þe pyler[4] þat þey hy*m* to bow[n]den[5] The pillar shows the blood now.
ȝyt shewe þ þe blode of hys wou*n*dyn.
A, lorde Ihe*s*u ! how may þys be ?
Ho was so hardy þat spoyled þe ?
Ho more hardy þat þe bou*n*den ?
Ho moste hardy þat þe wou*n*den ?
Almyȝty god ! where art þou now ? Almighty God, where art Thou?
Þese hou*n*des seme myȝtyer þan þou !
But trewly, þou sone of ryȝtwysnes,
W*ith*drawest þy bemes ou*er* oure derkenes.
Whan þey hadde bete hym þus pytusly,
Þey broȝt hy*m* to pylate, & cryed an[6] hy,
"Syre, þys fole kalleþ[7] hy*m* self a kyng ! "This fool calleth Himself a king! [leaf 87, back, col. 2]
Cloþe we hy*m* þarfore yn kynges cloþyng." Clothe we Him in king's clothing!"
Þenk þys was y do at þe oure of pryme :
Þe dowyng of[8] þred now wyl y ryme.

The medytacyun of þe prodde oure.

Wyþ purpyl þey cloþed hy*m* alle yn skorne, They clothe Him with purple.
And syþen [9]krou*n*de hy*m* *with* a croune[9] of [þorne ;
Yn hys hand a rede dyd þey take, In His hand they put a reed.
And manyone on hys hede þey brake ;
Þey sette hym opu*n*ly yn here seyng,
And knelyd, and seyd,[10] "heyl, syre kyng !" "Hail, Sir king!"
A Ihe*s*u ! þy pacyens may nat be tolde.
Þou angry man, þy sauyo*ur* here beholde ;
For þe he suffred þys pyne, þys shame,
And for a[11] lytyl wurde þou wylt men graine.

[1] rewli [2] wiþ [3] leie*n* [4] peler [5] bownden [6] on
[7] kalled [8] of þe [9–9] corownde wiþ corowne : *croũne* in MS.
[10] cride [11] o

Eftsones to pylate þey come cryyng,
And seyd, "syre, saue Cesar, we haue no kyng;
Who hym self a kyng wyl make
"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" By lawe þe deþ he most take." 552
Tho seyd pylat, "what wyl ȝe with hym?"
þey cryed, [1]"crucyfye, crucyfye[1] hym!"
Pylat þan dredde for þe peples voys,
Pilate condemns Him. And dampnede hys lorde to dye on þe croys. 556
Ha, fals Iustyce! where fynst þou þat resun,
So for to dampne an ynnocent man?[2]
Whan he was dampned on cros for to hong,
þe houndes wulde not tary hym long, 560
The hounds lead Him out at once. But anone from pylat þey led[3] hym oute,
And ioed[4] þat here malys was broȝt aboute.
A cross is fetched, A cros [5]was fet furþ,[5] boþe long and grete,
þe lengþe þerof was fyftene fete. 564
and put on His shoulders. Vp on hys shulder þys cros þey kast,
þat hys bak bent and wel ny to braste;
They hurry Him. þey punged hym furþe þurgh euery slogh̄,
As an hors ys prykked þat goþ yn[6] plogh̄. 568
Beholde now, man, with wepyng herte,
And late nat þy þoȝt lyȝtly a sterte.
Cryst goþ krokedly þys heuy cros vndyr,
And feyntly hyt bereþ, hyt ys no wundyr. 572
[leaf 88] þey hye hym, and ho goþ withoutyn any stryfe,
And bereþ hys owne deþ, and bereþ þy lyfe.
Yet more shame! ȝyt hym ys shape more shame and shenshepe;
Thieves are his companions. þeuys be[7] broȝt to hym yn hys felawshepe! 576
ȝyt more, for cryste bereþ hys owne, Iuwyse,
Y fynde nat þat þe þeues ded [8]þe same[8] wyse.
A, Ihesu! what shame þey do to ȝow here,
To make ȝow so vyleynsly[9] þese þeues fere. 580
The prophecy must needs be fulfilled. But nedys þe prophecye mot be fulfylled,

[1–1] crucifige, crucifige: in the MS. is a mark over the final *e* which may be a very small *g*—*crucyfyge*.
[2] moun [3] ledden [4] ioide [5–5] furþ was fet
[6] in þe [7] ben [8–8] on þat [9] vilensli

þat seyd,[1] *with* wykked men he ys spylled. Isa. 53, 9.
Mary hys modyr folewed a ver, Mary follows,
She myȝt for pres come hy*m* no ner;
A shorter wey for to chese þan bygan she,
To mete *with* here swete sone *with*oute the cyte;
And þo she say[2] hy*m* þat grete tre bere,
Half dede she wax and swouned [3]ryȝt þare;[3] and swoons again.
Ful feyne she wulde hys peynes alyþed;
She myȝt nat, so þese hou*n*des hym hyed.
None of hem myȝt speke ou*þer* to,
For sorowe þat eche had of ou*þer* þo.
Furþe þey dryuen hy*m* *with* hys berdou*n*, They drive Him till He faints.
Tyl he for feyntnesse fyl ny adou*n*.
For ou*er* long tyme þat cros he bare,
þe place weyl shewyþ, who so haþ be þare.
Thos howndes were lothe hys deþ for to tarye,
þey dredyn þat pylat hys dome wulde varye, They are afraid Pilate will change his mind.
For eu*er* hyt semed by hys wylle,
þat he was loþ Ihesu to spylle.
A man þey mette, and hym areyned, They meet a man and lay the cross on him.
To bere þe cros þey hym constreyned;
So furþe as a þefe, Ihesu þey nam,
Tyl þey to þe mou*n*te of caluarye cam.

The medytacyu*n* of[4] syxte oure of[5] none.

Thenk now, man, how hyt ys down Think,
Yn þe oure of[4] syxte of[5] none.
Beholde þe peynes of þy sauyour,
And crucyfye þyn herte *with* grete dolour. and crucify thine heart.
Whan he to caluarye mou*n*te was broȝt,[6]
Beholde what werkmen þere wykkedly wroȝt: [leaf 88, col. 2]
Some dyggen, su*m* deluyn, su*m* erþe oute[7] kast,
Some pycchen þe cros yn þe erþe fast; They pitch the cross.
On eu*er*y syde su*m* laddres vpp sette, Ladders are set up.
Su*m* renne aftyr hamers, some nayles fette;

[1] seiþ [2] sagh [3—3] þere [4] of þe [5] and of [6] ibroght [7] vp

Some dyspoyle hym oute dyspetusly,
Hys cloþys cleuyn on hys swete body;
His clothes are rent off. Þey rente hem of as þey were wode:
Hys body aȝen ran alle on blode.
A! *with* what sorow hys modyr was fedde,
Whan she say[1] hy*m* so naked and alle bled![2]
Fyrþer more, þan gan she to seche,
And say þat þey had left hym no breche.
She ran þan[3] þurgh hem, and hastyly hyde,
Mary wraps kerchiefs round Him. And *with* here kercheues hys hepys she wryde.
She wulde do[4] more, but she ne myȝt,
For fersly here swete[5] sone ys from her plyȝt.
They draw Him to the cross-foot. To þe cros fote þey drowe hym hyyng.
Se now þe maner of crucyfyyng.
Ladders are raised. Twey laddres ben sette þe cros behynde,
Twey enmyes on hem smartly gu*n* glymbe,[6]
With hamers and nayles sharply whet:
A shorte[7] ladder before was fet.[8]
Þere as þe fete shorte[7] weren,
Beholde þys syȝte *with* ruly teren,
Christ goes up without urging, Cryst Ihesu hys body vpp stey,
By þat short ladder, þat cros an hy;
*With*oute ȝenseyyng he gan vp wende,
And whan he com to þe laddres ende,
Toward þe cros hys bak he layde,
and extends His arms. And hys real armes oute he dysplayde;
Hys fayre handys oute he streyȝte,
And to þe crucyfyers oute[9] he reyȝte;
He lifts His eyes and says, "Here am I, Father; And to hys fadyr he kast[10] hys yen,[11]
And seyd, "here am y,[12] fadyr myn:
I offer myself for mankind: Vnto þys cros þou mekest me,
Me for mankynde y offre to þe;
My breþren and sustryn þou hast made hem;
[leaf 88, back] For my loue, fadyr, beþ[13] mercyable to hem;

[1] sagh [2] bebled [3] þo [4] ha do [5] *om.* [6] climbe
[7] shorter [8] So in MS; but *set* in B. [9] hem [10] caste
[11] ein [12] I. am [13] be

Alle olde synnes þou hem forȝyue,
And graunte hem blys with vs for to lyue :
Derwurþe fadyr, saue alle mankynne,
Lo here y am offred for here synne."
Whyle he þus preyd[1] yn hys herte,
The too Iew a nayle yn hys hand gerte,
þe touþer þey drowe tyl þe veynes braste,
And nayled þe touþer [2]hand þer fyne[2] faste.
Anone þey com down with alle here gere,
And alle þe laddres þan remouede were.
Beholde, man, now a grete[3] angwys !
For by þe armes hys body alle hangys.
To hys fete anone þan þey straked,
þey haled hem harde, tyl þe cros kraked ;
Alle þe ioyntes þan brasten atwynne.
A, Ihesu ! why suffrest þou[4] þus for oure synne !
Hys fete þey nayled as tree to lede ;
þan myȝt [5]nat he[5] moue more but hys hede.
Beholde þese nayles beren alle hys lemes,
Loke, alle aboute hym renne blody stremes.
He suffred sorowes byttyr and fele,
Mo þan any tunge may rede or telle.
Betwene þeues tweyn þey hange hym yn samen,
A, what wrong, what peyne, & also what shamen !
Some dyspyseþ hys lore, and seyþ,
"Fy ! þat goddes temple dystroyþ !"
Sum seyþ, "saue þy selfe, ȝyf þou kunne ;[6]
Com adowne, ȝyf þou be goddes sone."
Also þe Iewes, þat crucyfyed hym,
þe cloþes of hym þey parted[7] atwynne.
Sum seyd, "ouþer coude he weyl saue,
But now hym owne self[8] may he nat saue."
þus whyl hys modyr þe cros stant nye,

be merciful unto them."

They nail Him to the cross.

Behold His anguish.

He can only move His head.

Bloody streams run all about Him.

"Fy, Thou that destroyest the Temple!

Come down, if Thou be God's Son."

"He could save others, Himself He cannot save."

[1] stilli preide [2–2] honde þere fin [3] *a grete a grete* in MS.
[4] þou [5–5] he nat [6] kone [7] parteden
[8] *hymowneself* in MSS.

His mother stands near.

Ruly on here sone she kast here ye.[1]
A! here sorow, here angwys, here pyne,[2]
Y may sum þenk, but nat alle seyn;
Truly yn herte she ys crucyfyed,
[leaf 88, bk, col. 2] Ful feyn for sorow she wulde ha deyd.
Here sones peyne was eke moche þe more,
þat he here peynes say[3] be so sore;
He complains,
And to hys fadyr stylly he pleynes:
"Father, seest Thou not my Mother?
"Fadyr! seest þou nat my modyr peynes?
On þys cros she ys with me,
I should be crucified, not she."
Y shulde be crucyfyed, and nat she;
My crucyfyyng suffyseþ for alle mankynne,
For now y bere alle here synne;
Yn to þy kepyng y here betake,
Derwurþe fadyr, here peynes[4] þou slake."
Also she prayed,
Also she preyde, with byttyr wepyng,
"My Father, shall my dear Son die?"
And seyd, "my fadyr, euer lastyng,
Shal my dere sone deye algate?
Hym now for to saue me þenkeþ to late.
Se, fadyr, what angwys now yn hym ys,
Y prey þe sumdele hys peyne þou lys."
By her stand John, the three Maries, James, Magdalene, and Cleophas [*Salome* in Lat. orig.].
By here stant Iohne, and maryes þre,
Iacobe, maudeleyn, and cleophe.
Wundyr ys to telle what sorowe þey make,
For here swete mayster ys from hem take.

The medytacyun of the wurdys pat cryst spak hangyng vpp on þe cros.

Christ speaks seven words.

Thenk how[5] cryst, hongyng on þe cros,[6]
Seuene [wur]dys [seide[7]] with ful ruly voys.
þe fyrst wurde þat he þere hongyng seyd,
For hys crucyfyers mekely he preyd,
1. "Father, forgive them,
"Fadyr, forȝyue hem here synnes sone,

[1] eye [2] pein [3] sagh [4] peine [5] now how [6] crois [7] not in MS.; *seide* in B.

For þey[1] wyte[2] nat wel what þey done." 712 they know not what they do."
Grete loue, grete pacyens, þys wurde shewyþ þe,
Þat þou shust pray for hem þat þy foos be.
Þe secunde wurde to hys modyr was mone:[3]
"Wo*m*man," he[4] seyd, "beholde þy sone." 716 2. "Woman, behold thy son."
To hys dyscyple he seyd a nou*þer*,
And seyd, "beholde þy modyr, bro*þer*." "Behold thy mother, brother."
He wulde nat marye hys modyr clepe,
Lest for grete loue here herte wulde breke. 720
Þe þred to þe þefe,—"forso*þe* y seye þe,
To day yn blys þou shalt be w*ith* me."— [leaf 89]
Þe four*þe* he cryed wyþ voys an hy, 3. "To-day shalt thou be in bliss with me."
"Eli, Eli, lama3abatany!"[5] 724
Þat ys, my god, my god, wharto 4. "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"
Hast þou forsake me yn my wo!
As who seyþ, þou me forsakest,
And for þys wurlde to day me betakest. 728
Þe fy*þe*[6] wurde he seyd, "y þryste:" 5. "I thirst."
Þan þe hou*n*des wro3tyn werste.
Þey þo3te to noye hym moste of alle,
And 3aue hym to drynke aysel and galle. 732 They give Him gall.
He tastede su*m*dele hys þryst for to lyne:[7]
A! A! how strong was þat[8] pyne.
Þogh̄ yt he expoũñed yn a sermou*n*,
Þat he þrysted soulys saluacyu*n*, 736
3yt truly þe manhede þrysted on þe[9] rode,
For he was ful drye for faute of blode.
The syxte wurde anone he spellede,
And seyd, "alle þyng ys now fulfylled." 740 6. "All things are now fulfilled."
As who seyþ, fadyr, fulfylled y haue
Alle þyn hestys, þy soules to saue:
Y haue be skurged, scorned, dyffyed,
Wou*n*ded, angred, and crucyfyed; 744

[1] *þey* written over in MS. [2] wete [3] nome
[4] *he* written over in MS. [5] lama sabatani [6] fiffþe
[7] B has the gloss *slake*. [8] þa*n* his [9] *om*.

Fulfylled y haue þat wrytyn ys of me,
þarfore, dere fadyr, take[1] me to þe.
3yf þou wylt more, y wyl hyt fulfylle,
For here now y hange to do þy wylle.

His Father said, þan seyd hys fadyr, my derwurþe sone,
"Come to my bliss; Com to þy blys þere euer to wone;
Alle þyng fulweyl þou hast fulfylled,
I will no more; Y wyl no more þat þou be þus spylled,
souls thou hast brought from bond; For soules þou haste[2] broȝt oute of bonde,
come, sit on my right hand." Come sone and sytte on my ryȝt honde.
Anone he traueyled as men done þat dyen,
Now shyttyng,[3] now kastyng vpward, hys yen,
þrowyng hys hede,[4] now here, now þore,
For bodely strengþe haþ he no more;
þe seuenþe wurde ful loude þan he spake:
[leaf 89, col. 2] "Fadyr, yn þyn handys my spyryt y betake."
7. "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He ȝelde vp hys goste, hys fadyr þankyng,
Toward hys brest hys hede[4] hangyng.
þan to þat crye Centuryo turned sone,
And seyde, "forsoþe þys was goddys sone."
For wyþ þat grete crye þe goste gan furþe go:
Ouþer men[5] whan þey deye do nat so.
This cry is heard in hell by those þat crye was so grete, as y þe telle,
þat hyt was weyl herde downe yn to helle.
þenk now, man, what ioye þere ys
Whan soules ben broȝt from pyne to blys.
A! how long þey haue þere lyne,
who there wait for their Saviour. To abyde here sauyour yn many a pyne;[6]
þey cleped, and cryed, "com goddes sone,
How long shul we yn þys wo wone?"
Here endeþ now crystys passyun,
Fulfylled yn þe oure of syxte and none.

748 752 756 760 764 768 772 776

[1] *t* not quite clear in MS.: *kal* in B.
[2] *haste* written over in MS. [3] shettinge [4] heued
[5] *men* follows *deye* in B. [6] *apyne* in MS.

Christ's cry was heard in hell

about allusion to H. of H.

Fuit autem ita magnus ille clamor, ut a sapientissimo viro intellexi, quod usque ad in infernum fuit auditus

The medytacyun of pe sorowe pat oure Lady had for pe wunde yn here sone[1] syde.

Now gyn we a medytacyun
Of a swete lamentacyun,
Þat mary, modyr meke and mylde,
Made for here derwurþe chylde.
Grete peynes she suffred here byfore,
But now she suffreþ moche more;
For whan she say[2] hym drawe to ende,
Y leue she wax oute of here mynde;
She swouned, she pyned, she wax half dede,
She fylle to þe grounde, and bette here hede.
Þo Ion ran to here, and here vpbreyde.
Whan she myȝt speke, þese wurdes she seyd:
"A, my sone! my socour! now wo ys me:
Ho shal graunte me to deye wyþ þe?
Þou wrecched deþ, to me þou come,
And do þe modyr dye with þe sone;
Aboue alle þyng y desyre þe:
Com deþ, and to my sone þou brynge me.
My fadyr, my former, my mayster, my make,
Why, swete sone, hast þou me forsake?
Þenk how we loued and leued to gedyr,
And late vs now, dere sone, deye togedyr.
Y may nat lyue here without þe,
For alle my fode was þe to se.
A sone! where ys now alle my ioyyng,
Þat y hadde yn þy furþe beryng?
Y wys þat ioye ys turned to wo:
Symeon seyd soþ hyt shulde be so.
He seyd a swerd my soule shulde perce;
Sertes,[3] swete sone, þys y[4] reherce."

A lamentation that Mary made.

She suffered great paine.

She swooned.

She cried,

"Woe is me!

Come death.

[leaf 89, back] Why, sweet Son, hast thou forsaken me?

I cannot live without Thee.

The joy I had at Thy birth is turned to woe."

[1] sones [2] sagh [3] Certes [4] mai I.

þan gan here felawshepe here sorowys[1] to aslake,[2]
And softly and myldely aȝen she þo spake:
"Good women, see if there be any sorrow like unto mine." "Now ȝe gode wymmen, seeþ, with ȝoure yen,
ȝyf þyr be any sorowe lyke vnto myn:
My sone ys slawe here afore myn ye,
þe whyche y bare wenles[3] of my body.
Never woman bare such a child." þere was neuer womman bare swyche a chylde,
So gode, so gracyus, so meke and so mylde;
Y feled no sorow yn hys beryng,
Nedys þan mote[4] yn hys deyyng.
Myn owne gete[5] ys fro me take,
What wundyr ys þan þoȝ y wo make?"
Whyles she sate yn here lamentacyun,
An armed company comes to A cumpany armed she say[6] fast come;
þe whych ware sent yn a grete reke,[7]
break the legs of the condemned. þe dampned mennes legges to breke;
To sley hem and kast here bodyes away,
þat none shulde se hem hange yn þe halyday.
Mary's martyrdom is renewed. A, mary, modyr, þy wo wexyþ newe!
Se, man, here martyrdom, and þeron rewe.
For so oft she was martyred to day,
As ofte as here sone turmented she say.
"What more will they do? She seyd, "my sone, what wul[8] þey more do,
Haue þey nat crucyfyed and slayn þe þerto?
Y wende þey had be all ful of þe.
Now derwurþe sone, haue reuþe on me.
I may not help Thee, [leaf 89, bk, col. 2] but I will do what I can." Sone, y may helpe þe yn no degre,
But ȝyt wyl y do þat ys yn me."
She runs to the cross, and says, To þe cros foote hastly she ran,
And clypped þe cros faste yn here arme,
"Here will I die." And seyd, "my sone here wyl y dey,
Ar þou from[9] me be bore aweye."
The hounds come, Faste þese houndes come rennyng ryue,[10]
And founde þe Iewes boþe alyue;

[1] sorowe [2] slake [3] wēles [4] mote I. [5] gete sone
[6] sagh [7] Glossed *haste* in B. [8] mowe [9] fro [10] riue

Þey brak here þyes boþe atwynne,
And founde a grete dyche and kast hem þer ynne.
Se[1] wende þey wulde so serue here sone,
And þo3t with mekenes hem ouercome;
On knees she knelyd with here felawshepe,
And seyd, "seres, y prey 3ow of frenshepe,
Pyneþ[2] hym no more, brekeþ nat hys þees;[3]
3yueþ hym me hole,[4] for ded 3e [5]seeþ he[5] ys;
Y wyl hym byrye my self and ouþer,
Haueþ reuþe on me, hys sory modyr."
Ey, lady! what do 3e to knele wepyng
Þus at þese houndes fete, socour[6] sekyng?
Of salamons sawys 3e are nat auysed,
Þat meknes of proude men ys alle dyspysed.
Þan longeus þe kny3t dyspysed here pleynt,
Þat þo proude was, but now, be[7] mercy, a seynt.
A spere he sette to crystys syde,
He launced and opun[de][8] a wounde ful wyde.
Þurgh[9] hys herte he prened hym with mode,
And anone ran downe watyr[10] and blode.
AA,[11] wrong! aa, wo! aa, wykkednes!
To martyre here[12] for here mekenes.
Þe sone was dede he felte no smerte,
But certes hyt perced þe modrys hert.
Þey wounded here, and heped harm vp on harmes;
She fyl, as for dede, yn maudeleyns armys.
A! Ihesu, þys dede ys wundyr to me,
Þat þou suffrest þy modyr be martyred for þe.
Þo Ion stert vp fresshly a none,
And seyd, "wykked men, what wul 3e done?
Haue 3e nat slayn hym with wrong and wo?
What wyl 3e sle hys modyr also?
Goþ hens, for we wyl byrye hym anone."

and break the thieves' legs and cast their bodies into a ditch.

Mary kneels before them and says,

"Sirs, you see He is dead. I will bury Him.

Have pity on me."

Ecclus. xiii. 20.

Longinus pierces His side with a spear.

What wrong, to martyr her for her meekness!

She falls for dead into Magdalen's arms.

John cries, "Go hence, wicked men,

[leaf 90]

we will bury Him."

[1] She [2] Peineþ [3] þes [4] hool [5—5] seþ his [6] secour [7] bi [8] *de* illegible in MS.; openede B. [9] Thurgh-out [10] boþe water [11] Aa [12] his moder

They go away ashamed.

Al ashamed þe houndes awey gun[1] gone.
Whan mary was waked oute of here swoun,
Ayens þe cros she sate[2] here adowne;
Pytusly she behelde þat grysly wounde;
Fro wepyng she ne myȝt stynte[3] no stounde.

What sorrow they all made no tongue can tell.

What sorowe made Ione, crystys derlyng,
What maudeleyn, with teres hys fete wasshyng,
What Iacobe, what cleophe, and ouþer mo,
Y wys no tunge may telle here wo.
Ful feyn þey wulde Ihesu down taken,

They cannot take the Body down.

But strengþe and ynstrumentys boþe þey lakkyn.
Among hem þey kast þe best to done,
Sum seyd þe nyȝt wulde nygħe ful sone:
ȝyf we here wake, deþ shul we þole,[4]
ȝyf we go heus,[5] þys body shal be stole.

They pray to God,

þey preyde to god sum socur hem sende,
For lyfe ne for deþ þey nolde þens[6] wende.

and then see men approaching with instruments.

A newe cumpanye þey say þo comyngge,
Instrumentys and oynementys with hem bryngyngge.
Oure lady dred sore þat þey were enmyes,
Tyl Ihone on hem hadde sette gode aspyes;

John recoguizes Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus.

"Beþe of gode cumforte," he seyde, "þey seme
Ioseph of barmathy and nychodeme."
þys was here comyng; whan þey come þedyr

They worship the cross.

þey wurscheped þe cros and salude to gedyr,
And þanked god þat þedyr hem sente:
Oure lady preyd hem to[7] do here entent.

The medytacyun of pe oure of euensong.

Now wyl y telle of euensong oure.
Se, man, a syȝte of grete doloure:

Two ladders stand before the cross.

Twey laddres afore[8] þe cros now stonde,

Joseph and Nicodemus go up with pincers

Ioseph and nychodeme to clymbe þey fonde,
With pynsours, pryuyly, and ouþer gere.

[1] þan gun [2] sette [3] stente [4] B has the gloss *suffre*.
[5] hennes [6] þennes [7] *om.* [8] before

Whan þey to þe hondes come were,
Pryuyly *with* here pynsours sore þey ply3t, to draw out the nails.
Lest marye shulde gryse sore of þat sy3te. 908
þey haled harde ar hyt wulde be, [leaf 90, col. 2]
þe nayles stokyn so fast yn þe tre;
Ful faste þey wrastyn, no þyng þey wou*n*den,
Nedes þey mote[1] brese foule hys honden; 912 They bruise His hands,
But ry3twus god accepteþ alle þyng but God accepts a man according to his meaning.
Of eche man, mekely aftyr hys menyng.
Whan þey hadde drawe oute þe nayles *with* fors,
Ioseph bare vp þe precyous cors, 916
Whyl hys felawe to þe fete weute,
And my3tily þat nayle oute he hente.
Whan þe nayles were oute echone,
Nychodeme pryuyly toke hem to Ione. 920 The nails are given to John.
Anone ru*n*ne to alle þat [2]were þere,[2] All help to carry the Body.
And hylpe þat precyus body to bere. John bears the breast,
Ion bare hys breste and wepte ful sore,
For þe*r*on he rested þe ny3t before; 924
Hys fete bare maudeleyn and on he*m* weep, Magdalen the feet,
For at he*m* here sy*n*nes she lette;[3]
þo þat were þere bare alle þe tou*þer*,
Saue hys ry3t honde bare marye hys modyr. 928 Mary His right hand.
Feyn wulde she ha bore more of here dere sone,
But grete sorowe here strengþe had ou*er*come.
þat arme wepyng ofte[4] she kyste, She kisses it,
She kolled hyt, she[5] clypped hyt vp on here brest. 932
But eu*er* wha*n* she behelde þ*at* grysly wou*n*de,
For sorowe & for feyntnes she fyl to þe grou*n*de.
Oftyn she seyd, "a, sone! a,[6] sone! and cries, "Ah, Son,
Where ys now alle þat werk become, 936 where is now Thy work?
þat þou were wunt to werche *with* þys honde,
Feuers and syke men to brynge oute of bonde?
A, flesshe! a, fode! moste feyr*e* and most fre,

[1] mote*n* [2–2] þere were [3] leet [4] ful ofte
[5] *and* [6] *om.*

Of þe holy goste conceyued yn me,
Why fadest þou? no fylþe yn þe ys founde,
For synneles y bare þe yn to þys mounde.
Thou hast bought man's sin dear." A! mannes synne dere hast þou boȝt,
With a gretter prys myȝt hyt neuer be boȝt."
They pray her to hinder them no longer. [leaf 90, back] Þys cumpany furþe þan þys cors gun[1] karye,
And prayd[2] hys modyr no lenger hem tarye.
Wyþ oynementys and shetes þey wuldyn hyt dyȝt,
And bery hyt anone for hyt was ny nyȝt.
"I pray you," she said, "take Him not from me." Þan seyd she, "y pray ȝow a bone:
Takeþ nat my sone[3] fro me so[4] sone,
Beryeþ me raþer with hym yn graue,
For, oþer dede or alyue, y mote hym haue."
They prepare to bury Him. At þe laste she consented,[5] so long þey pray;
Þan to byrye þys body þey hem aray.
Þys body[6] was leyde vpp on a shete,
To anoynte and sewe hyt downe þey sete;
His Mother sits at the head, and places it in her lap. Marye hys modyr at þe hede[7] sate;
She lyfte hyt, she leyd hyt feyre yn here lape,
She behylde hyt, how hyt was ybroke,
Prykket, and broysed[8] wyþ many a stroke;
Shaue also boþe berde and hede,
With þornes [9]þey rente,[10] with[9] blode alle rede.
In a story it is said He was shaven: Yn a story truly þys resun y nam,
Þat god ones seyd to an holy womman,
Whan Iewes had dampned hym deþ for to haue,
Shamely [11]berde and hede[11] gun þey shaue.
the Evangelists say nothing about it. The euangelystys telle nat of þys doyng,
For þey myȝte nat wryte alle þyng.
Of hys berde y fynde a resun,
Isaiah said, þe whyche seyd[12] Isaye yn goddys persone:
My body I gave to the smiters and my cheeks to "men grubbing." "My body y ȝaue to men smytyng,
And also my chekes to men grubbyng."

940 944 948 952 956 960 964 968 972

[1] gun to [2] preiden [3] swete sone [4] þus [5] consenteþ [6] body written over in MS. [7] heued [8] brissed [9–9] irent of [10] for y rente [11–11] his hede and berde [12] seiþ

Fyrst, þan, marye, *with* a swote cloute, — Mary wrapped His head in a cloth.
Swaþed here sones hede alle aboute;
"Sone,[1] y was wunt þe swetly to wrappe,
Now swaþe y þe dede, here yn my lappe." 976
The touþer anoynted hym and closed þe shete, — The others anointed Him.
Tyl þey com adowne ny to hys fete;
Maudeleyn prayd, þat hys fete she myȝt[2] dresse, — Magdalen prayed to dress His feet.
For þer she gate of here synnes grace &[3] forȝyuenes:
She wepte, and wysshe hem *with* many a tere, 981 — She washed them with tears.
She keste hem, and wyped hem *with* here feyre here.
Whan þe cors alle was [4]y dyȝt,[4]
To þe sepulcre þey bygan [5]to bere hyt ful[5] ryȝt. 984 — They carry Him to the sepulchre,

The medytacyun of pe oure of cumplyn. [leaf 90, bk, col. 2]

Now ys þe oure y come of cumplyn:
þey leyn þe cors þer[6] hyt shal lyn, — and lay Him in it,
Yn a new sepulcre and feyre y graue,
þat nycodeme made hym self for to haue: 988
þey shette hyt a boute *with* a grete stone, — and prepare to leave.
And arayde hem faste þen for[7] to gone.
"Abydeþ god breþren, marye gan seye, — Mary says, "Stay:
Wharto hye ȝe so faste aweye? 992 — why go so fast?
ȝyf ȝe be ful[8] of my dere sone,
Goþ hens, and lateþ me here alone wone;
Whedyr shulde y wende, to frende, ouþer kyn? — Whither should I go?
Y kan no whedyr go, but ȝyf[9] y had hym; 996
He was my broþer, my mayster, my spouse;
Now am y[10] wedew, helples yn house. — Now I am a widow.
Wuld god ȝe wulde byrye me *with* hym! — Would God I were dead.
For þan shulde we neuer departe[11] atwyn. 1000
Now certes my soule ys melted awey:
For ryȝt so[12] loue gan to me seye,

[1] And seide sone [2] moste [3] of [4–4] ful weil idight
[5–5] hit to bere [6] þere-as [7] *om.* [8] to ful
[9] *ȝyf* written over in MS. [10] I. a [11] departen
[12] A word partly erased here; apparently *me* or *my:* no word in B.

'Y haue hym soȝt, y fynde hym noȝt,
Y haue hym clepyd, he answereþ noȝt.
I will abide here; Y wyl a byde hym here yn fay,
He said He would rise again." For he seyde he wulde a ryse þe þryd day.'
But ȝyf þat y hadde trust to hys seyyng,
Myn herte shulde [1]ha broste[1] at hys deyyng."
John counsels her to go. þan Ion cu*n*seyled here, and seyd anone,
"Thys sabbat we mow nat wake[2] a lone:
ȝyf Iewes here vs take þey wyl vs spylle,
And þus was also ȝoure sones wylle."
She answers, þan mary answered, myldely wepyng,
"My Son gave me into thy keeping; I must do as thou biddest." "My sone, Ion, toke me yn þy kepyng,
Y most[3] nedys do as þou me byst:"
And ryȝt *with* þat wurde aswyþe she ryst;
Afore þe sepulcre she kneled a downe,
And wepyng, she made þys lamentacyou*n*:
With that she commends her Son to His Father in heaven. "A, swete sone! now wo ys me,
þat y no lenger may byde *with* þe,
For nedys y mote now þe forsake,
[leaf 91] þy fadyr of heuene[4] y þe betake;
Oure felawshepe ys now dyuydyd,
For y may nat *with* þe be byryed;[5]
"My heart is buried with Thee. But certes, swete sone, where so eu*er*[6] y be,
Holy myn herte ys byryed *with* þe;
If Thou rise up my heart shall rise also. ȝyf þou ryse vp, as þou me behyȝte,
Myn herte shal aryse *with* þe as lyȝt;
If Thou rise not, I am stone dead. ȝyf þou ryse nat vp on þe þrydde day,
Truly y am ston*e*de[7] dede [8]for ay.[8]
Arise, sweet Son. þarfore, swete sone, aryse vp and come,
And kyþe weyl þat þou art of heuene goddys sone."
þe sepulcre swetly anone she kyst,
Se wente[9] a boute and feyr*e* she hyt blest,
Sleep soft in ease; And seyd, "my dere sone, slepe softe yn ese,

[1—1] abroste [2] wake here [3] mote [4] final *e* written over in MS.
[5] iberied [6] *om.* [7] ston*e*
[8—8] for ones *and* ai. eu*er* written above *ay* in MS.
[9] She romede

For þy place ys made to þe yn pese." 1036 Thy place is in peace.
Eftesones þe sepulcre she kyst knelyng,
And cryde þys wurde *with* strong wepyng,
"A! sone, here may y no lenger lende, I may abide no longer.
Nedes from þe þou wylt me sende, 1040
Myn herte *with* þe y leue to wone,
Farwel, farewel, my derewurþe sone!" Farewell, my dear Son!"
With þat wurde certes ny swoned she had,
But Ion lefte here vp, and þens[1] here led. 1044 John leads her away.
Towarde þe cyte here wey þey toke,
Oftyn aȝenward marye gan loke.
Whan she come to þe cros, "abydeþ," she seyd; She stops,
"My sone, my sauyour, ryȝt now here deyd; 1048
Here vpp on he haþ boȝt alle man kynne,
Hys precyus blode haþ wasshe oure sy*n*ne."
She wurschepyd hyt fyrst, & þan þey echone and they worship, the Cross.
Towarde þe cyte here wey gu*n* they gone. 1052
Are she shulde entre, þey kouerd here vysage.
As for a wedew þey dyd þat vsage.
þey kast where she herbored shulde be, They "cast" where she should
Eche of hem seyd, "*with* me, *with* me." 1056 be lodged. Each says, "With me, with me."
Now þe quene of heuene, modyr hyest,
Haþ nat where yn here hede for to reste.
She þanked hem, and seyd, "y am betake
To Ion, and þarfore y may nat hy*m* forsake." 1060 [leaf 91, col. 2]
Ion seyd, "we wyl *with* maudeleyn a lyȝt, John said, "We will stay with Magdalen.
For þere rested oure mayster a whyle to nyȝt; The brethren will come thither."
Also my breþren wyl come alle þedyr;
þere wyl we reste and speke to gedyr." 1064
þey led here furþe þurgh̄ þat cyte,
Wydewes and wyues of here had pyte. Widows and wives pity her.
Whan þey had broȝt here þere echone,
Some token here leue and wenten hom; 1068
Maudeleyn and martha were bysy þat nyȝt,
[2]To serue[2] here alle þat þey[3] myȝt.

[1] þennes [2—2] To ese here *and* serue [3] *þey* written over in MS.

She could not sleep,
but wept and said,
"My dear Son!"
Peter comes weeping,
and salutes Mary and John.
The other disciples come,
and John tells them all.
"Woe is me," said Peter,
"that I forsook Him."
The others make their confession and weep.
Mary comforts them.
"No wonder you forsook Him, His Father did the same."
[leaf 91, back]

þenke, man, how she myȝt no slepe slepe,
But sorowed, and sygħed, and weyled, and wepe,
And euermore seyde, "my derwurþe sone,
For loue y anguysshe tyl þat þou come."
Anone come petyr, with wepyng chere,
And salude Marye and Ion yn fere.
þan come þe dyscyplys, eche aftyr oþer,
For shame durst none loke on hys broþer.
þey asked þe doyng of here dere lorde,
Ion tolde hem þe processe euery aworde.
"Wo me," seyd petyr, "me shameþ to loke,
For þat y my swete lorde and mayster forsoke,
Wheche loued and chersed me[1] so tenderly:
Wo me, a,[2] wreche, mercy, y cry."
Also þe dyscyplys here confessyun
Maden and weptyn with[3] lamentacyun.
þan crystes modyr, here mylde maystres,
Had grete compassyun of here heuynes;
She comforted hem and seyd þus:
"Dysmay ȝow nat for my sone[4] Ihesus,
For þus to hys deþ he wulde be bore,
To saue mannes soule þat was forlore;
þarto he com with moche stryfe,
Yn traueyle and yn pouert to leden hys lyfe.
No wundyr þogħ ȝe forsoke hym yn hys ende,
Hys fadyr forsoke hym socour to sende;
Hymself he forsoke for oure mys dede;
Y preyd for hym, y myȝt no þyng spede;
Certes y am sory for hys grete passyun,
But truly y glade for soules saluacyun;
þey shulden yn helle for euer be forlore,
But y hym to þys deþ had [5]hym bore;[5]
ȝe weten weyl how benygne my dere sone was,
Lyȝtly to forȝyue al maner of trespas;

[1] *me* written over in MS.; *me* follows *louede* in B. [2] aa [3] wiþ gret [4] swete sone [5–5] here ibore

Douteþ ȝe no þyng of hys grete mercy,
For largely he ȝyfþ þat cryeþ hyt hertly;
Beeþ of gode cumfort, for trustly y say,
We shullen hym se on þe þrydde day;
Seþþen he haþ boght vs at so grete prys,
Nedes from þe deþ he mote aryse."
"Certys," seyd petyr, "þys ny3t at þe cene,
He seyd eftsones we shuldyn hym sene,
Þan alle oure sorowe to ioye shulde come,
And þat ioye shulde nat from vs be nome."[2]
"A! breþren!" seyd Marye, "y ȝow pray
Þat swete sermoun ȝe wyl me say."
A none Ion tolde here, for he coude best,
For slepyng he soke hyt at crystys brest.
Þus þey dwel yn here medytacyun,
Tyl tyme was come of þe resurreccyun.

"Be of good comfort; we shall see Him on the third day."

"Certainly," said Peter, "He said we should soon see Him, and that our sorrow should be turned to joy."

Thus they dwelt until the resurrection.

The medytacyun how cryst ȝede to helle.

Thenk, man, and se cryst aftyr hys deþ:
For þy synne streyght to helle he geþ,
Oute of þe fendys bonde to þe fre,
And þe fende bonde to make to þe.
Þenk, also, þe grete dede of hys powere:
He myȝt ha[3] sent an angel to saue vs here,
But þan of oure saluacyun we shulde nat þanke hym,
But calle þe aungel sauer of alle man kyn.
Þarfor hys fadyr so hertly loued vs,
He ȝaue vs hys owene gete sone Ihesus;
Þan we onely hym þanke and do hym onoure,
As fadyr, as former, socoure and sauyoure.
Þank we now oure sayoure, þat salue vs haþ broȝt,
Oure syke soules to saue, whan synne haþ hem soȝt.
Of hys grete godenes gyn we hym grete,
Seyyng þe wurde of sakarye þe holy prophete:

For thy sin Christ goeth straight to hell.

He might have sent an angel to save us.

God so loved us that He gave us His Son.

Thank we now our Saviour,

[leaf 91, bk, col. 2]

saying the words of Zacharias,

[1] Glossed *soper* in B. [2] Glossed *take* in B.
[3] haue

BQ 6468 M4 S.E
BQX 7262 A3

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel."

S. Luke i. 68.

"Lorde god of Israel, blessed mote þou be,
þy peple þou hast vysyted and boȝt hem to þe,
Whych setyn yn derkenes of deþ and dysese,
þou lyȝtest hem and ledest yn to þe wey of pese." 1140

To that "peace peerless" bring us. Amen.

To þat pes pereles we prey þou vs bryng,
þat leuyst and reynest *with* oute endyng. 1142
Amen.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

A, 1084, 1115, ah.
And ther with al he bleynte / and cryde. *A.* *Chaucer*, 1078.

Adowne, 676, 1017, down.

Afore, 150, 180.

Agadlyng, 477, a gadling, a gadder about; a vagabond. Cp. "They ronne *agaddynge*, ye a whore hountinge after their false prophetes."—*The Lamentacyon of a Christian agaynste the Cyte of London*, leaf 4 (1545).

Al, *Al hole*, 182, all whole, entirely, wholly.

Algate, Algates, 358, 364, 392, 699, always, at all times, under all circumstances; in the last example it means certainly, of a truth, indeed.

Alheyl, 378, All hail!

Al thogh̄, 56, although.

Alyþed, 589, have allayed, mitigated.

An, 310, 380, 397, on.

Angred, 744, angered, made sorry. "They *angered* Moses also in the tents."—Psa. cvi. 16, *P. B. Vers.*

Anguyssed, 315, pained.

Anguysshe, 1074, to pine, suffer.

Angwys, 659, 683, anguish.

Ar, Are, 31, 94, &c., ere, before.

Aray, 954, 990, to prepare, to make ready.

Areyned, 601, commanded.

Arst, 502, first, formerly.

Aslake, 807, to abate, to slake.

Aspyes, 894, spies.

Astounde, 328.

Astyte, 436, anon, quickly.

Aswyþe, 1016, quickly, immediately.

At, 371, of.

Atwyn, Atwynne, 663, 678, 841, 1000, asunder, "atwo," or in two.

Auysed, 853, informed, taught, advised.

Auysyly, 415, advisedly, carefully.

Awake, 336, arouse.

Aworde, every aworde, 1080, every word.

Axen, 430, ask.

Ay, 1030, ever.

Aysel, 732, vinegar.

Aȝens, 46, 48, "aȝens he com," "aȝens nyȝt," by, just before.

Aȝenward, 1046, backward.

Bacyn, 141, basin.

Bebled, p. 20, *note*.

Behoue, 224, behoof, advantage.

Behynde, 287.

Behyȝte, 1027, promised (compounded of 'be' and 'hight').

Benygne, 1103, benign, kind.

Berdoun, 593, burden.

Betake, 353, 365, 457, 695, 728, 760, bring to, give to, commend to.

Beþ, Beþe, 648, 895, be.

Beþenke, 127, 129, 163, bethink, remember.

Betraye, Betrey, 96, 106, betray.

Bie, p. 2, *note.*

Blyn, 103, to cease, to stop.

Bodly, 39, bodily, corporeal.

Boffeteþ, 428, buffet; *indic. plur.*

Bokes hede, 320, chapter (of a book).

"Brent sacrifise, and for synne thou askidest not; thanne I seide, Lo! I come. In the *hed* of the *boc* it is write of me that I do thi wil."—Psalm xxxix. 8, 9, *Wycliffe's Vers.*

"Thanne I seyde, Loo! I come; in the head, *or bigynnyng*, of the book it is writyn of me."—Heb. x. 7, *Wycliffe's Vers.*

"In capite libri scriptum est de me."—*Vulgate.*

Bollers, 477, drinkers, drunkards, men who pass the bowl. See *P. Plow.*, C-text, Pass. x. 194, and note.

Bone, 313, prayer, petition, request.

Bone, 372, 949, boon, gift.

Bownden, 523, bound.

Breche, 622, breeches, covering.

Brenne, 201, burn.

Brese, 912, bruise.

Broysed, 960, bruised.

But, 666, only, except.

Buxom, 469, obedient.

By, Bye, 28, 318, buy, redeem.

By, "by þe wey," 284.

Byfore, 287.

Byhelde, 489.

Bynte, 427, bind. "The last word *bint* the tale."—Quoted in the *Journ. Sac. Lit.*, vol. i. (1865), p. 252.

Bypaþ, 486, by-path, a secluded way.

Byrye, 849, bury.

Byst, 1015, biddest, requestest.

Byt, 305, bade, warned.

Calle, 1128, call.

Ce to Ce, 441, place to place. Cp. "Cee, Mare, fretum, pontus."—*P. Parv.*, p. 64.

Cene, 1111, Fr. *Cène*, the Lord's Supper. Sp. *cena*, a supper.

Whan he sat with hem at the *cene*
. . . . . .
To swych he gaff hem alderlast
Hys owne body.

MS. Cott. Vit. C. xiii., lf 69, bk.

Chalys, 193, chalice.

Chekenes, 286, chickens.

Chere, 11, 87, 1075, cheer, countenance.

Chere, 203, cheering, cheerful.

Chersed, 333, 1083, cherished.

Chese, 393, choose.

Clepe, 719, call.

Cleppeþ, 152, clippeth, embraceth.

Cleuyn, 616, ? clewe, fasten on, seize.

Cloute, 973, cloth.

Clypped, 932, embraced, pressed closely.

Compyled, 14, compiled.

Comunde, 198, communed, conversed with.

Conceyued, 940, conceived.

Constreyned, 602, constrained, compelled.

Cors, 916, 945, corse, a dead body.

Corupt, 27, corrupt.

Coude, 126, could.

Croys, 556, cross.

Crucyfyers, 642.

Cryeþ, 1106, asketh, demandeth.

Crysten, 9, christian, christened.

Cumplyn, 985, even-song, the last service of the day; compline.

Cumþ, 418, cometh.

Dame, 286, mother's.

Dampne, 556, 558, 559, condemn.

Day, 728, die.

Defoule, 506, defile, pollute.

Degre, 7, degree, condition in life.

Deluyn, 347, dig, delve.

Derkenes, 1139, darkness.

Derlyng, 276, dearling, darling.

Derwurly, 180, cheerfully, willingly, honourably.
þe sculen biwiten þene king:
durewurþliche þurh alle þing.
Laȝamons Brut., ii. 210.
þise were diȝt on þe des, & *derwarþly* serued.
Sir Gawayne, 114.

Derwurþ, Derwurþe, 181, 368, 385, 651, precious, very dear.

Deye, 94, 207, die.

Do, 131, "was do," was done.

Done, wuld done, 138.

Dresse, 158, prepare.

Drye, 738, dry, thirsty. "Dry fro moysture. *Siccus.*"—*P. Parv.*

Dung, 506.

Dyffyed, 743, defied, rejected, despised. "*Dyffyyn*, or vtterly dyspysyn. *Vilipendo, floccipendo, sperno, aspernor, aporio.*"—*P. Parv.* 115.

Dyggen, 611, dig.

Dyrknes, 410, darkness.

Dysese, 1139, disease, trouble.

Dyspetusly, 615, angrily, without pity.

Dysplayed, 640, displayed, extended, spread out.

Dyspoyle, 615, despoil, spoil, undress.

Dysturbled, 316, disturbed, troubled. "*Dysturbelyn, Turbo, conturbo.*"—*P. Parv.* 123.
"And thei . . . . weren *distourblid*, seyinge, For it is a fantum."—S. Matt. xiv. 26. "He began for to be *distourblid* and sory in herte."—S. Matt. xxvi. 37, *Wycliffe.*

Dyȝt, 49, 325, prepared, made ready.

Echone, 57, all, each one.

Eftesones, Eftsones, 549, 1037, 1112, immediately.

Eke, 506, also.

Enformed, 238, informed, taught.

Entent, 43, "Take gode entent," give good heed.

Erst, 424, before, formerly: *arst* in l. 502.

Ese, 1035, ease, rest.

Euerychone, 132, every one.

Expouñed, 735, expounded, explained.

Ey, 851, eh?

Fare, 492, suffer, endure.

Fay, 1005, faith, confidence.

Fedyng, 35, 39, feeding.

Felawshepe, 447, 576, company, companions.

Fele, 669, many.

Fere, 68, 88, 119, 240. In fere, together, in company, one with another; l. 240, "loue yn fere," love one another. "This is my

comaundement, that ȝe loue *to gidere*."—S. John xv. 12, *Wycliffe*.

Fere, 580, a companion.

Fersly, 626, fiercely.

Fest, 212, fist, hand.

Fette, fet, 82, 563, 614, fetched.

Feye, 18, 86, faith, belief.

Feyn, 686, fain, gladly, willingly.

Feynt, 509, faint, weak.

Feyntly, 572, faintly, weakly.

Feyntnesse, 594.

Feyre, 164, 169. In l. 164 the Lat. orig. has *five*.

Feyre, 1034, fair.

Folue, 177, follow.

Fond, 356, found.

Fonde, 187, founded, instituted.

Fong, 329, to endure, suffer.

For, 273, because.

Fordone, 186, destroy, do away with. *Fordone* is properly the participle of *for-do*.

Forlore, 26, utterly lost.

Former, 795, Maker, Creator.

Forwounded, 519, much wounded.

Fresshly, 869, fiercely, briskly.

Furþe, 802, "furþe beryng," birth, bringing forth.

Fyne, 656, perfectly, quite.

Fynst, 557, findest.

Fyrþer more, 621.

Fyþe, 729, fifth.

Fyueþe, 257, fifth.

Gan, 185, began.

Gere, 657, 905, gear, tools.

Gert, 139, girded, girt.

Gerte, 654, pushed, drove.

Gete, 817, 1130, gotten, begotten.

Geþ, 1122, goeth.

Gladlygn̄, 89, gladly, cheerfully.

Glymbe, 630, climb.

Gobbettes, 85, morsels, bits.

Gone, 1052, "gan gone," began to go.

Graces, 81, prayers before meat.

Grame, 548, to anger.

Graue, y graue, 987, dug.

Grete, 1135, greet, address.

Greyþe, 46, prepare, make ready.

Grubbyng, 972. In Wycliffe's translation this passage (Isa. l. 6) stands thus: "My bodi I ȝaf to the smyteres, and my chekes to the pulleris; my face I turnede not awei fro the blameres, and the spitteres in me."

Gryse, 153.

Grysly, 101, sorrowful.

Grysly, 877, 933, terrible, frightful.

Gun, 630, 945, 966, gan, began.

Gunne, 133, began.

Gyn, 777, 1135, begin.

Ha, 686, 929, 1126, have.
"He wolde *ha* men · as lord to hym loute."
See *Gospel Stories, Man who made a Supper* (p. 6).

Haled, 662, pulled.

Halfdede, 588, half dead.

Hardy, 526.

He, 254.

Hem, 259, "hem whyche."

Hen, 280, hence.

Hente, 918, drew.

Hepys, 624, hips.

Herbored, 1055, lodged.

Herdles, 452, herdless, without a shepherd.

Here, 63, their.

Here by, 67.

Hertly, 243, 1106, heartily.

Hestes, hestys, 323, 742, commands, behests.

Ho, 528, 790, who.

Ho, 573, he.

Hole, 182, "al hole," wholly, entirely.

Holy, 1026, wholly.

Hom, 1068.

Homely, 275. Will the reader supply a word which will convey the sense as well as this does?

Hote, 240, command.

Hyde, 623, hye, 573, hyed, 590, hyyng, 627, to hurry, hurried, hurrying.

Hylpe, 922, helped, assisted.

Hyt, 102, it.

Instrumentys, 892, instruments.

Ioed, 562, joyed.

Iuwyse, 577, I-wis.

Kast, 643, lifted, raised.

Kast, 885, 1055, cast, considered.

Kercheues, 624, kerchiefs.

Knowlechyng, 424, knowledge.

Kolled, 932, embraced, clasped.

Kone, 438, can.

Kouerd, 1053, covered.

Kraked, 662, cracked, broke.

Krokedly, 571, crookedly.

Krokyng, 149, crooking, bending.

Kunne, 675, can.

Kynne, 1049, man kynne, mankind.

Kyþe, 1032, know.

Kytte, 85, 236, 268, cut, pierced. It *kittiþ* myn herte as with a knyf. *Pol., Rel., and Love Poems*, p. 205, l. 16.

Lake, 347, a pit.

Lakkyn, 884, lack.

Lamaȝabatany, 724. See St Matt. xxvii. 46.

Lape, 958, lap.

Lateþ, 467, 994, let, allow, permit.

Launced, 858, lanced, pierced with a lance.

Lede, 665, ? lead, the metal.

Lemes, 667, limbs.

Lende, 1039, remain, tarry.

Lere, 13, 16, 67, 120, learn.

Lered, 170, learned.

Lese, 394, lose.

Lestene, 312, listen.

Lete, 165, 181, Lette, 926, } left, ? leave.

Leue, 784, believe.

Lewed, 170, ignorant.

Leyd, 274, "be leyd," laid low, overcome.

Leyn, 521, "leyn on," lay on, thrash.

Leyn, 986, lay.

Logher, 133, lower.

Loke, 167, see, behold.

Lone, 1010, "a lone," alone.

Lore, 673, learning, knowledge, doctrine.

Louesum, 220, lovely, loving.

Lyn, 986, lie, remain.

Lyne, 733, slake, stop.

Lyne, 771, lain, remained.

Lys, 702, ease, relieve, lessen.

Lyȝt, 1061, "a lyȝt," remain, stay.

Lyȝt, 47, remained, tarried.

Lyȝt, 207, alighted, came down.

Lyȝtly, 1104, willingly, quickly, commonly.

Make, 795, mate, companion, equal.

Manly, 398, manfully.
Many one, 541.
Mede, 335, value, worth.
Mekest, 645, humblest (verb).
Memorand, 32, memorable.
Memorand, 195, a memorial.
Mende, 127, mind.
Mende, 196, memory.
Mercyable, 456, mercyful.
Mest, 400, most.
Meyny, 198, company.
Mode, 345, 859, wrath, anger.
Monasshyng, 169, 245, admonishing, admonition.
Mone, 454, moan, supplication.
Mone, 715, told, said, made. Qy. moaned? But B. has *nome*, took.
Moste, 199, 528.
Mot, Mote, 390, 581, must.
Mounde, 942, the earth, the world.
Mow, 349, 350, 363, may.
Mow, 522, might, could, were able (to do).
Mysdo, 462, misdone, done amiss.
Mysdoer, 503, a wrong-doer.
Myþe, 156, mighty. See *myhthy* in Prompt. Parv. (? *mild.*)

Nam, 603, 963, took.
Nat, 590, not.
Nayles, 116, nails.
Neme, 513, "vndyr neme," ? examine, punish.
Ner, 586, nearer.
Nolde, 890, ne would, would not.
Nome, 1114, taken.
Noþer, 27, neither.
Noye, 22, annoy.
Noȝt, 22, "with noȝt," in any manner, in anything.
Ny, 418, nigh, near.
Nygh̄, 90, nigh, near.
Nyghe, 886, come, approach.

O, 68, 382, one.
Ones, 964, once.
Onoure, 1131, honour.
Opone, 10, open.
Opunly, 543, openly.
Opynyons, 20, opinions.
Orcherd, 303, orchard, garden.
Orysun, 361, orison.
Oute, 615; "*oute* dyspetusly," without pity.
Owne, 817, 1130, "owne gete," only begotten.
Oynementys, 892, 947, ointments.

Pas, 359, "toke hys pas," went his way.
Paske, 82, paschal.
Paske, 94, passover.
Pens, 335, pence.
Pereles, 1141, peerless.
Pese, 1036, 1140, peace, rest.
Pleynes, 689, complains.
Pleynt, 510, plaint, complaint, indictment.
Plogh̄, 568, plough.
Ply3t, 626, plucked, taken away.
Ply3t, 907, pulled.
Pouert, 1094, poverty.
Prened, 859, pierced, pricked.
Preued, 18, proved.
Preyour, 413.
Preysed, 336, appraised, valued.
Processe, 1080, the manner in which an act was done; details, particulars.
Pryme, 475, 537, prime; six o'clock in the morning.

Pryncypals, 226, heads of a discourse.

Pryuyly, 105, privily, secretly.

Punged, 567, pricked, goaded.

Pur, 8, for.

Put, 141.

Pycchen, 612, pitch, throw, or let fall.

Pyler, pylour, 523, 515, pillar.

Pyne, 401, 547, pain, grief.

Pyneþ, 847, punish, torture, *imperat. plur. 2nd pers.*

Pynsours, 905, pincers.

Pytusly, 533, grievously. Cp. "*Pytyows*, or rufulle yn syȝhte. *Dolorosue, penosus.*"—*P. Parv.* 402.

Real, 33, 34.

Reke, 821, hurry, haste.

Rent (verb), 116, rend.

Reuþe, 832, 850, pity, compassion.

Rewe, 473, 826, to regret, be sorry for: to rue.

Reyȝte, 642, raught, reached.

Riue, note to l. 839.

Route, 423, a company.

Ruly, 121, 301, 517, 634, rueful. "*Ruly, idem quod* ruful (ful of ruthe and pyte)."—*P. Parv.* 439.

Ryme, 538 (verb).

Ryst, 1016, arose.

Ryue, 839.

Ryȝtwus, 913, righteous.

Salude, 898, 1076, saluted.

Salue, 1133, salve, salvation.

Samen, 671, "yn samen," in company, together.

Sauer, 1128, saver, Saviour.

Sawys, "Salamons sawys," sayings, proverbs.

> Sum *sawes* of Salomon · y shall you shew sone.
> *The Crowned King*, l. 44.

The passage is, "As the proud hate humility: so doth the rich abhor the poor."—Ecclus. xiii. 20.

Say, 587, 688, saw.

Scorneþ, scorned, 429, 743.

Se, 843, 1034, she.

Seced, 100, ceased.

Seche, 621, ? to look, to observe.

Secunde, 40, second.

Seluyn, 453, "here seluyn," herself; owne self, 680.

Semely, 387, properly, becomingly, justly.

Sen, 232, see (*1st pers. indic. fut.*).

Setyn, 1139, sit.

Sewe, 402, ensue, follow.

Sewe, 956, to sew.

Sey, 134, seen.

Seyn, seyd, 134, 553, say, said.

Seyth, "sum seyth," 675.

Seyyng, 228, saying.

Shamely, 966, shamefully.

Shape, 575, "hym ys shape," for him is prepared, or intended; devised.

Shaue, 966, shave; 961, shaven.

Shenshepe, 448, 575, punishment.

Shete, 955, Shetes, 947, sheet, sheets.

Shokyn, 479, shook.

Shulder, 565, shoulder.

Shullen, 1108, shall.

Shust, 714, shouldest.

Shyttyng, 756, shutting.

Slake, 696, mitigate.

Slogh, 567, slough, a dirty place.

Smert, 140, smart, quick, quickly.

Soper, 30, 33, supper.

Sopyng place, 160, supping place.

Specyal, 107, special.

Spelle, 114, learn, read.

Spelle, 130, teach.

Spelled, 739, uttered, said.

Sprunge, 414, "be sprunge," besprinkled.

Spyl, spylle, spylled, 470, 582, 600, 752, 1011, spoil, destroy, punish.

Stant, 681, stands.

State, 391, manner.

Stede, 135, place.

Sterte, 421, hurried, went forward.

Sterte, 570, "a sterte," start away, turn away, wander.

Steuene, 382, voice.

Stey, 635, "vpp stey," raised, elevated.

Stilly, 689, softly, silently.

Stokyn, 910, stuck.

Stonede dede, 1030, "stone dead."

Stonen, 141, of stone, of earthenware.

Story, 963, history, legend.

Stounde, 878, a moment, a short space of time.

Straked, 661, proceeded, went.

Streyght to helle, 1122.

Streyȝte, 641, stretched.

Stye, 208, to ascend.

Stynte, 878, stint, stop, cease.

Sum, 684, somewhat, partly.

Sumdele, 702, 733, somewhat, a little.

Sustryn, 647, sisters.

Swaþe, 974, 976, wrap.

Swote, 370, 379, sweat.

Swouned, 785, swooned.

Swyche, 508, 813, such.

Swyþe, 137, "swyþe sone," very soon. See *Aswyþe*.

Syghyng, 271.

Syre, 501, 535, sire, sir.

Syxte, 606.

Tagh̄, 243, 279, taught.

Tary, 560, 597, tarry, delay.

Tendyrly, 119, tenderly.

Teren, 634, tears.

Teþ, 116, teeth.

þe, 69, they.

þees, 847, thighs.

þeke, 446, that.

þeron, 924.

þeuys, 576, thieves.

þo, 98, 423, 432, then, at that time.

Thogh̄, 104, "as þogh̄," though.

þole, 887, suffer.

þore, 757, there.

þred, 41, 538, third.

þrest, 289, thrust.

þryd, þrydde, 179, 245, third.

þryst, 733, thirst.

þrysted, 736, desired.

þrysted, 737, thirsted.

þrytty, 335, thirty

þryys, 360, thrice.

þurgh̄, 623, 859, through.

þyes, 841, thighs.

Thyr, 22, there.

þyrwhylys, 367, 443, therewhiles, during that time.

To, 362, two, or twice.

To braste, 566.

Toke, 168, 278, 1014, gave.

Too, 654, two.

Toure, 376, tower.

Touþer, 656.

Tray, 156, betray.

Trewe, 58, true, faithful.

Trustly, 1107, confidently, truly.

Trusty, 58, trustworthy.
Tugge, 441, pull violently.
Twey, 50, 629, two.
Twyys, 360.

Varye, 598, alter, change.
Ver, 583, "a ver," afar, at a distance.
Verry, 84, true, real.
Vnder neme, 513, ? examine.
Vnsekernes, 440.
Vpbreyde, 787.
Vsage, 1054.
Vyleynsly, 580, villanously.
Vysage, 1053, visage, face.

Wadeþ, 520, wades.
Wake, 305, 358, 887, watch.
Wax, 369, 784, grew.
Wenles, 812, wemless, spotless.
Werche, 937, to work, perform.
Werchyng, 200, deed, undertaking.
Weren, 633, were.
Wete, 506, wet, water.
Weten, 1103, know.
Weyle, 450, wail.
Wharto, 725, whereto, for what purpose.
Whet, 631, whetted, pointed.
Whyle, 1062, "a whyle," awhile, for a time.
Witnesseþ, 51, bears witness.
Wode, 617, mad.
Wo me, 1081.
Wone, 262, dwelling place, world.
Wone, 750, to dwell.
Wrake, 366, 458, destruction, mischief, harm.
Wrappe, 975.
Wrastyn, 911, wrest, strain, pull.
Wraþþe, 345, (glossed) wrath.
Wroþer, 290 (a comparative), more angry.
Wryde, 624, wrapped, covered.
Wul, 829, would, will.
Wuld, "wuld God," 999.
Wuldyn, 947, would (*plur.*).
Wunt, 937, 975, wont, in the habit of (doing).
Wykked, 870.
Wynne, 6, gain, obtain, win.
Wyse, 144, "alle wyse."
Wysshe, 166, washed.
Wyte, 339, wete, knew.

Y, 102, I.
Y, 500, in.
Y, 120, 882, "y wys," I-wis, truly, certainly.
Ye, *plur.* yen, 101, 357, 643, eye.
Ylad, 487, led.
Ynstrumentys, 884, instruments.

ȝede, went, p. 35.
ȝenseyyng, 637, opposition, strife, gainsaying.
ȝoue, 331, given, rewarded.
ȝow, 314, thee.
ȝulde, 346, given, rewarded.
ȝungeste, 56, youngest.
ȝyfte, 181, gift.
ȝyfþ, 1106, giveth.
ȝyueþ, 848.

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2 2

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61

The Romance and Prophecies of

Thomas of Erceldoune

PRINTED FROM FIVE MANUSCRIPTS;

WITH

Illustrations from the Prophetic Literature

OF THE 15TH AND 16TH CENTURIES.

EDITED, WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

JAMES A. H. MURRAY, LL.D.

LONDON:
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PREFATORY NOTE.

In printing the complete text of the 15th-century "Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Erceldoune," with lengthy illustrations from the prophetic literature of that and the following century, it seemed desirable to give in the Introduction a summary of all that History, Legend, and Tradition have to tell of Thomas and his alleged sayings. Since the subject was taken up by Mr (afterwards Sir) Walter Scott in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, it has been touched upon by numerous writers, who have pointed out additional historic references, discussed the authenticity of the works attributed to the Rhymer, or contributed to the Folk-lore of the question by collecting rhymes and traditions associated with his name. The present Editor begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to all these his predecessors, of whose writings he has made free use. At the same time no statement has been taken at second hand which was capable of verification by original reference. In particular, all the documentary evidence has been examined afresh, and the quotations from MSS. verified, leading in some cases to the correction of important errors, which have passed current from writer to writer for seventy years. The inferences which the Editor has drawn from these data, and the theories which he has founded upon them, are of course his own; as is the view which he has taken of the origin and development of the prophetic literature generally. He has also given an independent investigation to the scenery and *locale* of the Romance, in which he has been zealously assisted by the local researches of his friends, Mr Andrew Currie of Darnick, the well-known Sculptor and Border Antiquary, and T. B. Gray, Esq., late of Hawkslie, who has had the good fortune to seize and fix an almost obliterated local tradition of the site of "Huntlee Bankis." The Editor has also to acknowledge the valued kindness and help of Henry Bradshaw, Esq., of the University Library, Cambridge, both during a visit to that Library in 1874, and on numerous occasions since; of the Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A., for the kindness with which he made several searches among the MSS. in the Bodleian; and of the Rev. Dr Bennett, Chancellor of Lincoln, for his arrangements to facilitate the Editor's access to the Thornton MS. in 1874.

Acknowledgments are also due to the Rev. W. W. Skeat, for many a timely service, to James Tait, Esq., of the *Kelso Chronicle*, and Charles Wilson, Esq., of Rhymer's Lands, Earlstoun, for investigation of local matters; and to the Rev. Dr R. Morris, F. J. Furnivall, Esq., and David Laing, Esq., LL.D., for assistance on special points.

The following works touch in one way or another on Thomas and his prophecies:

Lord Hailes (David Dalrymple). Remarks on the History of Scotland. Edin., 1773.
John Pinkerton. Ancient Scottish Poems never before in print. London, 1786.
Sir Walter Scott. The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. 1st Edition. Kelso, 1802. (Reprinted, London, 1869.)
Sir Walter Scott. The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. 5th Edition, 3 vols. Edin., 1821.
Sir Walter Scott. Sir Tristrem, a metrical Romance of the 13th century. 2nd Ed. Edin., 1806.
Robert Jamieson, F.A.S. Popular Ballads and Songs from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce editions. Edin., 1806.
David Laing, LL.D. Select Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of Scotland. Edin., 1822.
Thomas Warton, D.D. The History of English Poetry. (Edited by R. Price, with the additional Notes of Ritson, Ashby, Douce, and Park.) London, 1840.
History of the Berwickshire Naturalist's Club. Part for 1837 contains "The Popular Rhythmes of Berwickshire," by Mr Henderson; Part for 1866 contains "Earlston," by James Tait, Esq.
J. O. Halliwell, Esq. Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The Shakespeare Society. London, 1845.
Robert Chambers, LL.D. The Popular Rhymes of Scotland. 3rd Edition. Edin., 1858. New Edition, much enlarged; London, 1870.
David Irving, LL.D. History of Scotish Poetry. Edin., 1861.
Professor F. J. Child. English and Scottish Ballads. London, 1861.

After research has done its utmost, the facts as to Thomas are still few and scanty. When we have summed them all up, we can appropriately adapt the words of the minstrel who first told his tale, and like him conclude:

"Of 'man or woman yet' walde I here,
That couthe mare telle of swilke ferly!
Ihesu, coroúnde with crowne of brere,
Thow brynge us to thy heuene on hye!
Amen."

Mill Hill School, Nov. 1875.

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1. Thomas of Erceldoune, commonly known as the Rhymer, occupies a more important place in the legendary history of Scotland than in the authentic annals, though the few notices of him which occur in the latter are sufficient to prove his personality and to fix the age in which he lived. The name of *Thomas Rymor de Ercildune* occurs along with Oliver, Abbot of Dryburgh; Willelm de Burudim; Hugh de Peresby, Viscount of Rokysburgh; and Will. de Hattely, as witnessing a deed whereby Petrus de Haga de Bemersyde (on the Tweed) binds himself and his heirs to pay half a stone of wax (*dimidiam petram cere*) annually to the Abbot and convent of Melrose, for the chapel of Saint Cuthbert at Old Melros.[1] This

[1] The following copy of Petrus de Haga's Charter is taken from the Cartulary of Melrose MS. Harl. No. 3960, leaf 109 a. It is also printed in the *Liber de Melros* (Bannatyne Club).

Carta Petre de Haga de dimidia petra Cere.

Omnibus hoc scriptum uisuris uel audituris. Petrus de Haga dominus de Bemerside, salutem in domino. Noueritis vniuersi. quod cum olim conuenissem cum viris religiosis Abbate et Conuentu de Melros pro quibusdam transgressionibus eisdem per me & meos illatis. quod eisdem singulis annis ego & heredes mei decem salmones quinque videlicet recentes. & quinque veteres in perpetuum soluerimus; Tandem ijdem religiosi pietate ducti perpendcrunt

document has no date, but the grantor, Petrus de Haga, is himself witness to another charter, by which Richard de Moreville, Constable of Scotland (from 1162 to 1189), granted certain serfs to Henry St Clair. It thus defines Thomas's age to the extent of showing that he was a contemporary—a junior one doubtless—of one who was himself at least old enough to witness a document in 1189. In the year 1294 (November 2nd), *Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun*, conveyed by charter, to the Trinity House of Soltra, all the lands which he held by inheritance in the village of Ercildoun.[1]

hoc esse in exheredacionem mei & heredum meorum. mediantibus viris bonis consencientе & concedente Johanne filio & herede meo cum dictis Abbate et Conuentu taliter conueui. scilicet quod ego et heredes [mei] tenemur & presenti scripto in perpetuum obligamur ipsis Abbati & Conuentui soluere singulis annis dimidiam petram Cere bone & pacabilis ad Capellam sancti Cuthberti. de veteri Melros die beati Cuthberti. in quadragesima uel triginta denarios. sub pena triginta denariorum singulis mensibus soluendorum ad luminare dicte Capelle. quibus in solucione dicte Cere aut triginta denariorum predictorum fuerit cessatum post diem & terminum memoratos. Subiciendo me & heredes meos Iurrisdiccioni & potestati domini Episcopi sancti Andree. qui pro tempore fuerit. ut me & heredes meos per censuram ecclesiasticam qualemcumque possit compellere ad solucionem dicte Cere. aut triginta denariorum predictorum vna cum pena si committatur. Renunciando pro me & heredibus meis in hoc facto omni accioni defencioni & accepcioni. & omni legum auxilio canonici. & civilis. beneficio restitucionis in integrum. & omnibus aliis que michi & heredibus meis prodesse potuerunt in hoc facto & dictis Abbati & Conuentui obesse. quo minus solucio fieri valeat dicte cere. aut triginta denariorum predictorum. una cum pena si committatur. In cuius rei testimonium presenti scripto sigillum meum. vna cum sigillo domini Oliueri tunc Abbatis de Driburgh est appensum. Testibus domino Oliuero Abbate de Driburgh domino Willelmo de Burudim. milite Hugone de Perisby tunc vicecomite de Rokysburgh Willelmo de Hatteley Thome Rymor de Ercildune & aliis.

[1] The following is a transcript of Thomas de Ercildoun's Charter, from the Cartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, Advocate's Library, W. 4. 14 :—

Ersylton

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius *et* heres Thome Rymour de Ercildoun, Salutem in domino. Noueritis me per fustum & baculum in pleno iudicio resignasse ac per presentes quietum clamasse pro me & heredibus meis Magistro domus Sancte trinitatis de Soltre, & fratribus eiusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentis suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui Renunciando de cetero pro me *et* heredibus meis omni iuri & clameo que ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra alioque tempore de preterito habuimus siue de futuro habere poterimus. In cuius rei testimonium presentibus literis sigillum meum apposui Data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum apostolorum Symonis & Iude Anno Domini millesimo et nonogesimo quarto.

Although this document has been printed half-a-dozen times, and its date quoted twenty times at least, the latter has been given by every editor as 1299, and in the *Border Minstrelsy* it is actually printed *nonagesimo nono*, which looks like an attempt to evade the chronological difficulty it offers. Mr Skeat kindly points out that the Sunday letter for 1294 was C, and Easter the 18th April, so that St Simon's and St Jude's, the 28 Oct. (the old day for electing mayors, &c., advanced by New Style to 9th Nov.) fell on Thursday, and the next Tuesday after (die Martis proximo post) was 2nd November.

"The superiority of the property called 'Rhymer's Lands,' now owned by Mr Charles Wilson, Earlstoun, still belongs to the Trinity College Church in Edinburgh. It would almost appear as if Thomas had held his lands not direct from the Crown, but from the Earls of Dunbar; for his name does not appear in any State document of that period. Nor does it appear that

Contemporary documents thus fix Rymour's existence between the end of the twelfth and end of the thirteenth century; and, as will be seen in the sequel, he is further historically identified, on sufficient, though not contemporary, evidence, with the latter part of this period, by his connexion with events in the year 1286, and (though less authentically) 1296. From 1189 to 1296 is, of course, more than a century; but, as has been shown by Sir Walter Scott, these dates involve no difficulty, for supposing De Moreville's charter to have been granted towards the end of his career in 1189, and De Haga to have been then about 20, the grant of the latter was probably not made before the end of his life, say between 1230 and 1240. If Erceldoune was about 20 when he witnessed this, it would fix his birth somewhere between 1210 and 1220, so that he would be between 66 and 76 in 1286, and may, so far as this is concerned, have outlived the latter date by several years. The *prima facie* purport of the charter of 1294 is that Thomas is already dead, and his son in possession of the paternal property, which he in his turn gives away. Considerations at variance with this inference will be noticed further on.

2. Of his family, or how much was actually implied by his surname, *de Erceldoun*, we know nothing. The latter was, however, evidently derived from the village of Ercheldun, Erceldoune, Ersyltoun, in Berwickshire, on the banks of the Leader, a northern tributary of the Tweed, from which, in still earlier times, there had emerged a shepherd boy, destined to become the apostle of his native Northumbria, St Cuthbert. Ercheldoun, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, seems to have been a place of considerable importance, and is connected both with the family of Lindesey, and the Earls of March. A *Carta Wilhelmi Linseia, de Ecclesia de Ercheldoun* to the priory of Coldingham, dating to the reign of David I. or Malcolm the Maiden (1124—1163) is preserved in the Durham archives, and a *Carta W. de Lindessi de Fauope iuxta Ledre*, ante 1165, to the monks of Melros, is also in existence, witnessed among others by Arosine de lindeseia, Swano de Ercedun, and Cospat*r*icio de Ercedun. The Lindesey family do not appear ever to take the surname de Erceldoun, which is borne by that of Cospatric, Earl of March (called often, from his chief residence, Earl of Dunbar). The Earls of March are said to have had a castle at the east end of the village, which was probably the scene of the royal visits in the reign of David I., when various documents, including the Foundation Charter

the lands were of large extent, for through old deeds the dimensions of the lands can be observed unaltered for the last three centuries back at least."—*James Tait, Esq., in 'History of Berwickshire Nat. Club,'* vol. v. p. 264. The actual area of *Rhymer's Lands*, as I learn by letter from Mr Wilson, is only $9\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and no other land in Earlstoun or its neighbourhood owns the superiority of Trinity College Church.

of Melrose Abbey in June 1136, and its confirmation by his son Prince Henry in 1143, were subscribed *apud Ercheldon.*

Whether Thomas de Erceldoune was related to the family of March, as might perhaps be assumed from the way in which his name appears more than once in connexion with the Earl and Countess of that house, or whether his relations with them were those of a vassal, or of a neighbour merely, cannot be ascertained. Of a tower, traditionally pointed out as his, the ruins still exist at the west end of the village, though the family connexion with it must have ceased in 1294, when, as already stated, the patrimonial estate in Erceldoune was conveyed to the religious establishment at Soltra. The Earl's Tower at the other end of the village continued to be an important fortress, and, according to popular belief, to it is due the corruption of the old name of Ercheldoun or Ersyltoun, to the modern spelling of *Earlstoun*, which railway and postal authorities contract to *Earlston.*[1]

Thomas is not known to any of the older authorities by any surname save his territorial one of *Erceldoune*, or that of *Rymour*, derived, it is generally supposed, from his poetic or prophetic avocations; "though even this is uncertain, for Rymour was a Berwickshire name in those days, one John Rymour, a freeholder, having done

[1] My friend, Andrew Currie, Esq., of Darnick, to whom I am indebted for much local information as to the Rhymer, and who is himself, I believe, a native of Earlstoun, considers that Erceldoun, or Ersyltoun, has not been altered into Earlstoun, but supplanted by it. He thinks that the original village of Ercildoune is represented by the hamlet of thatched houses at the west, on the road to Lauder, and immediately to the north of Rhymour's Tower, and that the hamlet which rose nearly a mile to the east round the Earl's Tower, was distinguished as the Earl's Town; and this having in process of time become the main village, and absorbed the more ancient Ercildoune, gave its name to the whole. But Erceldoune was originally the general name, as the Earl was *Cospatric de Erceldun*, so that the "Earl's Town," if it existed, would be the "Earls-town at *or* in Erceldoun." *Rhymer's Lands*, beside the ruins of Thomas's Tower, also contained an ancient water-mill, of which Mr Currie says: "Rhymer's Mill was renewed by me in 1843. The old one had a stone in the gable with the words in antique letters, Rhymer Mill; I think this stone was replaced in the new mill above the water-wheel. The site of the Earl's Tower, a much more extensive structure than Rhymour's Tower, is now occupied by the Gasworks. I remember seeing hewn pavement, &c., turned up on the spot some forty years ago, besides large chiselled blocks, which had been part of the original walls and foundations. A little to the west of this, and by the burn-side, is a knowe or moraine, which still bears the name of *the Hawk's Kaim*, and is traditionally remembered as the site of the Falconry of the Earls of Dunbar. A long level strip of ground between it and the burn is still called *The Butts*, and said to have been the archery practice ground. Of Rhymer's Tower, the decay has proceeded rapidly within my memory; about 1830, the fireplace was still entire, with massive red stone lintel and corbels from the free stone of the Black Hill behind Cowdenknowes. A curious discovery was made, when clearing out the brushwood of this old quarry, of a corbel nearly finished, identical in pattern and size with those remaining in Rhymer's Tower. This is now preserved at Cowdenknowes. There is no male inhabitant of Earlstoun now claiming descent from the Rhymer, since the death of the last of the Learmonts, an old bachelor, Robert by name, and a weaver by trade, from whom I learned many traditions of Ercildoun, some 35 years ago." (See some additional particulars at end of the *Notes.*)

homage to Edward I. in 1296." The inscription on the front wall of the church at Earlstoun, which marks the traditional place of his sepulture,

"Auld Rymer's race
Lies in this place,"

seems to point to Rymour as the name of the family.[1] But Hector Boece or Boyce (1527) gives him the surname of Leirmont;[2] and Nisbet, the Herald, in a work written 1702, styles him Sir Thomas Learmont of Earlstoun in the Merss, in which he is followed by later writers; and, according to Sir Walter Scott in 1804, "an unvarying tradition corresponds to their assertion." A tradition of the eighteenth century, however, corresponding to a statement which has passed current in books since the sixteenth, has no independent value; and as Nisbet quotes as evidence for Thomas's surname "charters of an earlier date" which no one has ever seen, we may dismiss the subject with a mere mention of the hypotheses suggested by David Macpherson and others to account for Boyce's and Nisbet's nomenclature, such as "that Thomas, or his predecessor, had married an heiress of the name of Learmont, and occasioned this error," or that "some family of that name may have traced their descent from him by the female side." For us, it will be sufficient to know him as he was known to Barbour, Fordun, and Robert of Brunne, as Thomas of Erceldoune, otherwise Thomas Rymour.

3. The incident by which he is associated with the year 1286 is his so-called prediction of the calamitous death of Alexander III.; the earliest notice of which is found in the Scotichronicon of John of Fordun, or rather his continuator Walter Bower (born 1385, wrote about 1430). According to this account, on the night before the king was killed, by being thrown over the precipice at Kinghorn; "Thomas of Erseldon, visiting the castle of Dunbar, was interrogated by the Earl of March, in the jocular manner which he was wont to assume with the Rymour,

[1] Mr Tait, in the Berwickshire Nat. Transact. already quoted, says, "Tradition says the stone was transferred from the old church, which stood some yards distant from the present edifice. In 1782 the ancient inscription was defaced by some senseless fellow in a drunken frolic, but the clergyman compelled him to replace it in the same words as before. The defaced characters were very ancient, the present are quite modern, and the spelling also is modernised. The right of sepulture is still claimed there by persons named *Learmont*, an indication that if Thomas did not bear that surname, it was adopted by his descendants," [or some who claimed to represent him]. "The church itself," says Mr Currie, "may not be more than 150 years old. It stands on the site of an older one which was a vicarage of Coldinghame. In the east gable is built a red stone bearing a dagger-shaped cross, the well-known symbol of the Knights Templars. (See additional particulars at end of the *Notes*.)

[2] *Boece* lib. xiii. f. 291 a (Parisiis, 1575). Tradunt scriptores pridie quàm Alexander fate functus esset, comitem merchiarum percunctatum sub noctem insigne*m* quenda*m* vatem ac praedicendi arte haud saepe falle*n*tem, Thomas Leirmont nomine, vtrùm aliquid in posterum diem noui euenturum esset.

what another day was to bring forth. Thomas, fetching a heavy sigh from the bottom of his heart, is said to have expressed himself to this effect: 'Alas for to-morrow, a day of calamity and misery! Before the twelfth hour, shall be heard a blast so vehement that it shall exceed all those that have yet been heard in Scotland: a blast which shall strike the nations with amazement, shall confound those who hear it, shall humble what is lofty, and what is unbending shall level to the ground.' In consequence of this alarming prediction, the Earl and his attendants were induced to observe the state of the atmosphere next day; but having watched till the ninth hour without discovering any unusual appearance, they began to deride Thomas as a driveller. The Earl, however, had scarcely sat down to dinner, and the hand of the dial pointed the hour of noon, when a messenger arrived at the gate and importunately demanded admission; they now found that the prediction was fatally verified; for this messenger came to announce the intelligence of the king's death."[1] Bower's story is repeated by Mair (Joannes Major Scotus), and Hector Boece (Boethius) (see note 2, p. xiii), the former adding, "To this Thomas our countrymen have ascribed many predictions, and the common people of Britain yield no slight degree of credit to stories of this nature; which I for the most part am wont to treat with ridicule." Bellenden also, in his vernacular version of Boece, tells the story in more moderate language than Fordun:

"It is said ye day afore ye kingis deith, the Erle of Merche demandit ane propheit namit Thomas Rimour, otherwayis namit Ersiltoun, quhat weddir suld be

[1] "Annon recordaris quod ille vates ruralis, Thomas videlicet de Erseldon, nocte praecedenti mortem regis Alexandri, in castro de Dunbar, obscure prophetando, de occasu ejus dixerat comiti Marchiarum interroganti ab eo, ut solitus quasi jocando, quid altera dies futura novi esset paritura? Qui Thomas attrahens de imo cordis singultuosum suspirium, sic fertur comiti coram aulicis palam protulisse: 'Heu diei crastinæ! diei calamitatis et miseriæ! quà ante horam explicite duodecimam audietur tam vehemens ventus in Scotia, quod a magnis retroactis temporibus consimilis minime inveniebatur. Cujus quidem flatus obstupescere faciet gentes, stupidos reddet audientes, excelsa humiliabit, et rigida solo complanabit.' Propter cujus seria affamina comes cum aulicis crastinum observantes, et horas diei usque ad nonam considerantes, et nullum vestigium in nubibus vel signis ventosis cœli auspicantes, Thomam tanquam insensatam reputantes, ad prandium properarunt. Ubi dum comiti vix mensæ collocato, et signo horologii ad meredianam horam fere approximato, affuit quidam ad portam, importunis pulsibus aures comitis concutiens, aditum sibi ocius fieri flagitavit. Intromissus igitur advena, et de novis impetitus, 'Nova,' inquit, 'habeo, sed nosciva, toto regno Scotiæ deflenda, quia inclitus, heu! rex ejus finem præsentis vitæ hesterna nocte apud Kingorn sortitus est, et hæc veni nunciare tibi.' Ad hanc narrationem, quasi de gravi somno excitatus, comes una cum familiaribus tutuderunt pectora, et dicti Thomæ experti sunt credibilia nimis facta fore vaticinia." Bower, Scotichronicon, lib. x. c. 43. "The local tradition," according to Mr Currie, "has it that the prophecy was delivered in the Earl of Dunbar's castle at Erceldoune, the royal herald announcing his arrival by a bugle blast from the Corse-Hill Head, on the Huntshaw road, to the north of the village. The spot is still called, if my memory serves me right, The Trumpet or Bugle Knowe."

on ye morrow. To quhome answerit this Thomas, that on the morrow afore noun, sall blaw the greatest wynd that euir was herd afore in Scotland. On ye morrow, quhen it wes neir noun, ye lift appering loune but ony din or tempest, ye Erle sent for this propheit and repreuit hym that he pronosticat sic wynd to be and na apperance yairof. Yis Thomas maid litel answer, bot said, noun is not ȝit gane. And incontinent ane man come to the ȝet schawing y^t^ the king was slain. Yan said ye propheit, Zone is the wynd yat sall blaw to ye gret calamite and trouble of all Scotland. Yis Thomas was ane man of gret admiration to the people, and schew sindry thingis as they fell. Howbeit yai wer ay hyd vnder obscure wourdis."

Divested of the grandiloquence of its monkish chroniclers, "the story," says Sir Walter Scott, "would run simply that Thomas presaged to the Earl of March that the next day would be windy—the weather proved calm, but news arrived of the death of Alexander III., which gave an allegorical turn to the prediction, and saved the credit of the prophet. It is worthy of notice that the rhymes vulgarly ascribed to Thomas of Erceldoune are founded apparently on meteorological observation. And doubtless before the invention of barometers, a weather-wise prophet might be an important personage."

Whatever the foundation of the story, and however explained, it may be taken, at least in conjunction with the documentary evidence already given, as showing that Thomas was alive in 1286. According to Harry the Minstrel he survived also to 1296, when he was identified with a critical passage in the life of Wallace.

Towards the beginning of that hero's career, as reported by his minstrel biographer, he was seized in the town of Ayr, by the soldiers of the English garrison under Lord Percy, whose steward, amongst several others, Wallace had slain in a market brawl. While lying in prison awaiting his trial, the rigour of his treatment and filthiness of his dungeon brought on dysentery, under which he sank, and was found by the jailor apparently dead. His body was cast over the walls upon a "draff myddyn," whence it was begged by an old nurse, who desired to do the last rites to the corpse. While washing the body, however, she noticed faint signs of animation, and by dint of careful nursing, secretly restored him to life and health, while observing all the outward show of mourning for his death.

thomas Rimour in to *th*e faile[1] was *th*an,
With *th*e mynyst*ir*, quhilk was a worthi man :
He wsyt offt to *th*at religiouss place.
The peple demyt of witt mekill he can;
And so he told, *th*ocht at *th*ai bliss or ban,
Quhilk hapnyt suth in many diuerss cace,

[1] The *Faile* or *Feale*, a priory of the Cluniacenses in the neighbourhood of Ayr, which was still flourishing in the sixteenth century.

I can nocht say, be wrang or rycht wisnas,
In rewlle of wer, quhethir thai tynt or wan;
It may be demyt be diuisioun of grace.
Thar man that day had in the merket bene,
On Wallace knew this cairfull cass so kene.
His master speryt, quhat tithingis at he saw.
This man ansuerd; "of litill hard I meyn."
The mynister said; 'It has bene seildyn seyn,
quhar scottis and Ingliss semblit bene on Raw,
Was neuir 3it, als fer as we coud knaw,
Bot other a scot wald do a sothroun teyn,
Or he till him, for awentur mycht faw.'
"Wallace," he said, "3e wist tayne in that steid;
Out our the wall I saw thaim cast him deide,
In presoune famys[i]t for fawt of fude."
The mynister said with hart hewy as leid,
'Sic deid to thaim, me think, suld foster feid;
For he was wicht and cummyn of gentill blud.'
Thomas ansuerd "thir tythingis ar noucht gud;
And that be suth, my self sall neuir eit breid,
For all my witt her schortlye I conclud.
'a woman syne of the Newtoun of Ayr,
Till him scho went fra he was fallyn ther;
And on her kneis rycht lawly thaim besocht,
To purchess leiff scho mycht thin with him fayr.
In lychtlyness tyll hyr thai grant to fayr.
Our the wattyr on till hir houss him brocht,
To berys him als gudlye as scho mocht.'
3hit thomas said "Than sall I leiff na mar,
Gyff that be trew, be-god, that all has wrocht."
the mynister herd quhat thomas said in playne.
He chargyt him than "go speid the fast agayne
To that sammyn houss and werraly aspye."
The man went furth, at byddyng was full bayne;
To the new town to pass he did his payn,
To that ilk houss; and went in sodanlye,
About he blent on to the burd him bye.
This woman raiss, in hart scho was [nocht] fayn.
quha aw this lik, he bad hir nocht deny.
"wallace," scho said, "that full worthy has beyne,"
Thus wepyt scho, that pete was to seyne.
The man thar to gret credens gaif he nocht:
Towart the burd he bowned as he war teyne.
On kneis scho felle, and cryit: 'For marye scheyne,
Lat sklandyr be, and flemyt out of 3our thocht.'
This man hir suour "be him that all has wrocht,
Mycht I on lyff him anys se with myn eyn,
He suld be saiff, thocht Ingland had him socht."
scho had him wp to Wallace be the dess;
He spak with him; syne fast agayne can press
With glaid bodword, thar myrthis till amend.
He told to thaim the first tithingis was less.
Than thomas said: "forsuth, or he decess,
Mony thousand in feild sall mak thar end.
Off this regioune he sall the sothroun send;
And scotland thriss he sall bryng to the pess:
So gud off hand agayne sall neuir be kend."

This incident, if authentic, could not have taken place before 1296 or 1297; and it is at once evident that it conflicts with the idea that Thomas was already dead in 1294, when *Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun* devised the paternal estates. It is easy, of course, to say that, the charter being undoubted, Harry's story must be set aside as a mere fable. But I am not disposed to treat the Minstrel's circumstantial narrative quite so lightly; and I would suggest that it is not impossible that Thomas, wearied and dispirited with the calamities under which his country was sinking, may before his death have transferred his estates, and retired to end his days in the priory of the Faile. If Harry is to be trusted in saying that Thomas "usyt offt to that religiouß place," we may even have a key to those temporary disappearances from his home, which popular superstition accounted for by visits to Fairyland; and a final retirement while still alive may

really be the fact concealed under the legend of his sudden disappearance from the world. Then, are we correct in assuming that the charter in question is granted by Thomas's son, and not by Thomas himself? If Rymour was the family surname, the latter is not impossible. It is at least a pleasing fancy to picture Thomas, the last mayhap of his line, after setting his house in order and disposing of his worldly goods, retiring from earthly cares and pursuits, and leaving his neighbours to marvel at his departure, and attribute it to the powers of another world, who could spare him to "middle-erd" no longer. Many a myth has gone farther astray from its simple basis. Patrick Gordon, in his rhymed History of Robert Bruce (Dort, 1615), says Rymour survived to 1307; but as he gives us no authority for the statement, his evidence is of very doubtful value.

4. Such are the only notices which refer, or purport to refer, to Thomas in his lifetime. They seem to point to him as a man of sagacity and foresight, who, veiling his observations "under obscure wourdis," had already before his death attained to the repute of something like prophetic power. As a patriot, and one who had lived during the palmy days of the old Scottish monarchy before

> Alysandyr owre kyng wes dede
> That Scotlande led in luve and le,

he must have keenly felt the sorrows which overtook his country in his last years, and if he understood the temper of his countrymen, he may well have expressed his hope and confidence of their final triumph in tones which fell from the lips of the "old man eloquent" with all the weight of inspiration. That his reputed sayings were so quoted early in the course of the struggle, and within a few years after his own death, is abundantly evident from various references. One of these occurs in Barbour's Bruce, where, after Bruce had slain the Red Cumyn in the Grey Friars church at Dumfries in 1306, news of the event reached amongst others the patriotic Bishop of St Andrews:

> *Th*e lett*ir* tauld hym all *th*e deid,
> And he till his men gert it reid,
> And sythyn said *th*aim, "sekyrly
> I hop Thomas prophecy
> off hersildoune sall weryfyd be
> In him; for, swa our lord help me!
> I haiff gret hop he sall be king,
> And haif *th*is land all in leding."

Andro of Wyntown also in his "Orygynale" (Book VIII, chap. 32), referring to the battle of Kilblane, fought by Sir Andrew Moray against the Baliol faction in 1334, says:—

> Of *th*is fycht qwhylum spak Thomas
> of Ersyldoune, that sayd in derne,
> There suld mete stalwarthe,[1] stark, and sterne.
> He sayd it in his prophecy;
> But how he wist it was ferly.

[1 MS. stalwartly]

At a still earlier period the prophetic renown of Thomas is alluded to by the author of the *Scalacronica*, a French chronicle of English History, compiled by Sir Thomas Grey, constable of Norham, during his captivity in Edinburgh Castle in 1355. One of the *Notabilia*, extracted by Leyland from the unpublished part of this chronicle, is headed: "William Banestre and Thomas Erceldoune, whose words were spoken in figure, as were the prophecies of Merlin."[1]

Most of these writers, however, lived a century after Thomas, and it might of course be, that their references to the notoriety of his prophetic powers represented rather the current opinion of their own age than of that of which they wrote; that Barbour, for example, in making Bishop Lamberton quote "Thomas' prophecy," described what he was very likely to do himself, though he might have no ground either in tradition or history for imputing it to the Bishop of St Andrews But this is sufficiently met by the fact that a MS. of the beginning of the fourteenth century not only credits Thomas with oracular powers, but preserves what purports to be one of his prophecies, in the following form (*MS. Harl.* 2253, *lf* 127, *col.* 2):

La countesse de Donbar demanda a Thomas de Essedoune q*ua*nt la guere descoce prendreit fyn. e yl la repoundy e dyt,

When man as mad akyng of a capped man ;
When mon is leuere oþermones þyng þen is owen ;
When londyonys forest, ant forest ys felde ;[2]
When hares kendles oþe herston ;
When Wyt & Wille werres togedere ;
When mon makes stables of kyrkes, and steles castles wyþ styes ;
When rokesbourh nys no burgh[3] ant market is at Forwyleye ;

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[1] The Rev. W. W. Skeat has been so kind as to find the original of Leyland's extract in the manuscript in the library of Corpus Christi Coll. Cambridge (No. 133, leaf 60, back). He says: "It is a long paragraph, in which the name of 'Merlyns' occurs repeatedly; some remarks at the end imply that he spoke so much 'en figure' as to render the interpretation of his meaning very doubtful. It is remarked that much is said about boars, dragons, bears, eagles, lions, asses, moles, trees, and brooks; and that the object seems to have been to make the prophecies obscure—'ne purra estre determyne en certayne, si fussent, en le hour de lescriuer de cest cronicle, passe ou auenir. pusq*ue* tau*n*tes des Roys sount passez. tanco*m* durerent les Regnes des .vij. reaulmes Saxsouns. en queux la gr*a*nt bretaigne estoit deuise. et dez autres puscedy Engles & Norma*n*des. pur quoy ne agreast a le deuisour de cest cronicle plus dez p*a*rolis de Merlyne de soy entremettre. ne dez autres queux hom disoit en le houre p*re*destino*ur*s. co*m* de Willam Banastre. ou de Tho*m*as de Erceldoun. les parolis de queux furount ditz en fig*ur*e. od diuers entendeme*n*tz aptez a lestimacio*un* de les comento*ur*s. q*ue* en cas p*ur*roint desacorder.'"

[2] The letters þ and *y* are in the MS. only distinguished by the *y* having a dot, which is often omitted; *n* and *u* also are indistinguishable; *londyonys* or *loudyonys* may be *London is* or *Loudyon*, i. e. "*Lothian* is forest, and forest is field." *Forest* may refer to the old name of Selkirkshire, or Etterick *Forest*.

[3] Roxburgh, the ancient county town of Roxburghshire, and one of the "four great burghs" of Scotland, the remains of whose castle still crown the promontory between the Tweed and Teviot at their confluence, has been "no burgh" since 1547, and not a stone of the once great town now remains *in situ*.

When þe alde is gan ant þe newe is come þ^t don (*or* dou) noþt
When bambourne is donged Wyþ dedemen;
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen & to sellen;
When a *quarter* of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten mark*es*;
When prude p*ri*kes & pees is leyd in p*ri*soun;
When a scot ne may hym hude ase hare in forme þ^t þe englysshe ne sal hym fynde;
When ryþt ant Wrong ascenteþ to gedere;
When laddes weddeþ louedis;
When scottes flen so faste, þ^t for faute of ship, hy drowneþ hem selue
Whenne shal þis be? Nouþer in þine tyme ne in myne;
ah comen & gon wiþ inne twenty wynter ant on.

This is in a southern (or south-midland) dialect, and doubtless by an English author. The effect of it seems to be that many improbabilities will happen, and in especial that many calamities will happen to Scotland, before the war with that country shall end, which shall not be in the time of either Thomas or his interrogator, but within twenty-one years after. (See further at end of the *Notes*.)

Mr Pinkerton, who first printed the lines in the "List of the Scotish Poets," prefixed to his "Ancient Scotish poems never before in print" (London, 1786, Vol. I, p. lxxviij), and Sir Walter Scott, who quoted it from Pinkerton (very inaccurately, and with loss of one line), in the "Border Minstrelsy," assume that the *Countesse de Donbar* is the heroic Black Agnes, daughter of Randolph, so celebrated for her defence of Dunbar Castle in 1337, and also referred to in the following poem. But as Mr Bond says the MS. is undoubtedly before 1320, this is not possible; and by the Countess is no doubt meant the wife of the Earl to whom Thomas predicted the death of Alexander III, and with whom, as already said, he seems to have been a familiar visitor. *Bambourne* is evidently Bannockburn, and the reference to its being "donged with dede men," leads one to infer that the prediction was composed *after*, or or least on the eve of that battle, in 1314. But there was no time between that battle and 1320, or even Bruce's death in 1329, when a prophecy that "the Scots should hide as hare in form," would suit events or even distant probabilities; and I am inclined therefore to suppose that it was actually composed on the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn, and circulated under Thomas's name, in order to discourage the Scots and encourage the English in the battle. It is well known that Edward II felt so sure of gaining that battle, and finishing the war at a blow, that he held a council in the camp on the previous day, and drew up statutes and ordinances for the disposal of Scotland and its inhabitants, which were found in the English camp after his defeat. Counting back from 1314, "twenty wynter ant on" would bring us to 1293, when Thomas was, as we have seen, still alive.

That prophecy formed an important weapon on both sides during the wars

between England and Scotland appears from many sources, and a passage in Higden's Polychronicon (as translated by Trevisa) referring to this very period says:

"The Scottes waxed stronger & stronger thyrty yeres togyder, vnto Kyng Edwardes tyme the thyrde after the Conquest, and bete down Englyshemen ofte, and Englyshe places, that were nygh to theyr marches. Some seyd that that myshappe fell for softnesse of Englyshemen; and some seyde, that it was goddes own wreche, *as the prophecye said*, that Englyshemen sholde be destroyed by Danes, by Frenshemen, and by Scottes."

The prophetic powers of Thomas of Erceldoune seem thus to have been sufficiently credited to give importance to predictions purporting to be his within the twenty years that followed his own life-time; and it is noteworthy that all these early references agree in attributing to his utterances the "derne," "obscure," and "figurative" character so well exemplified in those still preserved as his; also, that the writers who quote them agree in their doubts as to the quarter whence Thomas derived his inspiration, while making no doubt of the inspiration itself.

5. We have equally early authority for his poetical abilities. Robert Mannyng of Brunne, who was actually a contemporary of Thomas, since his "Handlyng of Synne" was written in 1303, appears in his English Chronicle, written about 1330, to celebrate him as "the author of an incomparable romance of the story of Sir Tristrem." After stating his intention of telling his Story of England in the simplest speech, and without using intricate rhymes, since he has observed that such artificial compositions, though they may exhibit their authors' talent, are most spoiled by readers, Mannyng adds as an illustration of this:

I see *in* song in sedgeyng tale
of Erceldoun & of Kendale,
Non þam says as þai þam wroght,
& *in* þer sayng it semes noght;
þat may þou here in sir Tristrem;
ouer gestes it has þe steem,
Ouer alle þat is or was,
if mene it sayd as made Thomas;
But I here it no mane so say,
þat of som copple som is away;
So þare fayre sayng here beforne
is þare trauayle nere forlorne;

þai sayd it for pride & nobleye,
þat non were suylk as þei;
And alle þat þai wild ouerwhere,
Alle þat ilk wille now forfare.
þai sayd in so quante Inglis,
þat many one wate not what it is.
þerfore [I] henyed wele þe more
In strange ryme to trauayle sore;
And my witte was oure thynne
So strange speche to trauayle in;
And forsoth I couth[e] noght
so strange Inglis as þai wroght.

It is not certain whether the "Thomas" here is Thomas of Erceldoun or Thomas of Kendale; nor indeed that the first four lines refer to the same subject as those that follow: Sir Tristrem may, for anything that appears, be a third example, in addition to the works of Erceldoun and Kendale, of the liability of "quante

Inglis" to be marred by reciters, and its author "Thomas" may not be the Erceldoun of the second line, especially as the earlier German versions of Sir Tristrem quote as their authority one Thomas von Brittanien, or Thomas of Brittany, who must have lived, whoever he was, long before Thomas of Erceldoun. On the other hand, the Romance of Sir Tristrem in the Auchinleck MS., supposed to have been transcribed about the middle of the fourteenth century, and which, though it has been altered by a Southern transcriber, is demonstrably a copy of an earlier Northern one, begins by claiming Thomas of Erceldoune as the authority for its information, in terms which have induced Sir Walter Scott and others to consider the romance as his own production:

I was at Erþeldoun[1]
  Wiþ tomas spak y þare
þer herd y rede in roune
  Who tristrem gat & bare
Who was king wiþ croun
  & who him fosterd ȝare
& who was bold baroun
  As þair elders ware
    bi ȝere
  tomas telles in toun
þis auentours as þai ware.

In stanzas 37-38 Thomas is mentioned, at the point where Tristrem found himself left on an unknown shore by the mariners who had carried him off from home:

þo tomas asked ay
  Of tristrem trewe fere,
To wite þe riȝt way,
  þe styes for to lere;
of a prince proude in play
  Listneþ lordinges dere;
Who so better can say,
  His owhen he may here,
    As hende
  of thing þat is him dere
Ich man preise at ende.
In o robe tristrem was boun,
  þat he fram schippe hadde brouȝt;
Was of a blihand broun,
  þe richest þat was wrouȝt;
As tomas telleþ in toun;
  He no wist what he mouȝt,
Bot semly set him doun,
  & ete ay til him gode þouȝt,
    Ful sone
  þe forest forþ he souȝt
When he so hadde done.

In Fytt III, stanza 45, the authority of "Tomas" is quoted again:

Beliagog þe bold
  As a fende he fauȝt;
Tristrem liif neiȝe he sold,
  As tomas haþ ous tauȝt
Tristrem smot, as god wold,
  His fot of at a drauȝt;
Adoun he fel y fold,
  þat man of michel mauȝt,
    & cride
  "Tristrem, be we sauȝt,
& haue min londes wide."

Notwithstanding that in all these passages, the author professes to have learned his tale from "Thomas," Sir Walter Scott, in editing Sir Tristrem, assumed it as

[1] This word is cut through in the MS. by some former possessor who cut out the illuminations; but the catchword at foot of preceding leaf (280) has "y was at erþeldoun" (not erseldoun), and the lower part of the word including the þ is quite clear in the folio itself. *Erþeldoun* for *Ertheldoun* may be the scribe's error for *Ercheldoun* in his original.

undoubtedly the genuine work of Erceldoune, committed to writing by some one who had learned it from him personally; and started a theory that Thomas had himself collected the materials from the Britons of Strathclyde, and that his work, being thus original in its character, was the source of the numerous versions in continental languages which quote one "Thomas" as their authority. Dr Irving, in his History of Scottish Poetry, also considered it as "not altogether absurd to suppose that he was nevertheless the real author, and had recourse to this method" [*i. e.* quoting his own name as his authority] "of recording his own claims," and so preventing reciters from claiming the romance as their own composition. But in the additions to Warton's *History of English Poetry* (editions of 1824 and 1840) it is shown that not only did the romance exist in several European languages long before the days of Erceldoune, but that the "Thomas" quoted in some of the French and German poems was the writer of one of the French versions of the story, who must have lived before 1200; that this French version was apparently the original of the English translation in the Auchinleck MS., and that while it is doubtful whether the latter be the work referred to by Robert of Brunne, it is still more doubtful whether it is the production, either directly or indirectly, of Erceldoune. Mr Garnett, in summing up his review of the subject, considers it proved, "1. That the present Sir Tristrem is a modernized [rather a *southernized*, it cannot well be a *much* more modern] copy of an old[er] Northumbrian romance, written probably between 1260 and 1300. 2. That it is not, in the proper sense of the word, an original composition, but derived more or less directly from a Norman or Anglo-Norman source. 3. That there is no direct evidence in favour of Thomas of Erceldoune's claim to the authorship of it, while the internal evidence is, as far as it goes, greatly adverse to that supposition. It is however by no means improbable that the author availed himself of the previous labours of Erceldoune on the same theme. The minstrels of those days were great plagiarists, and seldom gave themselves the trouble of inventing subjects and incidents when they found them ready prepared to their hands." Later criticism is still more adverse to the claims of Erceldoune. Mr Wright thinks it most probable that the person who translated the Auchinleck version from the French original, finding a "Thomas" mentioned therein, and not knowing who he was, "may have taken him for the Thomas whose name was then most famous, viz. Thomas of Erceldoune, and thus put the name of the latter to his English edition." I must confess that, looking at the way in which the name and authority of Erceldoune were afterwards affixed to productions with which he had no connexion, Mr Wright's theory seems to me most probable, espe-

cially as this English version must have been originally by a northern writer who would be well acquainted with Thomas's name, and probably wrote soon after his death, so that the southernized transcript in the Auchinleck MS. could be made before the middle of the 14th century. But the Early English Text Society has *Sir Tristrem* in its list for early reprinting, when the question of the origin and authorship of the romance will of course be fully discussed. At present we have only to note that, however the opinion was founded, Thomas of Erceldoune at least passed in popular estimation as a poet of renown within thirty years after his own death.

6. In the twofold character of poet and prophet, thus attributed to him from the earliest period, the name of Thomas of Erceldoune continued to be venerated for many centuries, and numerous compositions claiming to be his, or at least to derive their authority from or through him, are still preserved. The earliest of these is the poem printed in the following pages, the completion of which, from internal evidence, must be placed shortly after 1400, or about a hundred years after Thomas's death. It represents Thomas as meeting "a lady gaye," who is described as the Queen of a realm not in heaven, paradise, hell, purgatory, or on middel-erthe, but "another cuntre" from all these, answering to the Faërie or Fairy-land of later tales, but nowhere so called in the poem itself. Thomas makes love to her, and is transported by her power to her own country, where he dwells for three years and more. On his dismissal, necessary to prevent his seizure by a foul fiend of hell, who is coming next day for his tribute, he asks a token from the lady, and, in compliance with his repeated request to abide and tell him some ferly, she proceeds to give an outline in prophetic form of the wars between England and Scotland from the time of Bruce to that of the death of Robert III, with a mysterious continuation, which must still rank as "unfulfilled prophecy," and ending with a reference to Black Agnes of Dunbar, whose death is predicted. After an affectionate farewell, in which she promises to meet Thomas again at the same spot, the lady leaves him and takes her way to Helmsdale.

7. In regard to the professed authorship of this poem, we meet with even greater difficulty than in *Sir Tristrem*, the narrator passing from the first to the third person, and from the third to the first again, with the most sudden transition, so that it is difficult to say whether it even claims to be the work of Thomas. Thus in the first 72 lines (including the prologue), the writer describes himself as lying on Huntly banks himself alone, and seeing the lady, whose array he describes as a professed eye-witness; but in line 73 it is:

Thomas laye & sawe that syghte
Vndir-nethe a semly tree :
He sayd, &c. &c.

Gyff it be *als the storye sayes*
He hir mette at Eldone Tree,

and so on for 200 lines, the author describing Thomas and his actions as if he himself had them only by hearsay, till in l. 273 we have again the sudden transition to the first person :

Thomas duellide in that solace
More than j ȝowe saye parde ;
Till one a day, so hafe I grace,
My lufly lady sayde *to mee ;*
Do buske the, Thomas, the buse agayne, &c. &c. ;

but this is only a momentary interruption, for the narrator immediately speaks of Thomas again in the third person, a style which he continues to the end of the narrative. In the prophecies from l. 317 to 672 the speeches of Thomas and the lady are merely quoted without even as much as an introductory "he said" or "she said," so that nothing can be determined as to the professed narrator. The conclusion, however, ll. 673—700, is very decidedly narrative in the third person :

Scho blewe hir horne on hir palfraye,
Lefte Thomas vndir-nethe a tre ;
To Helmesdale scho tuke the waye,
And thus departede scho and hee !

Of swilke an hird mane wold j here
That couth Me telle of swilke ferly.
Ihesu, corouned with a crowne of brere,
Brynge vs to his heuene So hyee !

where, even if with the Cambridge MS. we read *woman* for *hird mane*, it is clearly the wish of a third party that he had such an experience as Thomas had, and not of Thomas himself.

8. But, whoever the professed author, I have said that the poem in its present form bears evidence of being later than 1401, the date of the invasion of Scotland by Henry IV, or at least 1388, the date of the Battle of Otterbourne, the last of the historical events "hyd vnder obscure wourdis" in Fytt II. For the whole of the events described in that Fytt are really historical and easily identified, preserving, with a single important exception, the chronological order; and this part of the poem must have therefore been composed after the last of them had happened. But of the events predicted in Fytt III, after the second, which seems to refer to Henry IV's invasion of the country in 1401, I cannot make any such sense, and I prefer to consider these as real predictions or expectations of the future. Moreover, the oldest MS. of the poem, the Thornton, itself clearly not an original, dates to 1430—1440, some time before which the poem must have existed in its present form, so that we have the period between 1402 and 1440, with strong reasons in favour of the earlier date, for its completion. But portions of it may have been

earlier even than this, for it is clearly possible that the prophecies may have been altered, added to, and interpolated, from time to time, since each incident of them is separate, and easily detachable from the context. There seems indeed to be evidence of very early treatment of this kind in Fytt II, in examining which it will be seen that the events therein "predicted" are

The failure of Baliol's party in the struggle with David Bruce	1333
the battle of Halidon Hill	1333
The battle of Falkirk	1298
the battle of Bannockburn	1314
the death of Robert Bruce	1329
the invasion and partial success of Edward Baliol, who lands at Kinghorn	1332
the battle of Dupplin and occupation of Perth . .	1332
the English withdraw to the French war . . .	1337
David Bruce fetched from France	1342
he invades England, is captured at Durham, and led to London	1346
Scotland again invaded by Baliol	1347
Scotland heavily taxed for the ransom of King David . .	1357
Robert Stewart made king	1370
Douglas invades England, and slain at Otterbourne . .	1388

Excluding the two first entries, we have here an outline of the chief events in Scotland from the Battle of Falkirk under Wallace to that of Otterbourne under Robert II, references being specially numerous to the period of the Second War of Independence under David Bruce. But the prediction of the eventual ruin of Baliol's party, and the battle of Halidon Hill—a battle "that shall be done right soon at will," come out of order and quite apart from this chronological list, as if they had no connexion with it, while they are also intimately connected with the introduction of this Fytt, and Thomas's request to the lady—

> Telle me of this gentill blode
> Wha sall thrife, and wha sall thee,
> Wha sall be kynge, wha sall be none,
> And wha sall welde this northe countre?—

a question as to the conflicting claim of the Bruce and Baliol families scarcely likely to be made after 1400, when the latter line was extinct. I am inclined to suppose, then, that this part, with perhaps Fytt I, the conclusion, and an indefinite portion of Fytt III, which is in all probability a *melange* of early traditional prophecies,

may have been written on the eve of Halidon Hill, with a view to encourage the Scots in that battle; in which the oldest text, it will be observed, makes the Scots win with the slaughter of six thousand Englishmen, while the other texts, wise after the fact, make the Scots lose, as they actually did.

The question has been asked before, whether the "fairy tale" contained in Fytt I is not distinct from the "prophetical rhapsody" to which it serves as an introduction, and collectors of ballads have generally answered the query in the affirmative; thus Jamieson, in editing the poem in his "Popular Ballads and Songs," is of opinion that "In the introduction to the prophecies, there is so much more fancy and elegance than in the prophecies themselves, that they can hardly be supposed to be the composition of the same person. Indeed, the internal evidence to the contrary almost amounts to a proof that they are not." Professor Child, also, in his "English and Scottish Ballads" (London, 1861), vol. I, p. 95, says, "the two 'fytts' of prophecies which accompany it (the ballad) in the MSS. are omitted here, as being probably the work of another, and an inferior, hand." Although diffident of venturing an opinion at variance with that of poets and poet-editors, I can hardly think that Fytt I stands alone. Some of the prophecies may be later than others, but I think that, *as a whole*, they flow so naturally from the tale, as a response to Thomas's request for a token of his intercourse with the Lady, without any trace of patching or awkward joining, as to preclude the suspicion of having been afterwards tacked on. As to their style, they could not well, from their nature, be rendered so interesting or lively as the ballad; yet the introduction to them, as well as their conclusion and the parting of Thomas and the Queen, seem not inferior in execution to any part of Fytt I.

On the other hand, it must be granted that, artistically considered, the tale of Thomas and the Lady is far too long and minute to have been invented as a mere introduction to the prophecies, and I willingly admit that the story, perhaps even in a poetic dress, may have existed some time before it was caught up and told anew as an introduction and passport to the predictions. The reference in line 83,

> Gyff it be *als the storye sayes*,
> He hir mette at Eldone tree,

implies that there was in existence an older tale of Thomas and the Queen, which fixed the place of their meeting. If we are to suppose that part of the work as it now exists is as old as Halidon Hill, we are taken to a date little more than thirty years after Thomas's own time, a fact, so far as it goes, in favour of the idea of those who think that this older tale may have been composed by Thomas himself, and

that the first-personal style of parts of the existing ballad may have been transferred from his narrative.

If modern editors despise the prophecies, and look upon them as a rubbishy addition to the ballad, it is very clear, that early scribes thought otherwise, and that it was to the respect which the prophecies inspired, that we owe so many MS. copies of the poem as have come down to us; we may be glad that their appreciation of the relative merits of the parts did not lead them all to do like the scribe of the Sloane MS., who omits Fytt I, and dignifies the prophecies alone with a place in his pages. In addition to this MS. four others preserve the poem more or less perfectly, and with considerable differences, as exhibited in the following text. These MSS. and the peculiarities of their texts will be described hereafter; it is only necessary here to note that the poem appears to have been originally by a Scottish author, though all the copies of it now exist in English MSS., and that the strongly northern character of the language as preserved by Robert Thornton, who, as a northern Englishman, would leave it nearly as he found it, is more or less modified in the others, especially in the Lansdowne and Sloane, which are also comparatively late in their transcription. The various modifications introduced by southern or midland transcribers may be well seen in lines 357—372. In these repeated transcriptions also the proper names of Scottish families, and of battles, have suffered so much at the hands of scribes to whom they were devoid of meaning, as often to become quite unintelligible. The results of the battles also are often altered in the different texts, doubtless because the transcribers in many cases did not understand the application of the predictions, and perhaps patriotically changed their burden, in accordance with their own wishes or hopes.

9. I look upon the greater part of the predictions in Fytt III as in reality adaptations of legendary prophecies, traditionally preserved from far earlier times, and furbished up anew at each period of national trouble and distress in expectation of their fulfilment being at length at hand. The origin of these effusions takes us back to the period of Arthur himself, and the expiring efforts of the Britons against Saxon conquest. It is well known that the flush of enthusiasm and hope which swelled the breasts of his countrymen, during Arthur's series of victories over the pagan invaders, was too fondly cherished to be willingly renounced on his premature removal from the scene. Their hero could not be really dead, he had only withdrawn from them for a while—gone on a pilgrimage to a far-off land, retired to some desert sanctuary, or fallen asleep with his warriors in some secret cavern,—and would yet return to rule "broad Britaine to the sea" and scatter

the Saxons to the winds of heaven.[1] "*Hic jacet Arturus, rex olim rexque futurus*" —Here lies Arthur, king of yore and king to be,—reported to have been found inscribed on his coffin at Glastonbury, represented, it is certain, the sacred belief of his people. That belief was common to all the relics of the Cymric race, from Strathclyde to Cornwall, and the shores of Armorica, and was preserved not least faithfully in that Northern land, which, according to all early authority, had witnessed alike Arthur's most splendid achievements and his death. The belief in the "kyd conqueror" yet to come must have cheered the Cumbrian Britons during the long struggle which ended in their incorporation with the Scottish monarchy, and fusion into the mingled stock which produced the later Scottish nation. Even after that fusion, and the loss of their ancient tongue, the loss even of all memory of the actual events to which these expectations and beliefs and dreams of the "good time coming" originally referred, the dreams and prophetic aspirations themselves survived, as dim mysterious legends of the future, foreboding great national crises, perils, and deliverances. Hence the legends of "a bastard in wedlock born, who should come out of the west," "a chieftain unchosen that shall choose for himself, and ride through the realm and Roy shall be called," "a chiftane stable as a stone, stedfast as the christull, firme as the adamant, true as the steele, immaculate as the sun, without all treason," whose "scutifers shal skail all the faire South, fra Dunbertane to Dover, and deil al the lands—he shall be kid conqueror, for he is kinde lord, of al Bretaine that bounds to the broad sea—" against whom in vain

> the Saxonys shall chose them a Lord
> That shall make them greatly to fall vnder.
> The ded man shall rise: and make them accord
> And this is much wonder and slight,
> That he that was dead and buried in sight
> Shall rise again and live in the land;—

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[1] A similar belief was cherished by the Britons as to Cadwaladyr, son of Cadwallawn, who, a century and a half after Arthur, "waged, in conjunction with Penda, a successful war against the Angles of Northumbria. For one year he had actually been in possession of that kingdom, and his successful career of upwards of twenty years roused the courage and hopes of the Cymry to the highest." When Cadwaladyr died in the pestilence of 664, his countrymen could not realize that he was gone; "the death was denied, and he was said to have retired to Armorica, whence the Cymry looked for him to return, and re-establish their supremacy over the Angles."—Skene: The Four Welsh Books, vol. I, p. 75. It is interesting to see that this British legend also had been preserved in the north. "The prophecy of Merlin," afterwards quoted, has

> When the Calualider of Cornwall is called
> And the Wolfe out of Wales is wencust for ay.

who should conquer "Gyane, Gaskone, and Bretane the blyth," and

turne into Tuskane but trety or true,
And busk him ouer the mountaines on mid winter euen,
And then goe to Rome and rug downe the walles,
And ouer all the region Roy shall be holden;

who should ride with pride over England and Scotland, and overthrow all false laws, and establish righteousness, till

"bothe the londes breton shal be;"

who should finally, like a true Christian knight, die in the Holy Land—

For euerie man on molde must de—
But end he shall in the land of Christ
And in the valle of Josaphat buried shall be.

The resemblance of many of these expressions, and actual identity of many of the epithets, with those to be found in the old Northern "Morte Arthur," and other kindred works, is very notable.

10. During the wars between England and Scotland, under the three Edwards, and after, down even to the reign of Henry VIII, these scraps of old traditional prophecy were eagerly called to mind, and their dim light anxiously sought for in each successive crisis, the English, as we may suppose, dwelling specially on any passages which brought the "kyd conqueror" out of the south, or spoke of his ruling from "Cornwall to Caithness all Britain the broad," the Scots finding encouragement in the promise that he should finally extirpate the "Saxons," a name which, from its being used by their Celtic fellow-subjects as equivalent to "English" in a linguistic or ethnological sense, the Lowlanders now adopted as equivalent to "English" in the political sense. Strictly speaking, they also were "Sasunnach," or Saxon, to the Celts; but the effect of the struggle with England was to make them disclaim all "Saxon" connexion, and to use the term only of their enemies of England. Prior to the death of Alexander III, Scotland had enjoyed peace and tranquillity for many generations, and no wonder that the sudden outburst of calamity, with which the country was then assailed, stirred deeply the minds of the people, and led them to anticipate that the mighty overturnings, which were the mysterious burden of these ancient saws, were at length at hand.

Is it too much to suppose that Thomas of Erceldoune may, from his literary tastes, have been a repository of such traditional rhymes, and himself have countenanced the application of their mysterious indications to the circumstances of his country, and thus to some extent at least given currency to the idea of his own

prophetic powers? It is certain at least that many of these ancient fragments were mixed up with the prophecies attributed to him, even as fragments of the latter were from time incorporated in, and blended with, later "prophecies" or prophetic compilations, which continued to be supplied whenever the demand arose, down to the union of the Kingdoms, and to be reverenced and consulted even as late as the Jacobite risings in the '15, and the '45. In these the name of Thomas Rymour is associated with those of Merlin, Bede, Gildas, and others; and collections of this mystic literature, such as the Sloane MS. 2578, and Lansdowne 762 in the British Museum, from which two of the following texts are printed, and Rawlinson C. 813 in the Bodleian, already existed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries when Sir David Lyndesay entertained the boyhood of James V with

The prophisies of Rymour, Beid, and Marlyng,

and the author of the "Complaynt of Scotland" in 1529 found it necessary to warn his countrymen against "diuerse prophane prophesies of merlyne, and vther ald corruptit vaticinaris, the quhilkis hes affermit in there rusty ryme, that scotland and ingland sal be vndir ane prince," to which "the inglismen gifis ferme credit." Merlin, whose name takes us back to the Arthur period itself, was evidently the oldest of these "vaticinaris," and at one time the most venerated, but in Scotland the fame of Thomas Rymour gradually outshone that of all his rivals, so that his pretended sayings were interpolated, and even his authority quoted, to give greater authority to theirs. This is well seen in a collection of these occult compositions printed in Edinburgh in 1603, and since then constantly reprinted down to the beginning of the present century, some of the contents of which must have been written as early as the reign of the Scottish James I (died 1437), while of others, MS. copies are in existence belonging to the same century.

11. The oldest printed edition yet discovered bears the following title: "The Whole prophecie of Scotland, England, and some part of France and Denmark, prophesied bee meruellous Merling, Beid, Bertlington, Thomas Rymour, Waldhaue, Eltraine, Banester, and Sibbilla, all according in one. Containing many strange and meruelous things. Printed by Robert Waldegraue, Printer to the King's most Excellent Maiestie. Anno 1603." To the goodly fellowship of Prophets here exhibited the later editions add "Also Archbishop Usher's wonderful prophecies."

As several of the pieces in this collection quote Thomas by name, and illustrate the subject of this volume, it seems desirable to give some account of them. The first piece is, like all the older ones, in alliterative verse, and begins, without any title:—

Merling saies in his booke, who will reade right,
Althoght his sayings be vncouth, they shalbe true found
In the vij. chap. reade who so will
One thousand and more after Christes birth
When the Calualider of Cornwall is called
And the Wolfe out of Wailes is win cust for ay
Then many ferlie shall fall & many folke die.

As to the long-expected return of Calualider, or Cadwaladyr, see p. xxviii, note. This article really consists of three distinct compositions, of which the first predicts that a "Freik fostered farre in the South" shall return to the "kyth that he come from" with much wealth and worship, on whose arrival in Albanie many shall laugh; but his severity will soon give others cause to weep:

At his owne kinde bloode then shall he begin
Choose of the cheifest and chop of there heads,
Some haled on sleddes, and hanged on hie
Some put in prison & much pain shal byde.
In the month of Arrane an selcouth shal fall,
Two bloodie harts shall be taken with a false traine,
And derflie dung downe without any dome.
Ireland, Orknay, and other lands manie
For the deth of those two great dule shall make—

in which we see a description of the return of James I. from his detention in England, and his severity against the family of his uncle who had prolonged his captivity. The latter part of this passage was a century later quoted in connexion with the execution of the Regent Morton. "When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says that he asked 'Who was earl of Arran?' and being answered that Captain James was himself the man, after a short pause, he said, 'And is it so? I know then what I may look for!' meaning, as was thought that the old prophecy of the Falling of the heart (the cognizance of Morton) by the mouth of Arran should then be fulfilled. Whether this was his mind or not, it is not known; but some spared not, at the time when the Hamiltons were banished, in which business he was held too earnest, to say that he stood in fear of that prediction, and went that course only to disappoint it. But if it was so, he did find himself now deluded; for he fell by the mouth of another Arran than he imagined."—*Spottiswoode*, 313. In all ages, it would appear, it has been orthodox to wrest a verse of prophecy from its context and circumstances, and find a fulfilment for it in spite of these.

The second and third sections of this piece are found in a much older form in the Cambridge University Library MS., Kk. i. 5, whence they were printed for the E. E. T. S. by Rev. J. R. Lumby in 1870. (Bernardus de cura rei familiaris; with some Early Scottish Prophecies, &c. p. 18.) This MS. is late fifteenth century, but the character of the language shows it to be a copy of one belonging to the first half of that century. The order of the two divisions is here reversed, the *first* part

of the poem in the Cambridge MS., lines 1—72 of the E. E. T. S. edition being the *third* in the edition of 1603, and following lines 73—139, which forms the second part in the Edinburgh prophecy. This second part quotes a figure found also in "Thomas of Ersseldoune," and recurring in almost all the prophecies, which thus appears in the older copy (line 103 of Mr Lumby's copy).

In his fayre forest sall ane ern bygye,
And mony on sall tyne *th*ar lyff in the mene tyme;
They sall founde to the felde, and *th*en fersly fyght,
Apone A brode mure þar sall A battell be,
Be-syde a stob crose of stane *th*at stand*is* on A mure:
It sall be cou*er*et wyth corsis all of a kyth,
That the craw sall nocht ken whar the cross standis.

Compare lines 567—576 of Thomas; both are evidently borrowed from some traditional prophecy:—

A Raven shall comme ouer the moore,
And after him a Crowe shalle flee,
To seeke the moore, without(en) rest
After a crosse is made of stane
Ouer hill & dale, bothe easte & weste;
Bot wiete wele, Thomas, he sall find nane.
He sall lyghte, whare the crose solde bee
And holde his nebbe vp to the skye;
And drynke of gentill blode and free;
Thane ladys waylowaye sall crye.

This section does not quote or name Thomas; it ends with a reference to the legend of "wily Vivien."

For bed*is* buke haue I seyn, & banysters[1] als;
And m*er*welus merlyn*e* is wastede away
Wyth A wykede womane—woo mycht sho bee!—
Scho has closede him in a cragge of cornwales coste.

The third part is in rhyme, with much alliteration, and begins—

Qwhen the koke in the northe halows his nest,
And buskys his birdys and bunnys to flee,
*Th*an shall fortune his frende *the* ȝatt*is* vp-caste,
And Rychte shall haue his Free entree;
Then *th*e mone shall Ryse in the northwest
In A clowde als blak as the bill of A crawe;
Then shall the lyonne be lousse, the baldest & best
That euer was in brattane sen in Arthuris daye.

It was one of the most popular prophecies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and besides forming, as already mentioned, the first half of Mr Lumby's "Ancient Scottish prophecy" from the Cambridge Kk. MS., it occurs in two of the MSS. that contain "Thomas of Erceldoune"—viz. in Lansdowne 762, fol. 65, with the title "Brydlington," and twice over in Sloane 2578 (leaves 15 *b* and 100 *b*). It names Thomas's prophecy as an authority, and mentions several of the mysterious episodes of the third fytte of our romance; thus:—

[1] "William Banister, a writer of the reign of Edward III. The *Prophecies of Banister of England* are not uncommon among MSS."—*Warton*. Among the contents of Rawl. C. 813 is "*Pars visionis Domini Willielmi Banistre, milytis*" (leaf 142 *b*).

At Sandyfurde, for-suthe, in the south syde,
A pruude prunce in the prese lordly sall lythe,
Wyth balde bernes in bushment *the* batell sall mete ;
*Tha*r sall profecy proffe *that* thomas of tellys, &c.

Betuix Setone and *the* See sorow sall be wrought.

*Th*en the lyonne wytht *the* lyonisses ef*ter tha*t sall Reigne ;
*Th*us bretlingtone buk*is* and ba*n*estre us tellis,
Merlyne and mony moo *tha*t mene of may mene,
And *the* exposit*o*ris Wigythtoune & thomas wytht-all tell*is*.

In the printed edition of 1603 the two last lines run :—

Merling & many more that with meruels melles
and also Thomas Rymour in his tales telles.

What follows is also reproduced in many later prophecies :—

Sone at *the* Saxonis shall chese þame a lorde,
And full sone bryng hyme at vnd*er*,
A dede ma*n* sall make [thame] A-corde
And *tha*t sall be full mekyl wonde*r*.

He that is dede aude beryde in syght
Sall Ryse ayane, and lyffe in lande,
In comforte of A yhong knyght
*Th*at fortune has schose to be hir husbande.

The "prophecie of Beid," the second in the collection, appeals to Thomas for confirmation, and mentions Sandeford, as in l. 624 of our Romance :—

Who so trusts not this tale, nor the tearme knowes,
Let him on Merling meane, and his merrie words,
And true Thomas tolde in his time after
At Sandeford shall be seen example of their deeds.

Bede died five hundred and fifty years before True Thomas ; but clearly the support of the latter was too valuable to be sacrificed to a trifling question of dates !

His prophecy is specially directed to Berwick-on-Tweed, formerly the first of the four great burghs of Scotland, but now, alas ! in the grip of the English :

Though thou be subiect to the Saxons, sorrow thou not,
Thou shall be loosed at the last, belieue thou in Christ !

The year MCCCCLXXX is indicated by a method of which many imitations occur after, for the prophets had on the whole but little original genius, and when one of them started game, however poor, the rest all followed in the chase till it was done to death :—

Who so doubts of this dead or denyes heereon,
I doe them well for to know, the dait is deuised,
Take the formest of midleird, & marke by the selfe [M]
With foure crescentes, closed together, [CCCC]
Then of the Lyon the longest see thou choose [L]
Loose not the Lyones, let her lye still,
If thou castes through care, the course of the heauen,
take Sanctandrois Crose thrise [XXX]
Keep well these teachments as Clarkes hath tolde
thus beginnes the dait, deeme as thou likes,
thou shall not ceis in that seit assumed in the text.

The year 1480 was that in which James III allowed himself to be enticed by the King of France into breaking the truce with Edward IV, as a result of which Berwick was captured by the English in 1482, and in spite of the prophecy, which was no doubt composed or compiled soon after, was never again recovered by Scotland. As to the influence which pretended prophecies had upon the conduct of the king at this very time, see Tytler's History of Scotland, p. 214. Nor was the belief in such occult agencies less powerful in England: see Greene's History of the English People, p. 268.

"The prophecie of Merlyne," which follows, after 16 lines of alliterate rhyme, beginning—

It is to fal when they it finde
that fel on face is faine to flee
That commed are of strodlings strinde,
Waxing through the worke of winde
The Beare his musal shal vpbinde,
And neuer after bund shal be
Away the other shal waxe with winde
And as they come so shall they flee—

introduces an ancient alliterative poem of marked Arthurian cast, which I have reprinted in my Introduction to the "Complaynt of Scotland," p. xlvi. From its contents, I am inclined to think that it may have been compiled shortly after the death of Alexander III, and I think the description of the "kid conqueror" and "kind lord of all Bretaine that bounds to the broad See," is clearly derived from obscure legends of the expected return of Arthur.

"The prophecie of Bertlington"—the Brydlyngton,[1] to whom the Lansdowne MS. attributes the "Cok in the North" prophecy—is a medley of older fragments of various ages, some alliterative, some in rhyme, some in both, and some in neither, ingeniously adapted and fitted together, and interpolated with others here first met with, about the son of a French wife, a descendant of Bruce within the ninth degree, who should unite England and Scotland in one kingdom. This, which became in the sequel by far the most famous of all the prophecies, was skilfully analyzed by Lord Hailes in his "Remarks on the History of Scotland" (Edin., 1773), and shown to have been intended originally for John, Duke of Albany, son of Alexander, brother of James III and his French wife, the daughter of the Count of Boulogne, who came to Scotland, after the death of James IV in the Battle of Flodden, and from whose regency great things were hoped. Lord Hailes, however, has inadvertently accused the author of inventing many things, which he really found in prophecies of the preceding century, and transferred, as they were still

[1] "John Bridlington, an Augustine Canon of Bridlington in Yorkshire, who wrote 3 books of '*carmina vaticinalia*,' in which he pretends to foretell many accidents that should happen to England. MSS. Digby, Bibl. Bodl. 89 and 186. He died, aged 60, in 1379, and was canonized."—*Warton.*

unfulfilled, to his own prediction, honestly believing, no doubt, that they were now to be accomplished. Such were the prediction that Albany should land in the Forth (which he did not), and the "thrice three" years after '13, given him for the performance of his doughty deeds (which he utterly failed to do). He starts with alliterative verse :—

When the Ruby is raised, rest is there none,
But much rancour shal rise in River & plane.
Throw a tretie of a true,[1] a trayne shal be made,
That Scotland shal rew, and Ingland for ever,
For the which Gladsmoore, & Gouan mure gapes thereafter.

Then, an adaptation of some lines in the prophecy of Merlin introduces the new prediction :—

Betwixt Temptallon & the Basse
thou shall see a right faire sight,
Of barges & bellingars, and many broad saile,
With iij Libertes and the flourdelice hie vpon hight
And so the dreadful Dragon shall rise from his den
And from the deepe doughtelie shall draw to the height.
Of Bruce's left side shall spring out a leif,
As neere as the ninth degree,
And shall be flemed of faire Scotland
In France farre beyond the see;
And then shall come againe riding
With eyes that men may see,
At Aberladie he shall light
With hempen halters & hors of tree;
On Gosforde greene it shall be seene,
On Gladsmoore shall the battle be.
Now Albanie thou make the boun,
At his bidding he thou prompt, [? yare]
He shal deile both towre and towne,
His guiftes shal stand for euer more.
[? mare]
Then boldly boun the thereafter.

The original of this is in the "Ancient Scottish Prophecy," No. 1 in E. E. T. S., No. 42, edited by Mr Lumby, already referred to :—

Fra bambrwgh to the basse on the brayde See,
And fra farnelande to the fyrth salbe a fayr syght
O barges and ballungerys, and mony brod sayle :
and the lybberte with the flurdowlyss sall fayr ther apon.
Thar sal A huntter in hycht come fra the Southe.
Wyth mony Rechis on Raw Rewleyd full Ryght.

Then the stob-cross and the crow, the dead man rising, and Gladsmoor, as before :—

Upon a broad moore a battle shal be,
Beside a stob crose of stone,
Which in the Moore stands hie,
It shal be clearly cled ouer with corps of knights,
That the crow may not find where the crose stoode,
Many wife shal weepe, and Sice shall vnder,
the ded shal rise, and that shal be wonder,
And rax him rudely in his shire shield,
For the great comfort of a new King.
Now hye the powok with thy proud showes,
Take thy part of the pelfe when the pack opens.
It shall not be Gladsmoore by the sey
It shall be Gladsmoore where euer it be
And the little lowne that shall be
Is betuixt the Lowmond and the sea.

[1] *True, trew*, the proper singular of *trewis, trewes, truce*, now treated in English as a singular ; Fr. *trève*, pl. *trèves*.

Then,—after much alliterative matter about a hound out of the south, an Egle out of the north, a Ghost out of the west, and the bastard in wedlock born, as in Thomas, to do doughty deeds, and bring all to peace again,—comes a clearer delineation of Albany, several quotations from Thomas and Merlin, and appeals to them and Bede for confirmation, ending appropriately with an Arthur bit to clench all :—

How euer it happen for to fall,
The Lyon shal be Lord of all.
The French wife shal beare the sonne,
Shal welde al Bretane to the sea,
And from the Bruce's blood shall come.
As near as the ninth degree.
Meruelous Merling that many men of tells,
And Thomas sayings comes all at once
Thogh their sayings be selcouth, they shal be suith found.
And there shal all our glading be,
The Crowe shal sit upon a stone
And drink the gentle blood as free
Take of the ribes, and beare to her birdes,
As God hath said, so must it be,
Then shal Ladies laddes wed,
And brooke Castles, and Towers hie.
Bede hath breued in his booke, and Banister also,
Meruelous Merling, and al accordes in one,
Thomas the trew, that neuer spake false
Consents to their saying, & the same terme hath taken,
Yet shall there come a keene Knight ouer the salt sea,
A keene man of courage, and bolde man of armes,
A Duke's son doubled, a born man in France,
That shal our mirthes amend, and mend all our harmes,
After the date of our Lord 1513. & thrise three there after,
Which shal brooke al the braid Ile to him selfe,
Betwixt xiij. and thrise three the Threip shal be ended,
the Saxons shal neuer recouer after,
He shal be crowned in the kith, in the Castle of Douer,
Which weares the golden garland of *Julius Cesar*
More worship shal he win, of greater worth,
Than euer Arthur himselfe had in his daies,
Many doughtie deedes shal he doe there after,
Which shal be spoken of many dayes better.

I have treated this composition at greater length, because it illustrates very clearly the history of the prophecies generally, which were formed by compiling the unfulfilled portions of older predictions already current, and giving them point and application to events now in view or expectation. The prophecy of the French wife's son was a very striking one, and was fondly cherished by the nation. After miserably failing in its original application to Albany, it was served up again and again in new combinations all through the sixteenth century.

It reappears in the next piece in the collection of 1603, "the prophecie of Thomas Rymour" himself, which, from its nominal connexion with the subject of this work, I print entire in the Appendix. Although unconnected with the older poem, it bears a considerable resemblance to it in imagery. There is a vision of a lady on a "louely lee," whose mount and array is fully described, and several lines and couplets are actually taken from the older Thomas. It seems originally to have appeared shortly after the battle of Flodden, referring in lines 109—125 to the doubtful fate of James IV, and in

> The sternes three that day shall die,
> That beares the harte in silver sheen,—

to the death of the heir of the house of Douglas.

But it seems to have been interpolated to suit the time of the battle of Pinkie, which is cleverly identified with the "Spyncarde clow" in line 496 of our Romance. Now also the prediction of "the French Wife" and her son was added to the prophecy, being awkwardly interpolated into an inquiry as to the narrator's name, at the close. The origin of this prediction, forty years before, being now quite forgotten, it was accepted as a genuine deliverance of the Rymour himself, and continued to be held in the highest credit as his. It was applied to Queen Mary, as having been the wife of a French prince, by the poet Alexander Scott in his "New Year's Address to the Queen," and finally, when her son James VI actually succeeded to the English throne, the renown of Thomas as the accredited author of the prophecy filled all Britain, and excited attention even beyond the seas.

"The prophecie of Waldhaue,"[1] which comes next, is in fine alliterative measure, reminding one in its commencement of "Piers Plowman":—

> Upon Loudon Law a lone as I lay
> Looking to the Lennox, as me leif thought,
> The first morning of May, medicine to seeke
> For malice and melody that moued me sore.

While in this situation the author "hears a voice which bids him stand to his defence; he looks round, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes pursued over the mountains by a savage figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of a man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the object of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him rise till he swear, by the law and leid he lives

[1] St Waldhave or Waltheof, the most famous of the early abbots of Melrose (1148—1159), was grandson of the great Earl Waltheof, by his daughter Matilda, wife of Simon de St Liz, earl of Northampton, and afterwards of David I. His life, full of miraculous legends, was written by Josceline, a monk of Furness Abbey.

upon, 'to do him no harm.' This done, he permits him to rise, and marvels at his strange appearance :—

> He was formed like a freike, all his foure quaters
> And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
> With haire growing so grime, fearful to see.

He answers briefly to Waldhave's inquiry concerning his name and nature, that he 'drees his weird,' *i. e.* endures his fate, in that wood; and having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he consents to tell 'the fate of these wars,' and concludes with—

> Go musing upon Merlin if thou wilt
> For I mean no more, man, at this time."

The whole of this scene is exactly similar to the meeting of Merlin and Kentigern as related by Fordun. Merlin's prophetic outpourings consist chiefly of short apostrophes to the principal towns and fortresses of Scotland; for example :—

> What Jangelst thou Jedburgh, thou Jages for nought,
> there shal a gyleful groom dwel thee within,
> The Towre that thou trustes in, as the truth is,
> Shal be traced with a trace, trow thou non other.

The next piece,—"Here followeth how Waldhaue did coniure this Spirit to shew much more of sindrie things to come, as foloweth,"—seems to be a later compilation, made up of pieces from the older prophecies in the name of Merlyne and true Thomas. The transactions of "the Lillie, the Lyon, and the Libbart," form its immediate burden, but it quotes the legend of the dead man rising again,—

> 'as meruelous Merling hath said of before.'

There are also many references to Thomas :—

> The first roote of this war shal rise in the north,
> That the Iles and Ireland shal mourne for them both,
> And the Saxons seased into Brutes landes.
> This is a true talking [takyn] that Thomas of tells,
> that the Hare shal hirpil on the hard stones,
> In hope of grace, but grace gets she non,
> Then Gladsmoore and Gouane shal gape there after.

The "token" here alluded to is in the very ancient prophecy of Thomas to the Countess of Dunbar, in the Harleian piece already quoted (p. xviii). The date fixed on seems to be 1485, and the prophecies of Merling, Bede, Thomas and Waldhave, are quoted as already existing :—

When the Moone is dark in the first of the number, [M]
With foure Crescentes to eik forth the daies [CCCC]
And thrise ten is selcouth to see, [XXX]
With a L. to lose out the rest of the number, [L]
Syne let three and two Threipe as they will [V]
This is the true date that Merling of tells,
And gaue to King Uter, Arthures father :
And for to mene and muse with there merrie wordes,
For once Brittaine shal be in a new knightes handes,
Who so hap to byde shall see with his eies,
As Merling and Waldhaue hath said of before,
And true Thomas told in his time after,
And Saint Beid in his booke breued the same,
Mute on if ye may, for mister ye haue,
I shal giue you a token that Thomas of tells,
When a lad with a Ladie shal goe ouer the fields,
And many faire thing weeping for dread,
For loue of there dear freindes lies looking on hilles,
That it shal be woe for to tel the teind of there sorrow.

The token of the "Lad," or man-servant and "the Lady," is found both in the old Harleian piece and our Romance; in the former, among the paradoxical things to happen before the war's end—

When ryȝt and wrong ascenteþ to gedere,
When laddes weddeþ levedies;

in the latter, l. 651, as a result of the carnage in the last battle at Sandyford,

ladys shall*e* wed laddys ȝyng,
when *þer* lordis ar ded away.

See the same figure repeated in the "Prophecie of Bertlington," already cited, p. xxxvi.

Waldhave's pieces are followed by "the Scottes prophesies in Latine," and "the prophesie of Gildas," seemingly directed against reformation in the church. Older still than Bede by three centuries, Gildas, to do homage to Thomas, still more daringly defies chronology :—

Prepare thee, Edinburgh, & pack up thy packes,
thou shalt be left void, be thou leif or loath,
Because thou art variant, and flemed of thy faith
throgh Envie & couetousnes that cumbered thee euer.
True Thomas me told in a troublesome time
In a haruest morning at Eldound hilles.

Passing "the prophecie of the English Chronicles," an extract from Higden, we come to "the prophecie of Sibylla and Eltraine," which appears to refer to the troubles during the regency of the Earl of Arran in the minority of Mary :—

When the Goate with the gilden horne is chosen to the sea
The next yeare there after Gladsmoore shal be
Who so likes for to reade,
Mereuelous Marling and Beid,
In this maner they shal proceede,
Of thinges unknowne
the truth now to record,
And that from the date of our Lord,
Though that it be showne,
take a thousand in Calculation [M]
And the longest of the Lyon, [L]
Foure Crescentes under one Crowne [CCCC]
With Saint Andrews Crose thrise, [XXX]
then threescore and thrise three, [LX.IX]
Take tent to Merling truly,
Then shal the warres ended be
And neuer againe rise.
In that yeare there shal ring
A Duke and no crowned king.
Because the prince shall be young
and tender of yeares.

"The date above hinted at seems to be 1549, when the Regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequence of the fatal Battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the Moldiwarte [England] by the fained hart [the Earl of Angus]. The regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest promised to Scotland and her Allies."

Thus shall the warres ended be
Then peace and pollicie
Shall raigne in Albanie
Still without end,
And who so likes to looke,
The description of this booke,
This writes Beid who will looke.
And so doth make an end.

"Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it."

Happily the need was not to last for ever. That Union, so long expected, and so oft deferred, of England and Scotland, under one sovereign was at length accomplished. To add lustre to it, the Queen of Sheba and the Cumæan Sibyl are rolled into one, and furnish the crowning "prophecy" of the book:—

"Heere followeth a prophesie pronounced by a Noble Queene and matron called Sibylla Regina Austre. That came to Solomon throgh the which she compiled foure bookes at the instance and request of the said King Solomon and others diuers, and the fourth booke was directed to a noble King called Baldwine, King of the broade Ile of Bretaine: of the which she maketh mention of two Noble princes and Emperours the which is called Leones of these two shall subdue and ouercome all earthlie princes, to their Diademe & Crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the heauen among Saints. The firste of these two, Is, Magnus Constantinus that was Leprosus, the Son of S. Helene that found the Croce. The second is, the Sixte King of the name of Steward of Scotland the which is our most Noble King!"

12. It was in the year that James VI ascended the English throne that the prophecies, having at length been accomplished, were in greatest credit and renown. Robert Birrell, in his Diary, tells us that "at this time all the haill commons of Scotland that had red or understanding, wer daylie speiking and

exponing of Thomas Rymer hes prophesie, and of vther prophesies quhilk wer prophesied in auld tymes." John Colville, in his funeral oration on Queen Elizabeth, mentioned the "carmina" of Thomas the Rhymer, which as a boy he had heard quoted by *balathrones ceraulas*, and then looked upon as only subjects for laughter, but now recognized as serious and authentic; though, like his predecessor Wyntown, he was equally in doubt whether the inspiration of Thomas was Delphic or divine. Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (1580—1640), in dedicating his "Monarchicke Tragedies" to King James, refers to the same belief:—

> Ere thou wast borne, and since, heaven thee endeeres,
> Held back as best to grace these last worst times;
> The world long'd for thy birth three hundreth yeeres,
> Since first fore-told wrapt in propheticke rimes.

Nor does his more celebrated contemporary, William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585—1649), neglect to offer to his royal patron the same flattering incense:—

> This is that king who should make right each wrong,
> Of whom the bards and mysticke Sibilles song,
> The man long promis'd, by whose glorious raigne
> This isle should yet her ancient name regaine,
> And more of Fortunate deserve the stile
> Than those where heauens with double summers smile.
>
> *Forth Feasting*, Edin., 1617.

Archbishop Spottiswood (1565—1639) was a firm believer in the authenticity of these compositions. In his "History of the Church of Scotland" he says, "the prophecies yet extant in Scottish *Rithmes*, whereupon he was commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, may justly be admired, having foretold, so many ages before, the union of England and Scotland, in the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, and other diuers particulars which the event hath ratified and made good. . . . . Whence or how he had this knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come." (Spottiswoode Society's Ed., Vol. I, p. 93. Edin., 1851.)

13. These alleged revelations received considerable attention even during the Jacobite rising in 1745. It appears that the final accomplishment of the unfulfilled parts of Thomas's predictions was now expected. The Duke of Gordon, one of the friends of the Stuart cause, was recognized as the "Cock of the North;" and in the flush of triumph at their easy victory of Prestonpans, within six miles of the parish church of Gladsmuir in East-Lothian, and not a third of that distance

from Seaton, a village about a mile from the sea, on the line of the railway between Edinburgh and Dunbar, the Jacobites identified it with the great Armageddon of the prophecies, the "Battle of Gladsmoor" itself. Hamilton of Bangor sang—

As over Gladsmoor's blood-stained field,
Scotia imperial goddess flew,
Her lifted spear & radiant shield,
Conspicuous blazing to the view;
* * * * *
With him I plough'd the stormy main,
My breath inspir'd the auspicious gale;
Reserv'd for Gladsmoor's glorious plain,
Through dangers wing'd his daring sail.

while in other songs we find—

Cope turn'd the chace, & left the place;
The Lothians was the next land ready;
And then he swure that at Gladsmuir
He would disgrace the Highland plaidie.

The battle of Gladsmoor, it was a noble stour,
And weel do we ken that our young prince wan;
The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw the tartan plaids,
Wheel 'round to the right, and away they ran.
For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of hope,
Took horse for his life & left his men;
In their arms he put no trust, for he knew it was just
That the king should enjoy his own again.

It was no doubt in reference to the use thus made of them, that Lord Hailes, in his Remarks on the History of Scotland (Edin., 1773), thought it necessary to give a serious refutation of the alleged prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer; "for, let it be considered," he says, "that the name of Thomas the Rhymer is not forgotten in Scotland, nor his authority altogether slighted, even at this day. Within the memory of man, his prophecies, and the prophecies of other Scotch soothsayers, have not only been reprinted, but have been consulted with a weak, if not criminal curiosity. I mention no particulars; for I hold it ungenerous to reproach men with weaknesses of which they themselves are ashamed. The same superstitious credulity might again spring up. I flatter myself that my attempts to eradicate it will not prove altogether vain."

The "Whole Prophecies" continued to be printed as a chap-book down to the beginning of the present century, when few farm-houses in Scotland were without a copy of the mystic predictions of the Rhymer and his associates.

14. Nor was the name of Thomas of Erceldoune less known and reverenced in England than in Scotland. Exclusive of the fact that all the copies we have of the old romance and prophecies have come down to us at the hands of English transcribers, the English prophetic writings of the 15th and 16th centuries abound in appeals to his authority and quotations acknowledged and unacknowledged from the predictions attributed to him. The period in English History, when these

predictions were most in vogue, was that which intervened between the decline of the fortune of the House of Lancaster, about 1430, and the full establishment of the Tudors, and completion of the rupture with Rome under Henry VIII. The numerous battles during the Wars of the Roses, especially that of Barnet, the overthrow of the Yorkist cause at Bosworth, the appearance of Yorkist pretenders under Henry VII, the defeat of the Scots at Flodden, and the daring of Henry VIII in defying the pope and suppressing the religious orders, were all the theme of *soi-disant* prophetic rhymes. One of these, claiming to be a joint production of "*Venerabilis Bede, Marlionis, Thome Arslaydoun, et aliorum*" (the last being by far the most certain of the ingredients), and which is in all probability the actual "Prophisies of Rymour, Beid, and Marlyng," with which Sir David Lyndesay regaled the childish ears of James V, I have printed in Appendix II. In its commencement it is identical with the Scotch "Prophesie of Thomas Rymer," in Appendix I, and the two have evidently been expanded from the same original nucleus. It occurs both in the Lansdowne MS. of 1529, which supplies one of the copies of our romance, and in the Rawlinson MS. C. 813 at Oxford. Both texts, as will be seen, are transcripts of older ones.

The Sloane MS. 2578 also contains many kindred productions, one of which, concerned with the battles "between Seton and the Sea," at Gladsmoor, and at Sandeford, and other mysterious episodes of Fytt III of "Thomas of Ersseldowne," and giving to these an English application, is added in Appendix III; shorter "prophecies" of the same nature appear among the illustrative notes to Fytt III of the romance.

15. In Thomas's own locality of Tweedside, as well as elsewhere in Scotland, many traditional predictions ascribed to him have long been current. Several of these were recorded by Scott in "the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," others have since been given in the "History of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club" and other local publications, and by Robert Chambers in his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland." (New Edition, 1870.) Among these, "the Rhymer" is said to have prophesied of the ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,—with an early member of which, Petrus de Haga, we have already seen him connected, and whose family motto, according to Nisbet, was "Tide what may,"

> Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.

"The grandfather of the present (1802) proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr Haig was at length born,

and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt."—*Minstr. Scott. Bord.*, vol. iii. p. 209. Dr R. Chambers, in a note to this "prophecy" in "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," p. 297, says, "1867—The prophecy has come to a sad end, for the Haigs of Bemerside have died out." My local correspondents inform me that the condolence is premature, as Miss Sophia Haig, the 21st in uninterrupted line from Petrus de Haga, is still alive in Italy.

Sir Walter Scott continues, "Another memorable prophecy bore that the old Kirk at Kelso (fitted up in the ruins of the Abbey) should fall when at the fullest." At a very crowded sermon, about 30 years ago (1770), a piece of lime fell from the roof of the Church. The alarm for the fulfilment of the words of the seer became universal, and happy were they who were nearest the door of the doomed edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had a chance of tumbling upon a full congregation.

"Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of sound and combining judgment. It runs thus :—

> At Eldon tree if you shall be,
> A brigg ower Tweed you there may see.

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation."

Others of these traditional predictions are recorded as :

> Vengeance! vengeance! when & where?
> On the house of Coldingknow, now & ever mair!
>
> The burn o' breid, [Bannockburn]
> Sall rin fu reid.
>
> A horse sall gang on Carolside brae
> Till the red girth gaw his sides in twae.
>
> The hare sall kittle [litter] on my hearth stane
> And there will never be a laird Learmont again.

The three latter of these are evidently distorted echoes of passages in the old prophecies. The last of them, in the form "When hares kendles o the herston," is really a line of the old Cottonian prophecy describing the desolation to which Scotland was to be reduced before the end of the English War, but locally it has been adapted to the fate of Thomas's own roof-tree, and in this acceptation says Mr Currie, "I saw it, with my own eyes, fulfilled in 1839, as it may easily have been

many times before. The rumour spread in Earlstoun that one of the Rhymer's most celebrated prophecies had been fulfilled, and I well remember running with all the rest of the town, to see the hare's nest; and sure enough there it was—two young hares in a nettle bush in the fire place!"

"One of the more terrible predictions of the Rhymer is as follows:—

At Threeburn Grange, in an after day,
There shall be a lang and bloody fray;
Where a three thumbed wight by the reins shall hald
Three kings' horse, baith stout and bauld,
And the Three Burns three days will rin
Wi' the blude o' the slain that fa' therein.

"Threeburn Grange (properly Grains) is a place a little above the press, Berwickshire, where three small rills meet, and form the water of Ale. 'Thirty years ago, this rhyme was very popular in the east end of Berwickshire; and about the time of the French Revolution, a person of the name of Douglas being born in Coldingham parish with an excrescence on one of his hands, which bore some resemblance to a third thumb, the superstitious believed that this was to be the identical 'three-thumbed wight' of the Rhymer, and nothing was looked for but a fearful accomplishment of the prophecy."[1]

"The following," says Dr R. Chambers, "is perhaps not ancient, but it expresses that gloomy fear of coming evil which marks so many of the rhymes attributed to Thomas:

When the white ox comes to the corse,
Every man may tak his horse.

Similar in spirit is:

Atween Craik-cross and Eildon-tree,
Is a' the safety there shall be,

varied in Galloway—

A' the safety there shall be,
Sall be atween Criffel and the sea.

"The first space is one of about thirty miles; the second much narrower. Sir Walter Scott relates that the first of these rhymes was often repeated in the Border Counties during the early years of the French revolutionary war, when the less enlightened class of people laboured under the most agonizing apprehensions of invasion. In the south of Scotland, this prophecy then obtained universal credence; and the tract of country alluded to was well surveyed, and considered by many wealthy persons, anxious to save their goods and lives, as the place to which they would probably fly for refuge 'in case of the French coming.'"

[1] *History of Berwickshire Naturalist's Club*, vol. i. p. 147.

Within my own memory a prophecy used to be quoted of a time when "men shall ride to the horses' reins in blude,—

> And if any safety there shal be
> 'Twill be 'tween Craig House & Eildon Tree,"

often varied, however, with "'tween Hawick & Eildon Tree." Craig House is a small estate, between Leader-foot and Smailholm, about a mile from Bemerside, and thus at a very short distance from Eildon. The oldest form of this couplet is found in the "Prophecy of Bertlington" of 1515, already quoted p. xxxv:

> And the little lowne [shelter] that shall be
> Is betuixt the Lowmond and the sea.

"A verse referring to the future improvement of the country may be taken as a curious specimen of foreseeing wisdom. Thomas had the sagacity to discover that the ground would be more generally cultivated at some future period than it was in his own time; but also knowing that population and luxury would increase in proportion, he was enabled to assure the posterity of the poor that their food would not consequently increase in quantity. His words were:

> The waters shall wax, the wood shall wene,
> Hill and moss shall be torn in;
> But the bannock will ne'er be braider."

"It is certain that many rhymes professedly by our hero were promulgated in *consequence* of particular events. Of this character is:

> There shall a stone wi' Leader come,
> That'll make a rich father, but a poor son;

an allusion to the supposed limited advantage of the process of liming. The Highlanders have also found, since the recent changes of tenantry in their country, that Thomas predicted that 'The teeth of the sheep shall lay the plough on the shelf.' I have been assured that the name of Thomas the Rhymer is as well known at this day among the common people in the Highlands, nay, even in the remoter of the Western Isles, as it is in Berwickshire. His notoriety in the sixteenth century is shown in a curious allusion in a witch-trial of that age—namely, that of Andro Man, which took place at Aberdeen in 1598. In his ditty, Andro is charged with having been assured in his boyhood by the Queen of Elfin, 'that thow suld knaw all things, and suld help and cuir all sort of seikness, except stane deid, and that thow suld be weill intertenit, but *wald seik thy meit or thow deit, as Thomas Rymour did*' [that is, beg his bread]. Also: 'Thow affermis that the Quene of Elphen hes a grip of all the craft, but Christsondy [the devil] is the guidman, and hes all power vnder God, and that thow kennis sindrie deid men in

thair cumpanie, and that *the kyng that deit in Flowdoun and Thomas Rymour is their.*'—*Spalding Club Miscellany*, i. 119—121.

"The common people at Banff and its neighbourhood preserve the following specimens of the more terrible class of the Rhymer's prophecies :

At two full times, and three half times,
Or three score years and ten,
The ravens shall sit on the Stones o' St Brandon,
And drink o' the blood o' the slain !

The Stones of St Brandon were standing erect a few years ago in an extensive level field about a mile to the westward of Banff, and immediately adjacent to the Brandon How, which forms the boundary of the town in that direction. The field is supposed to have been the scene of one of the early battles between the Scots and Danes, and fragments of weapons and bones of men have been dug from it.

"An Aberdeenshire tradition represents that the gates of Fyvie Castle had stood for seven years and a day *wall-wide*, waiting for the arrival of True Tammas, as he is called in that district. At length he suddenly appeared before the fair building, accompanied by a violent storm of wind and rain, which stripped the surrounding trees of their leaves, and shut the castle gates with a loud clash. But while the tempest was raging on all sides, it was observed that, close by the spot where Thomas stood, there was not wind enough to shake a pile of grass or move a hair of his beard. He denounced his wrath in the following lines :

Fyvie, Fyvie, thou s' never thrive,
As lang's there's in thee stanis three :
There's ane intill the highest tower,
There's ane intill the ladye's bower,
There's ane aneath the water-ȝett,
And thir three stanes ye s' never get.

The usual prose comment states that two of these stones have been found, but that the third, beneath the gate leading to the Ythan, or water-gate, has hitherto baffled all search.

"There are other curious traditionary notices of the Rhymer in Aberdeenshire ; one thus introduced in a *View of the Diocese of Aberdeen* written about 1732 : 'On Aiky Brae here [in Old Deer parish] are certain stones called the *Cummin's Craig*, where 'tis said one of the Cummins, Earls of Buchan, by a fall from his horse at hunting, dashed out his brains. The prediction goes that this earl (who lived under Alexander III.) had called Thomas the Rhymer by the name of Thomas the Lyar, to show how much he slighted his predictions, whereupon that famous fortune-teller denounced his impending fate in these words, which, 'tis added, were all literally fulfilled :

Tho' Thomas the Lyar thou call'st me,
A sooth tale I shall tell to thee:
By Aiky side thy horse shall ride,
He shall stumble and thou shalt fa',
Thy neckbane shall break in twa,
And dogs shall thy banes gnaw,
And, maugre all thy kin and thee,
Thy own belt thy bier shall be.'

"It is said that Thomas visited Inverugie, which in later times was a seat of the Marischal family, and there from a highstone poured forth a vaticination to the following effect:

Inverugie by the sea,
Lordless shall thy landis be;
And underneath thy hearth-stane
The tod shall bring her birdis hame.

This is introduced in the manuscript before quoted, at which time the prophecy might be said to be realized in the banishment and forfeiture of the late Earl Marischal for his share in the insurrection of 1715. The stone in which the seer sat was removed to build the church in 1763; but the field in which it lay is still called *Tammas's Stane.*

"One of Thomas's supposed prophecies referring to this district appears as a mere deceptive jingle:

When Dee and Don shall run in one,
And Tweed shall run in Tay,
The bonny water o' Urie
Shall bear the Bass away.

The Bass is a conical mount, of remarkable appearance, and about 40 feet high, rising from the bank of the Urie, in the angle formed by it at its junction with the Don. The rhyme appears in the manuscript collections of Sir James Balfour, which establishes for it an antiquity of fully two hundred years. It is very evident that the author, whoever he was, only meant to play off a trick upon simple imaginations, by setting one (assumed) impossibility against another.

"A native of Edinburgh, who in 1825 was seventy-two years of age, stated that when he was a boy, the following prophetic rhyme, ascribed to True Thomas, was in vogue:

York was, London is, and Edinburgh will be
The biggest o' the three.

In his early days, Edinburgh consisted only of what is now called the Old Town; and the New Town, though projected, was not then expected ever to reach the extent and splendour which it has since attained. Consequently, it can scarcely be said that the prophecy has been put in circulation after its fulfilment had become a matter of hope or imaginable possibility. It is to be remarked, however, that there is a similar rhyme popular in England. Stukely, in his *Itinerarium Curiosum,* after expatiating upon the original size and population of Lincoln, quotes as an old adage:

Lincoln *was*, London *is*, and York *shall be*
The fairest city of the three.

"One of the rhymes most popular at Earlstoun referred to an old thorn-tree which stood near the village, and of which Thomas had said,

This thorn-tree, as lang as it stands,
Earlstoun shall possess a' her lands.

The lands originally belonging to the community of Earlstoun have been, in the course of time, alienated piecemeal, till there is scarcely an acre left. The thorn-tree fell during the night in a great storm which took place in the spring of 1814.

"The Rhymer is supposed to have attested the infallibility of his predictions by a couplet to the following effect:

When the saut gaes abune the meal
Believe nae mair o' Tammie's tale.

In plain English, that it is just as impossible for the price of the small quantity of salt used in the preparation of porridge to exceed the value of the larger quantity of meal required for the same purpose, as for his prophecies to become untrue." *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by Robert Chambers, LL.D. New Edition, 1870, pp. 211—224. (See some additional particulars after the *Notes*.)

There is said also to have been a popular tradition, how far independent of the written remains, one does not know—of the intercourse between Thomas and the Fairy Queen as related in the Ballad. "The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off at an early age to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterward so famous. After seven years' residence he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still 'drees his weird' in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile his memory is held in most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shadow of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook), from the

Rhymer's supernatural visitants."[1]—*Border Minstrelsy*, Vol. III, p. 209. Scott adds that "the veneration paid to the dwelling-place of Thomas even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard." But Dr R. Chambers, in a note (Pop. Rhymes, p. 214), pronounces this account a strange distortion and mystification of the fact that a respectable and enlightened physician, Mr Patrick Murray, who "pursued various studies of a philosophical kind not common in Scotland during the eighteenth century," and is known as the author of some medical works, lived in the tower of Thomas of Ercildoun, then a comfortable mansion; and adds, "when we find a single age, and that the latest and most enlightened, so strangely distort and mystify the character of a philosophical country surgeon, can we doubt that five hundred years have played still stranger tricks with the history and character of Thomas the Rhymer?"

16. Eildon Tree, referred to in the Romance, and connected traditionally with Thomas's prophecies, stood on the declivity of the eastern of the three Eildon Hills, looking across the Tweed to Leader Water, Bemerside, Earlstoun, and other places connected with Thomas. Its site is believed to be indicated by the *Eildon Stone*, "a rugged boulder of whinstone" standing on the edge of the road from Melrose to St Boswell's, about a mile south-east from the former town, and on the ridge of a spur of the hill.[2] "The view from this point," says a correspondent, "is unsur-

[1] My friend, Mr Andrew Currie of Darnick, has sent me the following tradition of the disappearance of Thomas, which he took down 35 years ago from the mouth of "Rob Messer, a very intelligent matter-of-fact man, well versed in all traditionary lore about Earlston, and possessing a wonderful memory for a man of 85":—"Ye want to ken if ever aw heard how Tammas the Rymer disappeared?—Weel, aw can tell ye something aboot that, as aw had it frae ma graanfaither, an' nae doot he had it frae his fore-bears, for we're als auld a family in Yerlsten,—or raither Ercildoun, as it was caa'd i' thae days—we're als auld as the Learmonts. D'ye see thae auld waa's i' the front o' yeir ain shop? weel man, aw mind o' that bein' a gay an' substantial hoose i' maa young days, an' Tammas the Rymer was last seen gaan' oot o' that hoose eae nicht afore the derknin', an' he set off up Leader for Lauder Cas'le; but he ne'er gat there—he never was sene againe. Aw've heard 'at he geade in there to get some deed signed or wutness 't, an' that he was carryan' money wi' him to some Lord or great man up there, 'at he was inimate wi'. But ma granfaither uist to say—an' nae doot he had it handit doon—that Leader was i' great fluid at the time, an' that Tammas the Rymer had been robbit an' murdert an' his body thrawn into the water, whulk micht take it to Berwick. An' that's likker-like than the Fairy story! Sae ye hae 'd, as aw had it, frae thaim 'at was afore us."

[2] Mr Currie has a verbal tradition that the tree stood not by the stone, but a quarter of a mile higher up the base of the hill, where he says "the site of it was pointed out to me thirty years ago by the late James Williamson of Newstead, and I believe I could still plant my stick

passed; on the north you have the vale of Leader almost up to Earlston, and Cowdenknowes with its 'Black Hill' rising abruptly from the bed of the stream; while downward to Tweed the undulating expanse of woody bank is so beautiful, that in the time of the 'bonny broom,' I am often tempted to bend my steps to the spot, and 'lie and watch the sight,' from a spot once 'underneath the Eildon Tree.' In the close vicinity is the 'Bogle Burn,' a stream which rises on the slope of the Eastern Eildon, and flows down a deep glen into the Tweed a little to the north of Newtown St Boswell's. From the Eildon Stone the road descends some 500 yards in a straight line to the bed of the burn, and rises at the same angle to the opposite bank in true Roman fashion. In all probability the name of Bogle Burn is derived, as Sir Walter Scott suggested, from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants."

About half a mile to the west of the Eildon Stone, and on the slope of the same hill, we find the "Huntlee bankis" of the old romance. The spot lies a little above the North British Railway, at the point where it is crossed by the road to St Boswell's already referred to, about a quarter of a mile after leaving Melrose Station. The field next the road and railway at this point (No. 2405 on the Ordinance Map) is called *Monks' Meadow;* and higher up the hill above this are two fields (Nos. 2548 and 2408) which have preserved the name of *Huntlie Brae*, and to which in old John Bower's time tradition still pointed as the scene of Thomas's vision of the "Ladye." West of these lie the site of *Gallows Hill* and *Bower's Brae*, and a long narrow strip to the east, ascending from the road to the top of Huntlie Brae, is called the *Corse Rig*, and still burdened in its charter with an annual payment for the maintenance of the Town Cross of Melrose. From the small plantation at the head of the Corse Rig, at the east end of Huntlie Brae, a magnificent view is afforded of the surrounding locality, and in particular the eye has a full sweep along the road and hill side as far as the Eildon Stone and site of the ancient Tree.[1]

on the spot." But the general voice of tradition is, and apparently has been, that the tree stood by the stone itself. "This spot," says T. B. Gray, Esq., in a note to me on the subject, "is in fact the point of vantage whence the most extensive view in the neighbourhood is commanded. Higher up the hill, or lower down the hill, or farther back on the road, Melrose and all its beauties are lost, and Huntlee Brae itself shut out from sight; while from the stone, Bemerside, Smailholm Tower, Gladswood, Drygrange, Cowdenknowes, the Black Hill, Earlstoun (almost), Leader-foot and bridge, Galtonside, Galawater, and a long stream of silvery Tweed, start at once upon the view." Mr Gray also thinks that the spot was probably in olden times the site of a cross for the special devotion of pilgrims catching their first glimpse of St Mary's shrine from the east. There was a similar one on the west, at a point called to this day "High Cross," between Melrose and Darnick; and according to old Milne, in 1743, "a little to the southwest of Dingleton was a famous Cross, yet called the Crosshillhead, but anciently the Halesing of St Wada; for those that came from the South had first a view of the church here, and of the Tomb of St Waldhaue, and bowed and said their *Ave*."

[1] For the satisfactory identification of "Huntley Bankes" I am indebted entirely to

Sir Walter Scott seems at first to have looked for "Huntlee bankis" in the vicinity of the Eildon Tree, but, as is well known, he afterwards affected to identify the name with a wild and picturesque ravine, then called "Dick's Cleuch," which runs by the base of the Western Eildon, two or three miles to the west of this, which he, "with his peculiar enthusiasm, purchased at probably fifty per cent. above its real value, in order to include it in his estate of Abbotsford." By skilfully planting the steep and often rugged sides, and leading a romantic pathway up the margin of the burn, which with many a cascade flows through it, he made "the Rhymer's Glen," as he christened it, a place of beauty to be visited by every tourist, albeit its real associations are with the modern "wizard of Tweedside," and not with the ancient seer of legend and tradition. The locality in fact possesses no view, and is not even in sight of the Eildon Tree, distant more than two miles on the other side of the mountain mass of the Eildons, and it may be more than suspected that the desire of bringing some of the romance of the old story to his own estate, was Sir Walter Scott's reason for naming it "the Rhymer's Glen;" although he had this "hair to mak a tether o'," that the name of "Huntley Wood" appears to have been borne by a small plantation which once stood on the hill side above Chiefswood, and so not far from his glen, and his "Huntley-burn."

17. Scott, in the "Border Minstrelsy," and Robert Jamieson, in his "popular Ballads and Songs," Edinburgh, 1806, give what professes to be a traditional ballad of "Thomas and the Queen of Elfland," considered by the former to be a genuine descendant of the old romance modified by oral tradition. "It will afford great

T. B. Gray, Esq., already mentioned, who by indefatigable perseverance has succeeded in seizing the last vestiges of an expiring tradition as to the site. Mr Gray first called my attention to the following passage in old John Bower's Account of Melrose:—"At the foot of the Eildon Hills, above Melrose, is a place called *Huntlie Brae*, where Thomas the Rhymer and the Queen of the Fairies frequently met, according to tradition. A little to the east of this is the *trysting-tree stone*." Mr Gray expressed his opinion that the place referred to must be the field or bank, adjoining what is called the Gallows Hill, but he was as yet unable to find the faintest tradition of the place having borne this name. Subsequently however he writes (8th Nov. 1875): "I am happy to say that I have identified *Huntlie-Brae* to my entire satisfaction, and in such a situation as to give a vivid tone of reality to the old Romance. Through the kindness of James Curle, Esq., of Messrs Curles & Erskines, solicitors here, I have been able to confirm old Bower's statement that there was such a place, and the senior partner of the firm assures me that he recollects quite well his father (an old man when he died) pointing out the very field my suspicions had fallen upon, as 'Huntlie-Brae.' By the Parish Ordinance Map Mr Curle was able to put his finger on the identical spot as fields 2408 and 2584. And now I am pleased to add that the locality is in entire harmony with the poetical reference; for if 'True Thomas' lay on Huntlie Brae or Bank, he would have a clear and distinct view of the 'ladye gaye' all the way along the road, or the hill side, to the Eildon Stone, a distance of fully half a mile. I had the pleasure on Friday afternoon to lead our friend Mr Currie over the spot, and he agrees with me as to the entire harmony between the site and the description in the ballad."

amusement," he says, "to those who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare the ancient romance with the ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same; yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day." That the "as if" in the last sentence might safely be left out, and that the "traditional ballad" never grew "by oral tradition" out of the older, is clear enough to me, even without the additional particulars that the source of the verses was that Mt Athos of antique ballads, Mrs Brown's MS. Jamieson only says his copy was "procured from Scotland." The two copies differ in extent and expressions. To complete our Thomas literature they are here added in parallel columns.[1]

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

JAMIESON.		SCOTT.
True Thomas lay o'er yonder bank,		True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
And he beheld a lady gay,		A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
A lady that was brisk and bold,		And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding o'er the fernie brae.	4	Come riding down by the Eildon tree.
Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,		Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle of the velvet fine;		Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tate o' her horse's mane		At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.	8	Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

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[1] Jamieson's copy apparently came from the same source as Scott's; see the following extract from a letter of Anderson, of the "*British Poets*," to Bishop Percy, given by Nicholl: "Mr Jamieson visited Mrs Brown on his return here from Aberdeen, and obtained from her recollection five or six ballads and a fragment. . . . . The greatest part of them is unknown to the oldest persons in this country. I accompanied Mr Jamieson to my friend [Walter] Scott's house in the country, for the sake of bringing the collectors to a good understanding. I then took on me to hint my suspicion of modern manufacture, *in which Scott had secretly anticipated me*. Mrs Brown is fond of ballad poetry, writes verses, and reads everything in the marvellous way. Yet her character places her above the suspicion of literary imposture; but it is wonderful how she should happen to be the depository of so many curious and valuable ballads." See Nicholl's *Illustrations of Literature*, p. 89.

Elsewhere in the same letter we read: "It is remarkable that Mrs Brown never saw any of the ballads she has transmitted here, either in print or manuscript, but learned them all when a child by hearing them sung by her mother and an old maid-servant who had been long in the family, and does not recollect to have heard any of them either sung or said by any one but herself since she was about ten years of age. She kept them as a little hoard of solitary entertainment, till, a few years ago, she wrote down as many as she could recollect, to oblige the late Mr W. Tytler, and again very lately wrote down nine more to oblige his son, the professor."

JAMIESON.

True Thomas he took off his hat,
And bow'd him low down till his knee ;
" All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven !
For your like on earth I never did see ! "

" O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
" That name does not belong to me ;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
And I am come here to visit thee.

" But ye maun go wi' me now, Thomas,
True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me ;
For ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal and wae, as may chance to be."

She turned about her milk-white steed,
And took true Thomas up behind,
And ay whene'er her bridle rang,
Her steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,
Until they came to a garden green ;
"Light down, light down, ye lady free,
Some o' that fruit let me pull to thee."

" O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
" That fruit maun no be touch'd by thee ;
For a' the plagues that are in Hell
Light on the fruit o' this countrie.

" But I have a laef here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of clarry wine ;
And now, ere we go farther on,
We'll rest a while, and ye may dine."

When he had eaten and drank his fill,
The lady said, " ere we climb yon hill,
Lay your head upon my knee,
And I will show you ferlies three.

SCOTT.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to the knee,
" All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven !
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

" O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
" That name does not belang to me ;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

" Harp and carp, Thomas," she said ;
" Harp and carp along wi' me ;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."—

" Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me "—
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.

" Now ye maun go wi' me," she said ;
" True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me ;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed ;
She's ta'en True Thomas up behind :
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rode on, and further on ;
The steed ga'ed swifter than the wind ;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

" Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee ;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

JAMIESON.

' O see you not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?—
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it there's few inquires.

" And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across yon lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see ye not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae.

" But, Thomas, ye maun hald your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For gin a word ye should chance to speak,
You will ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

For forty days and forty nights
He wude through red blood to the knee;

And he saw neither sun nor moon
But heard the roaring of the sea.

He's gotten a coat o' the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were past and gone,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

SCOTT.

" O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

" And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily levin?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see ye not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

" But Thomas ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak a word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
" Take this for thy wages, true Thomas:
It will give thee the tongue that can never lee."

" My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
" A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

" I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—
" Now ask thy peace!" the lady said,
" For as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MSS.

The three fyttes of Thomas of Erceldoune are preserved in four MSS.: the Thornton MS. in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral; the MS. Ff. 5. 48. in the University Library, Cambridge; the Cotton MS., Vitellius E. x.; and the Lansdowne MS. 762, in the British Museum; while the prophecies alone, without the introductory Fytt I., are found in a fifth, the Sloane MS. 2578, also in the British Museum.

The Thornton MS. (Lincoln A. 1. 17.) is a well-known repository of romances and devotional pieces in the Northern dialect, many of which have already been printed by the Early English Text Society, written mainly by Robert Thornton of East Newton, Yorkshire, about A.D. 1430—1440. It "is written on 314 leaves of paper, in a somewhat small hand, in folio, measuring $11\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $8\frac{1}{4}$; but unfortunately imperfect both at the beginning and end, and also wanting leaves in a few other places." The first piece which it contains, a "Life of Alexander the Great," appears to be in an older hand, and to have been originally a distinct MS. In it the letters "þ" and "y" are distinct; while elsewhere in the MS. they are represented by the same character, except in the Romance of *Syr Perecyuelle of Galles*, also in a different hand. "Tomas of Ersseldowne" occupies nine pages, beginning at top of leaf 149, back, and ending on the 2nd column of leaf 153, back, with 15 lines, and the remainder of the column blank. It is written in double columns of from 36 to 40 lines in a column. All these leaves are more or less injured; leaf 149 very slightly so, at the lower corner, where the beginnings of ll. 35, 36 are worn off. In leaf 150, the bottom lines in the outer columns—178 on the front, and 218 on the back—are torn through; at bottom of leaf 151, the ends of lines 336—339 and the beginnings of lines 377—379 are torn off. Leaf 152 is greatly injured, the lower part having been torn out by a tear extending diagonally across from beginning of l. 446 to end of l. 440, and from beginning of l. 478 to end of 475 on the front, and from beginning of l. 512 to end of 514, and beginning of l. 555 to end of 560 on the back. Of leaf 153 there remains only a fragment containing on the front 20 lines of the first column nearly entire, the first letters of 15 more, and the four last with the whole of col. 2 gone; on the back similarly, col. 1 is gone entirely, and col. 2 wants a large part of the beginnings of the lines. The mutilated state of this MS. is the more to be regretted, that it occurs at a part of the poem originally found in the Thornton only, and now therefore entirely lost.

This MS. presents, on the whole, a very careful and accurate text; only in a few places, as mentioned in the subsequent notes, Robert Thornton has misread his original, which can however generally be restored. It is, in date probably, in form certainly, the oldest of the existing MSS., retaining the original Northern form of the language little altered; while it is free from most of the corruptions with which the next two MSS., the Cambridge and Cotton, abound.

MS. Cambridge, Ff. 5. 48. A paper manuscript in quarto, of 140 leaves, with about 30 lines on a page, English handwriting of the middle of the 15th century. It consists of five parts, whereof the first, leaves 1—66, contains 13 different pieces, the majority being devotional poems; the second, leaves 67—78, five pieces similar in character; part third, leaves 79—94, Homilies for St Michael's day, the feast of the Annunciation, Palm Sunday, &c.; part 4, leaves 95—114, four articles, of which the first is entitled *Principium Anglie;* and part 5, leaves 115—140, four articles, of which the second (No. 26 in the MS.) is *Thomas of Erseldoun*. It begins without any title on leaf 119 *a*, and ends leaf 128 *b*, occupying nearly 10 leaves, in single columns. The writing, besides confusing *o* and *e*, *c* and *t*, which in most cases can only be distinguished by the sense, is in many places so much effaced as to present great difficulties to the reader. R. Jamieson, who printed it in his *Ballads and Songs* at the beginning of the present century, says: "The Cambridge MS. has suffered by rain-water nearly as much as the Cotton has by fire, a great part of each page having become illegible by the total disappearance of the ink. By wetting it, however, with a composition which he procured from a bookseller and stationer in Cambridge, the writing was so far restored in most places, that, with much poring and the assistance of a magnifying glass, he was able to make it out pretty clearly. The greatest difficulty he met with was from the unlucky zeal and industry of some person who long ago, and in a hand nearly resembling the original, had endeavoured to fill up the chasms, and, as appeared upon the revival of the old writing, had generally mistaken the sense, and done much more harm than good." Jamieson little thought that his own "unlucky zeal and industry" would in process of time entitle him to equal or even greater reprobation, for the "composition," which he so naïvely confesses to have applied to the MS., has dried black, and both disastrously disfigured the pages and seriously increased their illegibility. Nevertheless, with the experienced help of Mr Bradshaw, to whose kindness words fail to do justice, I have been enabled to reproduce the text with greater accuracy than either of its previous editors, leaving only a very few blanks where words are quite illegible. It presents a Southernized version of the

original, with the sense not seldom, and the rhyme and phraseology often, sacrificed in transliteration (as where *myght and mayne* becomes *mode and mone*, in order to rhyme with *gone*). It has also many scribal blunders, due apparently to its transcriber not being able perfectly to read his original. In its extent it often agrees with the Thornton MS. as against later interpolations and omissions, but it has also large omissions of its own. Where its readings differ from the Thornton, it is generally unsupported by the other MSS. In some places where it presents the greatest discrepancy, it can be seen that originally it had the same reading as T., but was subsequently altered, and this not always, as Jamieson thought, by some one trying to restore indistinct passages, for the original is quite distinct, but crossed through and something substituted. In several instances it misplaces one or more stanzas as to the order of which all the other MSS. agree. My opinion of its text is therefore different from that of Mr Halliwell, who calls it "the earliest and best," and attributes it to the early part of the 15th century, not to mention the idea of Mr Wright, who considered it of the age of Edward II. Nevertheless, it is a valuable MS., especially for those parts where the Thornton and Cotton are partially or wholly destroyed.

MS. Cotton, Vitellius E. x. "A paper volume in folio, in very bad condition, consisting of 242 leaves." This is one of the MSS. that suffered severely in the fire, and consists of charred fragments of greater or less extent of the original leaves, inlaid and rebound. It contains 26 different articles of the most varied character, in very different handwriting, but apparently all of the 15th century, a "Colloquium de rebus aulicis sub initio regni Edwardi IV.," "A sermon preached at the beginning of Parliament, anno 1483," and other similar sermons in the reigns of Edward V. or Richard III. The copy of Thomas of Erseldown which it contains is in a heavy clumsy handwriting of "about or slightly after 1450." It begins on the middle of leaf 240 *b*, with the rubric, "Incipit *pro*phecia Thome de Arseldon," and this page contains two columns of 30 lines each. But the rest of the poem is written in double lines across the page of about 50 (i. e. 100 lines) to the page, divided in the middle by a heavy red line, or (on leaves 241 *b*, 242 *a*, and part of 242 *b*) by a red paragraph mark. Occasionally the scribe has only got one line in, which throws him out, so that his following lines consist not of the two first and two last lines of a stanza respectively, but of the 2nd and 3rd, followed by the 4th and 1st of the next. The poem is written without a break from beginning to end, except that after line 301-2, line 309-10 (the first two of Fytte II.) immediately follows, but is struck out in red, and repeated after leaving a blank space

of one line. Fytt I. thus wants its last three (i. e. six) lines. The poem ends at the very bottom of leaf 243 *a*, with the rubric . . . . *hecia thome de Arseldoune.* From the burning of the inner side of the leaves of the MS. scarcely one line of the poem is perfect; very often half the double line is burned away, so that when printed in single lines it shows in many places only the alternate ones. See lines 221, &c. The text of this MS., so far as it goes, agrees closely with the Thornton, but it omits stanzas very often, and, like all the MSS. except the Thornton, it has not ll. 577—604. It has also some singular additions of its own, as lines 109—116, and others near the end.

MS. LANSDOWNE 792, a small 4to MS. of 99 leaves of mixed parchment and paper, of about 1524—30. It contains a memorandum of the different orders of Friars in London, and their quarters, as then existing, "the writing of Valerauuce upon the xxi conjunccion of planetes in the moneth of February, the yere of our Lord 1524;" a few lines satirizing the craving for prophecies, ending

your tethe whet in this bone
Amonge you eue*r*ychone
And lett Colen' cloute alone.
The prophecy of Skylton
1529

also a prediction of signs and prodigies to happen

In the yere of our lorde I vnderstande
xv^{e} & one and thirty folowand.

as well as various similar predictions for later years. The second half of the MS. consists almost entirely of prophetic literature, articles 45, 61—74, 79, 82, 83, being of this description. "Thomas of Arsildoun" begins without title on middle of leaf 24 *a*, and breaks off on leaf 31 *a* with the first line of a stanza, some 70 lines from the end, and leaving a blank space of several lines' extent on the page. Leaves 24—28 are paper, 29—31 parchment. The writing is very neat and distinct, in single columns of 32 lines to the page, and without a single break from beginning to end, or any larger letter at the fyttes; but it is divided (in this MS. only) into double stanzas of eight lines, by paragraph marks down the margin. The omission of two lines in the 6th stanza (ll. 71, 72) causes the paragraph marks for a short way to be displaced. In addition to its unfinished ending, this MS. omits long passages, and has three additions of its own, lines 141—156, with its counterpart 237—248, and the reference to Robert II., l. 465—468.

MS. SLOANE 2578 is a paper MS. of Prophecies, small 4to (8¼ × 6 in.) of 117 leaves, of the year 1547. It contains several (unfulfilled) predictions of prodigies

for the years 1550, 1553, and 1556; and the following table, which no doubt applies to the year of its compilation (leaf 31):

The Sum of y^e^ Age of ye worlde vnto y^e^ yeare of Christ 1547 after the computacion

of	the Ebrues	5509
	mirandula	5041
	Eusebius	6737
	Augustyne	6891
	alphonse	8522

I copy from the Catalogue the following abstract of its contents, with additions of my own:—

1. Alphabetical index of persons, places, and subjects to the ensuing collection, ff. 1—4.
2. Prophecies relative to events in English History, written in verse and prose. Among them the following may be distinguished.

[Of him that shall wyne the holy cross, leaf 5, *a*]

The second canto of the prophetic rhymes of Thomas of Ercildon, ff. 6—11 *b*.

The prophecy of Cadar and Sibilla, ff. 12—15. Beginning:—

"Cadar and Sibell bothe of them sayes
The name of Fraunce in his writinge
Kinge to be clepid in many case
In all his lyfe and his lykinge."

Ending:

"As traytours attainte all shalbe tyde
And thus their sorrow shall wax newe."

Extract from a prophecy by Merlin, ff. 15 *b*—17 *a*. Begins:

"When the cock of the northe hathe buylde his neaste."

[See ante, p. xxxii.] Ends:

"desteny shall him not dere."

[Many leaves of short prose prophecies, including those in Appendix II., and at p. lxxx, of this volume; also the computation of the year 1547 already given.]

Prophecy of events to happen in the year 1553, ff. 61—64. Begins:

"To judge the trouthe as before us hathe bene,
So judge we maye all that shall us beseme."

Stanzas f. 64. Begins:

"An Egle shall flye
Up into the Skye
With fyer in his mowthe."

Of the York and Lancaster contests, ff. 68—79. Begins:

"The Scotts shall ryse and make ado
But the Bull shall purvey therfore,
That they shall vanishe & home againe go
And forthink ther rysinge for evermore."

A prophecy of events in English History, ff. 79 *b*—86. Begins:

"The lande of Albion shall come to corruption by the synne of pride, letcherye, herysye and tratorye."

A prophecy of the persecutions of the Church, ff. 86—88 *b*. Begins:

"In the yere of our Lorde God a M.v^c^ lxv a great tyrant ageynste the Church with might and mayne shall sley many of the Churche."

Another copy of the verses begins :
"When the cocke of the Northe hathe bilde his neste."—f. 100 *b*.

3. A key to the prophecies comprised in the foregoing collection, ff. 112 *b*—116.

It might be worth while for one of our publishing societies to print the whole of this MS., as illustrating one phase of English thought in the middle of the 16th century. One of the prose prophecies which specially illustrates Fytt III. of Thomas of Erceldoun is here added in Appendix II., and two other short ones will be found in the Notes.

The prophecy of Erceldoun begins at top of leaf 6 *a*, with the heading,

¶ Heare begynethe þe ij^{d} fytt I saye
of *Sir* thomas of Arseldon.

It is written in single columns of 28 lines each, uninterrupted by a single break, and ends at foot of leaf 11 *b* with the word "Finis." A peculiarity of the text of this MS. is the very frequent omission of the first line of a stanza, to supply the place of which another is generally interpolated at the end, or some lines farther on, so as to complete the rhyme. The conclusion is also very much abridged, the writer seemingly being impatient of everything not prophetic. In other respects the text agrees very closely with the Thornton MS. both in its extent and readings, always excepting lines 577—604, found only in that MS.

PRINTED EDITIONS.

Fytte I. of *Thomas of Erseldoune* was printed by Scott from the fragmentary Cotton MS. as a note or Appendix to the so-called "traditional ballad" in the *Border Minstrelsy*.

The whole poem was shortly after printed by Robert Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs from Tradition, Manuscripts, and Scarce editions*, Edin. 1806, from the Cambridge MS., with collations from the Lincoln and Cotton MSS. Jamieson's edition presents many misreadings and not a few wanton alterations of the text.

It was also printed in full by David Laing, Esq., LL.D., in his *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*, Edin. 1822, from the Lincoln MS., with the blanks of that manuscript partially supplied from the Cambridge text.

In 1845 it was printed by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., in his "Illustrations of the

Fairy Mythology of a Midsummer Night's Dream" for the "Shakespeare Society." The Editor used the Cambridge MS. (which he calls the "earliest and best," and attributes to "the early part of the 15th century"), but printed it with much more care than had been done by Jamieson. He also first indicated the existence of copies of the poem in the Lansdowne and Sloane MSS., mentioning at the same time a later transcript to be found in MS. Rawlinson C. 258, in the Bodleian Library. But a careful examination of this MS. (now C. 813) by Mr Cox shows that it contains no copy of Thomas of Erceldoune, but that its second half consists of prophecies, embracing many of those found in Lansdowne 792 and Sloane 2578, some of which quote Thomas's authority. The Rawlinson C. MSS. have lately been catalogued, and no copy of "Thomas of Erceldoune" appears among them.

Finally, Professor F. J. Child of Harvard University, U.S., in the first volume of his *English and Scottish Ballads*, London, 1861, reprinted the first fytte of the Thornton text from Dr Laing's edition of 1822, with corrections. He endorses Dr Laing's opinion that the Thornton is the earliest text, and "in every respect preferable to that of either of the other manuscripts;" an opinion, the correctness of which will be apparent on a very slight examination of the following pages.

THE PRESENT EDITION.

The following text exhibits all the MSS. printed in parallel columns. In Fytte I., where there are only four versions, they are printed in the following order: Thornton, Cotton: Lansdowne, Cambridge. But from Fytte II., where the Sloane MS. begins, it takes the place of the Cotton in the parallels, and the fragmentary Cotton text is printed below. Up to line 88 of this edition, the lines of the Cotton text represent those of the MS., but at that point the latter begins to be written in double lines across the page, so that the printed lines represent the half lines of the MS. indicated by a red paragraph mark in middle of the line. This will explain why, in many places, full lines alternate with defective ones or blank spaces, where the beginning or end of the MS. lines are burned. But from Fytte II., where the Cotton text occupies the foot of the page, the lines are printed as in the MS. with a dot separating the two halves, though for convenience of reference they are numbered to agree with the single lines above. I have used the thorn (þ) all through wherever the MSS. represent *th* by a single character,

whether or not this is identical in form with the *y* of the MS. In the Lincoln MS., the *thorn* is identical with the *y*, and except at the beginning of a line is regularly used for *th* in the 2nd personal pronoun and demonstrative words, according to the ordinary MS. usage. In the Cambridge and Cotton MSS., where also the þ is in form identical with the *y*, its use for *th* is still more regular. The Lansdowne uses the thorn sparingly, but where it does occur it is usually a true þ with a tall head, and quite distinct from *y*. Its usual place is here in the 2nd personal pronoun forms, also often in *oþer, anoþer;* and occasionally it turns up in strange positions, as in *fryþ*, l. 319; *þryue* and *þe*, l. 344; *þryue* again 464; *boþe*, l. 525.[1] In the Sloane MS. the thorn is more frequent, and always like a *y*.

The punctuation and inverted commas are the Editor's, but the capital letters are as in the MSS. In the Cambridge and Lansdowne MSS., however, it is often doubtful to say whether the initial A is meant for a capital or not; both in form and size, it has a sort of medial or hybrid character which passes insensibly into either the capital or small letter. In the Thornton the single and final *i* has always a tail extending below the line. It is here printed 'j'; but of course it was not a distinct letter, only a "distinguished *i*" used when the letter stood alone, or at the end of a word to render it more prominent. The barred Ħ and ħ, tagged n̄, and other marked letters, whose meaning—if they had any—is doubtful, are retained in the text. Letters and words accidentally omitted, illegible, obscure, or in any way doubtful, are enclosed in brackets. These will be found very frequent in the Cambridge text for reasons already given in describing that MS.; and it will be understood that all words there enclosed in brackets indicate indistinct places in the MS., as to the reading of which there exists a reasonable certainty. Where I have put dots the words are quite gone, although comparison with the other texts there also generally indicates what is to be supplied.

On account of the different extent of the poem in the various MSS., and the fact that passages which are found in one are wanting in another, the arrangement of the texts in parallel columns necessitates frequent breaks in every text, and in almost every page. *There are no breaks or paragraphs in the MSS.*, which are written *straight on uninterruptedly*, with no recognition of any omitted passages. The stanzas, if indicated, are shown only by lines connecting the ends of the rhyming lines, except in the Lansdowne, which indicates them by marginal paragraph

[1] Through an error in the press the thorn appears in the printed text in the following places where the MS. has *th* full: l. 44 *the*, 108 *whethere*, 133 *clothyng*, 135 *other*, 139, 140 *the*, 171 *that*, 188 *the*, 231 *the*, 261 *The*, 284 *thre*, 292 *the*, 296 *There*, 449 *The*, 544 *the*. In every other place it is as in the MS.

marks. There are no breaks even at the beginnings of Fyttes II. and III., though some of the MSS. commence these with large initial letters as shown in the printing.

In a few places where the Cambridge MS. misplaces stanzas, so that the parallel arrangement cannot be maintained, the transposition is carefully noted by the numbering of the lines, as, for example, ll. 264, 272; 628, 640.

The poem is really in 8-syllabic four-line stanzas, the first line rhyming with the third and the second with the fourth—ordinary "Long Metre" indeed—and would have been here printed as such, but for difficulties occurring where the second line of one text answers to the first of another, as is the case several times with the Sloane MS.

In numbering the lines, every line and stanza is counted that occurs in any MS., except such as are clearly accidental interpolations, like the two lines in the Thornton, between l. 136 and 137, or those added in the Sloane MS. to make up for a line previously omitted. To this numbering, which is applicable to all the texts, all references are made. To show, however, what would be the actual numbering of the separate texts, and to what lines of each any given lines of the printed edition answer, the following Collation is added, which will also serve to show more distinctly the passages present and absent in each MS. In cases where a different order of stanzas or lines occurs in different MSS., I have followed the order of the majority, or if there are only two texts, that which the sense seemed to recommend.

COLLATION

OF THE CONTENTS OF THE FIVE MANUSCRIPTS OF THOMAS OF ERCELDOUNE,

showing the lines present and absent in the various MSS., and the actual lines in each, which answer to each other and to those numbered in the printed text.

The black line indicates the absence of the passage in that MS.

(For example, the *five* lines, 89—93 of the printed text, represent ll. 81—85 of the Thornton MS., 59—63 of the Lansdowne, 61—65 of the Cambridge, and originally answered to 61—65 of the Cotton, destroyed through the partial burning of the MS. They are altogether *wanting* in the Sloane.

The *four* lines 229—232 represent 199—202 Thornton, 169—172 Cotton, 183—186 Lansdowne, 173—176 Cambridge, in which MS. they are misplaced between ll. 224 and 225 of the general numbering.)

PROLOGUE.

PRINTED TEXT	THORNTON	SLOANE	COTTON	LANSDOWNE	CAMBRIDGE	LINES
1—24	1—24	——	——	——	——	24

FYTT I.

25—41	25—41	——	1—17	1—17	1—17	17
42—45	——	——	——	18—21	——	4
46—64	42—60	——	18—36	22—40	18—36	19
65—68	——	——	37—40	——	37—40	4
69	(61) accidentally omitted	——	41	41	41	1
70	62	——	42	42	42	1
71—72	63—64	——	43—44	——	43—44	2
73—88	65—80	——	45—60	43—58	45—60	16
89—93	81—85	——	(61—65)lost	59—63	61—65	5
94—108	86—100	——	66—80	64—78	66—80	15
109—116	——	——	81—88	——	——	8
117—136	101—120	——	89—108	79—98	81—100	20
(unnumbered)	121—122	——	——	——	——	[2]
137—140	123—126	——	109—112	99—102	101—104	4
141—156	——	——	——	103—118	——	16
157—160	127—130	——	113—116	119—122	105—108	4
161—164	131—134	——	——	——	109—112	4
165—188	135—158	——	117—140	123—146	113—136	24
189—192	159—162	——	——	147—150	137—140	4
193—196	163—166	——	141—144	151—154	141—144	4
197—200	167—170	——	——	——	145—148	4
201—208	171—178	——	145—152	155—162	149—156	8
209—212	179—182	——	——	163—166	157—160	4
213—224	183—194	——	153—164	167—178	161—172	12
[229—232]	(see below)	——	(see below)	(see below)	173—176	[4]
225—228	195—198	——	165—168	179—182	177—180	4
229—232	199—202	——	169—172	183—186	(see above)	4
233—236	203—206	——	173—176	189—190	181—184	4
237—248	——	——	——	193—202	——	12
249—260	207—218	——	177—188	203—214	185—196	12
[269—272]	(see below)	——	(see below)	(see below)	197—200	[4]

PRINTED TEXT	THORNTON	SLOANE	COTTON	LANSDOWNE	CAMBRIDGE	LINES
261—268	219—226	——	189—196	215—222	201—208	8
269—272	227—230	——	197—200	223—226	(see above)	4
273—302	231—260	——	201—230	227—256	209—238	30
303—308	261—266	——	——	257—262	238—244	6
			FYTT II.			
309—316	267—274	1—8	237—244	261—270	245—252	8
317—320	275—278	9—12	——	269—274	253—256	4
321—324	279—282	13—16	245—248	273—278	257—260	4
325—328	283—286	17—20	249—252	——	261—264	4
329	287	(21) accidentally omitted	253	——	265	1
330—332	288—290	22—24	254—256	——	266—268	3
333—336	291—294	25—28	——	——	269—272	4
337—340	295—298	29—32	257—260	——	273—276	4
341—352	299—310	33—44	261—272	277—290	277—288	12
353—356	311—314	45—48	——	——	289—292	4
357—360	315—318	49—52	273—276	289—292	293—296	4
361—364	319—322	53—56	277—280	293—298	*297—300	4
365—372	323—330	57—64	281—288	297—306	301—308	8
373—376	——	——	——	——	309—312	4
377—384	331—338	65—72	289—296	305—314	313—320	8
[397—400]	(see below)	(see below)	297—300	(see below)	——	[4]
385—388	339—342	73—76	——	313—318	321—324	4
389—396	343—350	77—84	301—308	317—326	——	8
397—400	351—354	85—88	(see above)	325—330	——	4
401—412	355—366	89—100	309—320	329—342	——	12
413—416	367—370	101—104	——	341—346	——	4
417—418	371—372	105—106	——	345—348	325—326	2
419—420	373—374	107—108	321—322	347—350	327—328	2
421—422	375—376	——	323—324	349—352	329—330	2
423—424	377—378	——	325—326	351—354	——	2
425—426	379—380	109—110	327—328	355—356	——	2
427—428	381—382	111—112	329—330	357—358	331—332	2
(extra lines)	——	——	331—332	——	——	[2]
429—430	383—384	113—114	333—334	——	333—334	2
431—432	——	115—116	335—336	——	335—336	2

PRINTED TEXT	THORNTON	SLOANE	COTTON	LANSDOWNE	CAMBRIDGE	LINES
433—440	385—392	117—124	337—344	359—366	337—344	8
441	393	125	345	367	——	1
442	394	——	346	368	——	1
443—450	395—402	126—133	347—354	369—376	——	8
(extra line)	——	134	——	——	——	[1]
451—466	403—418	135—150	355—370	377—392	——	16
467—470	——	——	——	393—396	——	4
471—472	419—420	151—152	371—372	397—398	——	2
473—474	421—422	153—154	(see below)	399—400	——	2
475—476	423—424	155—156	373—374	401—402	——	2
[473—474]	(see above)	(see above)	375—376	(see above)	——	[2]
477—478	425—426	157—158	377—378	403—404	345—346	2
479—480	(427—428)	159—160	379—380	405—406	347—348	2
481	(429)	——	381	407	349	1
482—484	(430—432)	161—163	382—384	408—410	350—352	3
[extra]	——	164	——	——	——	[1]
485—488	(433—436)	165—168	385—388	411—414	353—356	4
		FYTT III.				
489—492	437—440	——	389—392	415—418	——	4
493—500	441—448	169—176	393—400	419—426	357—364	8
501—504	449—452	177—180	401—404	427—430	——	4
505—508	453—456	181—184	405—408	——	365—368	4
509—512	457—460	185—188	409—412	431—434	369—372	4
513—514	458—462	189—190	413—414	435—436	——	2
515—524	(463—472)	191—200	415—424	437—446	——	10
525—527	(473—475)	201—203	425—427	447—449	373—375	3
528	476	204	428	450	376	1
529	477	——	429	451	377	1
530—536	478—484	205—211	430—436	452—458	378—384	7
[extra]	——	212	——	——	——	[1]
537—548	485—496	213—224	437—448	459—470	——	12
549—552	497—500	225—228	——	——	385—388	4
553—560	501—508	229—236	449—456	——	389—396	8
561—564	——	——	(457—460	——	397—400	4
565—571	(509—515)	237—243	461—467)	——	401—407	7

PRINTED TEXT	THORNTON	SLOANE	COTTON	LANSDOWNE	CAMBRIDGE	LINES
572—576	516—520	244—248	468—472	——	408—412	5
577—591	525—535	——	——	——	——	15
592—604	(536—548)	——	——	——	——	13
605—606	(549—550)	249—250	473—474	——	413—414	2
607—608	(551—552)	251—252	475—476	——	415—416	2
609—614	(553—558)	253—258	477—482	471—476	417—422	6
615—616	(559—560)	——	483—484	477—478	423—424	2
617—620	(561—564)	259—262	485—488	479—482	425—428	4
[637—644]	( )	(see below)	(see below)	——	*429—436	[8]
621—628	(565—572)	263—270	489—496	483—490	437—444	8
629	(573)	*271	497	491	445	1
630—632	(574—576)	*272—274	498—500	——	446—448	3
633—636	(577—580)	275—278	501—504	——	——	4
637—640	(581—584)	*279—282	——	——	(see above)	4
641—644	(585—588)	*283—286	505—508	——	(see above)	4
645—660	(589—604)	287—302	509—524	——	449—464	16
661—664	(605—608)	——	525—528	——	465—468	4
665—677	(609—621)	303—315	529—541	——	469—481	13
678—680	622—624	316—318	542—544	——	482—484	3
681—684	——	——	545—548	——	——	4
685—686	625—626	319—320	549—550	——	——	2
687—688	627—628	——	551—552	——	——	2
689—692	——	——	553—556	——	——	4
693—695	629—631	——	557—559	——	485—487	3
696	632	321	560	——	488	1
697—700	633—636	——	561—564	——	489—492	4

NOTES TEXTUAL AND EXPLANATORY.

The PROLOGUE is found only in the Thornton MS., and is presumably no part of the Romance in its original form, although from its occurrence in the earliest MS. it must be little later than the completion of the poem itself as we now have it. It takes the form of a prelude by a minstrel or reciter to commend the poem to the attention of his audience who are twice committed as "ynglyschemen" to the safe keeping of Christ. Unless the word may have been changed for "Scottismen," the prologue is therefore the addition of a northern English author. Its dialect is pure Northern, less altered even than the text itself.

L. 1 *lystyns*, l. 2 *takis*, l. 10, 12 *hase*. In the Northern dialect since the 12th or 13th century the plural of the present indicative and imperative has ended in *-s*, when *unaccompanied* by its proper pronoun *we*, *ye*, *they*. When these are present there is no termination. See *Dialect of Southern Scotland*, pp. 211—214.

l. 2. *takis gude tente*, take good heed; *tent*, *no.*, care, attention, *vb.* to *attend*, *take heed*; "Tent me, billie—there 's a gullie!"—*Burns.*

l. 7. *pristly*, readily, quickly, actively. l. 8. *blyne*, cease.

l. 11. *sere*, various, several. l. 15. *tyte*, soon, quick.

l. 16. *sythene*, for the Northern *sen*, *syne*, as in l. 6, which would improve the rhyme.

l. 22. *by-leue*, remain; German *bleiben*, Dutch *b-lijven*.

FYTTE I.

l. 25—28. The Cotton differs considerably from the others, Th. and Ca. showing the original reading.

l. 25. *Endres-day* = *ender day*, this by-gone day. Icel. *endr*, of yore, formerly. Lat. *ante*.

> "As I myselfe lay this enderz nyght
> All alone withowten any fere."—*MS. Rawl. C.* 813, *leaf* 54.

l. 26. *grykyng*, the graying, or gray of the morning:

> "It was na *gray* day-licht."

l. 28. *Huntle bankys*, on Eildon Hills, near Melrose. See Introduction, p. li.

l. 30. *Mawes*, *mavys*; L. corruptly *maner* for *maues*, the mavis or song thrush; but the *throstyll* of the preceding line is also the thrush, which L. accordingly changes into the *merle* or blackbird. *menyde*, Co. corruptly *movyde*, bemoaned herself, sung plaintively.

l. 30, 32. *songe*, *ronge*, doubtless originally the Northern sang, rang, as in l. 56.

l. 31. The *Wodewale*, the wood-lark. *beryde*, Ca. corruptly *farde*, vociferated, made

a noise; "the rumour of rammasche foulis and of beystis that maid grete *beir.*"—*Compl. of Scotl.*, p. 38, l. 24.

l. 32. *shawys* in L. for *wode* of others, still used as an equivalent, in the north. Isl. *skóg*, Dan. *skov*.

l. 36. *louely*, Ca. and L., is no doubt the original, corrupted by T. to *longe*, and glossed by Co. as *fayre*. In Ca. *lonely* would be as good a reading of MS., but was *lonely* = *al-onely*, then in existence?

l. 37. *ȝogh*, Co. for *þogh*, the þ and ȝ frequently confounded by ignorant scribes.

l. 38. *wrabbe and wrye: wrobbe, wrabbe* = warble? sing; *wry* = *wray*, bewray, reveal. Or perhaps Sc. *wrable, warble, wurble*, to wriggle, and *wrye*, to twist; to wriggle and twist *with the tongue* in the attempt to find language to describe her.

l. 40. *askryed, skryed, discryued*, described; Fr. *escri-re, descri-re*.

l. 41—72. The description of the lady, in which T. and Ca. closely agree, varies much in Co. and L., the latter inserting l. 42—45.

l. 46—48. *none, schone, bone, stone*, in pure Northern would be *nane, schane, bane, stane;* which the original doubtless had. See ll. 81, 83; 345, 347.

l. 49. *Selle, sadyl, sege*, equivalents, the latter properly a seat (of honour). *Roelle bone*, called also *rewel bone, rowel bone, reuylle bone*, "an unknown material of which saddles especially are in the romances said to be made." See Chaucer's "Sir Topas," which presents several points of contact with the description here:—

"His jambeux were of cuirbouly,
His swerdes sheth of ivory,
His helme of latoun bright,
His sadel was of rewel-bone,
His bridel as the sonne shone,
Or as the mone light.
His spere was of fin cypress
That bodeth werre, and nothing pees,
The hed ful sharpe y-ground;
His stede was all dapple gray,
It goth an aumble in the way
Fully softely and round
In lond."

Rev. W. W. Skeat suggests that "*rowel* = Latin *rotella*, Fr. *rouelle*, i. e. bone rounded and polished, for the front or peak of the saddle."

l. 52. *Crapotee*, toad stone: smaragdus or emerald, "which often contains a flaw, in shape suggesting a toad." The *Promptorium Parvulorum* has "Crepawnde, or crapawnde, precyous stone (crepaud, P.) Samaragdus."

Note. "Crapaude, a precious stone, crapaudine." Palsgrave. Cotgrave explains crapaudine as signifying "the stone chelonitis, or the toad stone." In the Metrical Romance of Emare is described a rich vesture, thickly set with gems, rubies, topaze, "*crapowtes* and nakette;" the word is also written *crapawtes*. More detailed information will be found in Gesner, de quadrup. ovip. II. 9. See also Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, "As You Like It," Act 2, Sc. i.; and the word "toadstone" in Nares' Glossary.

l. 53. *Stones of Oryente*, Eastern or Oriental gems; the name may have been given definitely to some stones or varieties of stones only found in the East, as the *Turquoise*, which derives its name (*pierre turquoise*) from Turkestan, where alone it is found. "The name *Oriental Emerald* is given to a very rare beautiful and precious green variety of Sapphire." "The finest red *rubies* are generally called *Oriental Rubies.*" So also in "Alliterative Poems," edited by Dr Morris, we have

"þe grauayl that on grounde can grynde
Wern precious *perlez of oryente.*"

Oryons in Ca. may be *oryens*, as *o* and *e* are generally indistinguishable in this MS.

l. 54. *hang*, Northern past tense of *hing*.

l. 55, 56 are properly wanting in L., but lines 71, 72 are brought from their own place instead; ll. 57—60 are quite altered in L. and Co.

l. 56. *a whylle, one* while; indef. article and numeral, identical in N. dialect.

l. 57. *garthes*, girths or garters?

l. 60. *perelle*, pearl; Ca. *perry, pierreries*, jewels, precious stones.

l. 61. *payetrelle*, "breast-leather of a horse"; Fr. *poitrail;* L. corruptly *parrell*, apparel.

Iral, T. *jral fyne*, Ca. *riall fyne*, Co. *yra* . . . . . L. *Alarane;* the original probably, *Iral-stane*, rhyming with *schane*. So in the "Anturs of Arthur at Tarnwathelan," the Ireland MS. has

> "Betun downe berels, in bordurs so bryȝte
> That with *stones iraille* were strencult and strauen,
> Frettut with fyne gold that failis in the fiȝte."

And the Thornton MS. of the same:—

> "*Stones of iral* they strenkel, and strewe,
> Stiþe stapeles of stele þey strike don stiȝt."

I can get no light on *iral-stane;* the scribes also seem not to have understood it, and hence their alterations, *rial, alarane*, &c.

l. 62. *Orphare*, orfevrie, goldsmiths' work; Lat. *aurifaber*, Fr. *orfèvre*, a goldsmith.

l. 63. *Reler* in L. perhaps corrupt for *silver*, as *gold*, which the others have, had been already put in the rhyming line.

l. 65—68 in Co. look like a variation of the stanza before, with the lines,

> "A semly syȝt it w[as to se]
> In euery joynt [hang bellis thre]."

l. 65. Ca. for iij, *four* was originally written and struck out.

l. 67—70 in Ca. are clearly an awkward interpolation in the midst of an original stanza; the lines are omitted in MS., but written at side and foot with marks of insertion.

l. 68. *lire* in Ca. (A.S. *hleor*) face, cheek.

l. 69. *grewe hound*, the Grey hound or Greek hound, *Canis Graius*, still called in Scotland a *Grewe*, which was the Older Scotch for a *Greek*.

l. 70. *rache*, a hound that follows by the *scent*, as the Grewe does by *sight*.

l. 71. *halse*, neck; A.S. *heals*.

l. 72. *flone*, properly *flane*, to rhyme with *rane* above, an arrow; A.S. *flán*.

l. 74. *ane* semely tree, bespeaks a Scotch original.

l. 75. *He sayd:* so l. 87, *and sayd;* l. 157, *scho sayd;* l. 161, *And sayd*. These words, as in the old Romances generally, are *extra-metrical*, and are rather directions to the reader or reciter, like the names of speakers in a Shakspearian play, or our modern inverted commas, than part of the poem, to be said or sung. They were *read* only by a change of tone or a gesture.

l. 75, 77. *ȝone*, Th.; the other MSS. show that this demonstrative was already little used in English proper.

l. 80, 84. *Eldoune tree*. A solitary tree that formerly stood on the slope of one of the three Eildon Hills near Melrose; see Introduction, p. l. Ca. does not understand the local reference, and makes *eldryne* = eldern, like oaken, beechen.

l. 81. *radly, rathely;* A.S. *hrædlice*, quickly, readily. The Northern *rase*, when altered to *rose* in the other three MSS., ceases to rhyme with *sayes*.

l. 83. *als the storye sayes*, and again 123, *als the storye tellis full ryghte*, implies an older version of the tale than that in the poem. See Introduction, p. xxiv.

l. 87. *and sayd*, T. and Co. See l. 75, *n.*

l. 89. *mylde of thoght* in T. and L., shown by the rhyme to be the original.

l. 94. *payrelde*, apparelled.

l. 95. *fee* in the original sense of A.S. *feoh*, Germ. *Vieh*, beasts, cattle.

l. 96. *rynnys*, Northern pl. with noun subject, of which Ca. *rannen* for *rennen* is Midl., and L. *rennyng*, a scribal misconception of the latter.

l. 98. *balye* in Ca. mistake of scribe for *folye;* so l. 31, *farde* for *beird.*

l. 99. *wysse, wyce, wise*, rhymes with *price.* It is still always so pronounced in North.

l. 102. Ca. reads *let meb me be.*

l. 104. *synne* in T. probably an interpolation; gives rise to mistake in L. of *syne*, then, thereafter.

l. 106. L. read *dwelle.* l. 107. *trowche* = *trowthe.*

l. 108. *by leues.* See l. 22.

l. 109—116, interpolated in Co., are not in keeping with the context, but probably the boast which the lady fears was true to the manners of the age.

l. 115. *crystenty;* Fr. *chretienté*, Christendom.

> "Three blither lads that lang lone nicht
> Were never found in *Christendee.*"—*Burns.*

l. 116. Co. *wryede*, accused, bewrayed; A.S. *wréȝean, wreȝod.*

l. 119. T. *chewys þe werre;* Co. *cheuyst*, achievest, succeedest, comest off, the worse; Ca. glosses *thryuist*, and L. corrupts to *chece hit*, perhaps *chesit*, chose!

l. 125. *the*[*e*] *lykes*, impersonal, *te delectat.*

> "At first in heart *it liked me* ill
> When the king praised his clerkly skill."—Scott, *Marmion*, vi. 15.

l. 126. *byrde*, bride, married lady; Piers Plowman has *burde, buirde, birde, berde; deel* = *dele*, deal, probably the original; Ca. has *dwel.*

l. 132. *are*, A.S. *ér*, ere, before.

l. 135. *hir a schanke blake*, her *one* leg black, her other grey. Ca. had originally,

> "þe too shanke was blak, þe toþur gray
> and alle hir body like þe leede."

which is the same as T. (*þe too, þe toþur* = *þet oo, þet-oþur*, the one, the other); but the second hand has altered it into the reading of the text, where *bloo, beten*, and *leed*, may be equally *blee, beton, lood.*

l. 139. *fasyd* in L., a scribal error for *fadyd.*

l. 141—156. L. The conduct attributed to Thomas is unworthy, and the whole scene out of keeping. The rhymes also break down into mere assonances.

l. 157. *scho sayd*, T. See l. 75, *n.*

l. 158. Ca. again brings in the *eldryne tre.*

l. 159. *gone* can hardly be original, as the pure Northern would be *gaa.* I suggest *wone* = dwell.

l. 160. *Medill-crthe;* A.S. *middan-eard;* Isl. *mid-gard*, the Earth, as the *middle region* of the Old Northern cosmogony.

l. 161—164. Ca. has a remarkable variation, bringing out more clearly that Thomas invokes not the lady, but the *Queene of Heuene, Mary mylde.*

l. 167. *by-teche, be-teche;* A.S. *be-tæcan*, to deliver, commit.

l. 169. *Eldone Hill*, on the Tweed, near Melrose; a mountain mass divided into three summits. See Introduction, p. xlix. Ca. again says *eldryne tre*, but the latter word is erased, and *hill* substituted.

l. 170. *derne*, secret. Ca. has *grenewode tre*, the last word obliterated, and *lee* substituted.

l. 171. Ca. had originally,

"It was derk as mydnyght myrke,"

as in Th., but this is altered to,

"Wher hit was derk as any hell."

The former would seem to be the correct reading, though it rhymes with itself, instead of l. 169, and the attempt to make it rhyme with the latter has caused the three different readings in Ca., Co., and L.

l. 173. *montenans*, amount; glossed *space* in Ca., mistaken in L.

l. 176. *fowte* in Ca. looks like *fewte; fawte* is correct; Fr. *faute*, failure, want.

l. 177. *herbere*, garden of herbs or trees, enclosed garden, *later* summer-house. The original word appears to have been the O.Fr. *herbier*, a herbary, in O.E. *herber, erber;* but to have been confounded with the O.E. *herberȝe, herebeorwe, herborwe, herbor, herber*, A.S. *hereberge*, Icel. *herbergi*, O.H.G. *heriberga*, harbour, shelter, hospitium. "*Wo bist du zur Herberge*," John i. 38.—*Luther.* Then it has been misspelt in modern times *arbour* from its assumed connexion with *trees.* At Cavers, in Roxburghshire, there is a hill called the *Herber Law* or Pleasure-garden Hill (pronounced as in "to *herber* [harbour] thieves." The *Herbere* in the poem was clearly a garden of fruit trees. Note that *Orchard* (in South Sco. *Wurtshert*) now a *garden of fruit trees*, was originally also a *garden of herbs* or *vegetables, Wyrtȝeard.*

l. 180. *damasee*, the Damascene, or Damson:

"þer weore growyng so grene
þe Date wiþ the Damesene."—*Pystil of Swete Susanne.*

"The plum is a native of Caucasus and Asia Minor. Cultivated varieties, according to Pliny, were brought from Syria into Greece, and thence into Italy. Such was, for instance, the *Damson* or *Damascene* Plum, which came from *Damascus* in Syria, and was very early cultivated by the Romans."—*Treasury of Botany*, p. 932.

l. 181. *wyneberye*, the grape; A.S. *win-berie. pynnene* in L. is perhaps adjective from *pine*, but *fre* is no doubt for *tre.*

l. 182. T. *nyghtgale*, A.S. *nihtegale*, night-singer, night-gladdener; the others have the inserted *n*, nyghty*n*-gale, found in the South as early as Chaucer.

l. 183. *payeioys;* Ital. *papagallo*, i.e. Pope-cock; Sp. *papagay;* O.Fr. *papegay*, Russian *popagay*, a parrot or "popinjay;" Sc. *Papingo.*

l. 191. *or*, ere, before; "*or* ever they came at the bottom of the den," Dan. vi. 24. *Or* is still the regular Northern form of *ere, antequam.*

l. 193. *hyghte*, call, command, *past* used for *present.*

l. 199. *paye*, to pacify, please, satisfy, *and hence* pay; Lat. *pacare;* Ital. *pagare;* Fr. *payer.*

l. 201—216. The MSS. differ much in particulars, but, with exception of Co., all make *four* ways, which seem to be to heaven, purgatory, and hell, and (but coming first in the list) from purgatory to heaven, "whan synful sowlis haue duryd ther peyn."

l. 204. *rysse, ryce, rese, rise;* A.S. *hris*, twig, brushwood. Still in common use in N.

l. 209—212. Wanting in Co., and varies greatly in the others. *tene & traye*, pain and trouble; A.S. *teóna* and *tréga. drye*, Ca. endure; A.S. *dreógan;* Sc. *dree.*

l. 219. *it bearis the belle*, occupies the first rank, surpasses all, alluding to the leader of a flock or herd which has a bell round its neck.

l. 223. *me ware leuer*, impersonal, *mihi fuerit satius*, I had rather = I *would* rather *have* it.

l. 225. Here Ca. transposes two stanzas, but the order is obvious. The lady takes the most certain means of preventing Thomas from divulging secrets by binding him to answer no one but her.

l. 230. L. *thirty bolde barons and thre:* this jingling combination of numbers distinguishes the later prophecies, and modern-antique ballads, but is not found in the earlier.

l. 231. *desse, deyce*, the raised daïs (O.Fr. *deis;* Lat. *discus*) at top of the hall.

l. 235. *as white as whelys bone*, the *ivory* of the narwhal or walrus.

l. 237—252. These inquisitive demands of Thomas are only in L., but seem old.

l. 250. *hir raches couplede*, her hounds having been coupled again.

l. 261. Ca. here again transposes three stanzas.

l. 267. T. *bryttened*, cut up, broke down; A.S. *brytan*, to break; *brytnian*, to dispense; L. *trytlege*, scribal error for *bryttning*, as in Ca.; *wode*, mad.

l. 274. *parde*, per deum.

l. 276. *My lufly lady sayd to me;* so all the older MSS. L. alone changes it into 3rd person,

"To hym spake that ladye fre."

l. 277. þe *buse* = (it) behoves thee; past tense, *bud, byd*, behoved; he *byd* be a fule!

l. 286. *thre ȝere;* Ca. says *seuen*, which is the traditional period.

l. 288. *skylle*, reason, cause, *as well as* the reasoning faculty.

l. 289. *to-morne*, still Northern English, "to-morn 't morn," to-morrow morning; Scotch *the morn.*

l. 290. *amange this folke will feche his fee*, refers to the common belief that the fairies "paid kane" to hell, by the sacrifice of one or more individuals to the devil every seventh year.

"Then wod I never tire, Janet,
In Elfish land to dwell;
But aye at every seven years
They pay the teind to hell;
And I'm sae fat and fair of flesh,
I fear twill be my-sell."

"I'd paid my kane seven times to hell
Ere you'd been won away."—*The Young Tamlane.*

l. 291. *hende*, gentle, *also* skilful.

l. 294. *hethyne*, hence; the scribes, with the exception of Co., misunderstand this Northern word, and write *heven.*

l. 296. *I rede*, I counsel; A.S. *raedan;* Germ. *rathen.*

l. 200. *fowles singes;* see l. 1.

l. 301—304. This stanza, though in all, comes in very awkwardly, nor can I explain to what it refers.

l. 303. T. *Erlis;* Ca. *yrons*, an *erne's* or sea eagle's.

l. 306. *yon benttis browne.* L. distorts into *yowre brwtes broume.*

l. 303—308. These lines are wanting in the Co. MS., which after l. 301-2 proceeds to l. 309-10, but this is first struck out, and then repeated after one blank line.

FYTTE II.

The Sloane MS. begins here. For the first 70 lines, the MSS. closely agree, though L. omits numerous passages, as all that about the Baliols, l. 324—340.

l. 313. *carpe*, speak, or sing. Thomas has the choice of excelling in instrumental, or in vocal (rather *oral*) accomplishments; he prefers the latter, "for tonge is chefe of mynstralsie."

l. 314. *chose*, the choice; often so spelled in Scotch.

> "in our Inglis rethorick the rose,
> As of Rubeis the Charbunckle bene *chose.*"—*Lyndesay, Papyngo*, 26.

l. 317. *spelle*, discourse; A.S. *spellian;* in Ca. corruptly *spill;* L. and S. gloss, *speke.*

l. 318. *lesynge*, lying, falsehood. *Lesynge thow sall neuer lee;* from this characteristic Erseldown derived the name of "True Thomas," generally given to him in the later prophecies and traditional rhymes.

l. 319. *frythe or fell*, enclosed field or open hill.

l. 324. *ferly*, a wonder, strange thing or event. Usually derived from A.S. *fǽrlic*, sudden; *fǽr*, fearful; but I think more truly both in form and meaning from A.S. *feorlic, feorlen*, far away, foreign, strange. Compare *strange* from *extraneus.*

l. 327. *wyte;* A.S. *wít-an*, to depart, decease. Ca. has *dwyne;* A.S. *dwín-an*, to pine, dwindle away.

l. 329. T. *baylliolfe* for *bayllíolse* or *bayllíolfs;* Co. *bali*]*oves;* S. misreads *baly of;* Ca. scribal error *folkys;* see before, l. 101, *balye* for *foly.* The Baliols' blood, the family of John Baliol, the rival of Robert Bruce for the Scottish crown, and his son Edward, rival of David Bruce.

l. 331—332. The *Comyns, Barclays, Russells*, and *Friseals*, or *Frasers. Semewes* in Ca. is a very simple misreading of *Comenes* in old writing, and the *Sea-mews* suggest the *teals, telys*, probably for *barclys*, with the *ar* contracted, of the original. The *Comyns* and *Frasers* were prominent, though on different sides, during the English War in the minority of David II. David Cumyn, the dispossessed Earl of Athol, was one of Edward Baliol's leaders, when the latter invaded Scotland in 1332, was appointed viceroy of Scotland by Edward III. in 1335, and soon after slain in the forest of Kilblane, by Sir Andrew Moray, when, according to Buchanan, "fortissimus quisque Cuminianorum aut in praelio aut in fuga caesus est." This is the battle for which Barbour quotes a prophecy of the Rhymer, ante, p. xvii. Walter Cumyn was also slain in the Battle of Annan, 1332, and his brother Thomas executed after the battle. Of the Frasers, Buchanan has, "*Fraser* vel *Frisel*, cog. in varias familias tributum in quibus eminet Lovetiae, Saltonii, & Fraseriæ Reguli, cum suis quisque tribulibus."

Alexander Fraser was one of the commanders at Dupplin, 1332; James and Simon Fraser, after capturing Perth from Baliol, were slain at Halidon Hill, 1333. Of the Barclays: in 1345 David de Berklay waylaid and assassinated William Bullock, the able English ecclesiastic so intimately connected with the intrigues of the period. Sir Walter de Berklay was also concerned in the plot against Robert Bruce, and tried before the Black Parliament of 1320, and in 1322, according to Fordun's Annals, "on the 1st of October, Andrew Barclay was taken, and having been convicted of treachery, underwent capital punishment." The *Russels* I cannot trace; and the word may be a scribal error for some of the other names conspicuous in the history of the period—the *Rosseis*, for instance.

l. 333. *wyte*, *dwyne*. See l. 327.

l. 335. *spraye*, to spread out, sprout out, like *spray* of water, or a *spray* of blossom; Platt-Deutsch *sprcden*, *spreën*; G. *sprühen*, to sputter, flow forth.

l. 341—348. Thomas's inquiry is as to the issue of the doubtful contest between the Bruce and Baliol families, 1332—1355.

l. 341. *whatkyns*, of what kind; used adjectively, "what kind of" *qualis*.

l. 344. *thryue* and *thee* (A.S. *þéon*) are synonymous; S. changes to *vnthrive*.

l. 345. *none*; *tane* in l. 347 shows that the original had the Northern *nane*.

l. 352. Co. *halyndon hill*; L. *helydowne hill*; T. and L. *Eldone*; Ca. *ledyn* for *Eldyn*. I think there is little doubt, though the two oldest MSS. say otherwise, that the Battle of Halidon Hill, 1333, is meant. "So great was the slaughter of the nobility, that, after the battle, it was currently said amongst the English that the Scottish wars were at last ended, since not a man was left of that nation who had either skill or power to assemble an army or direct its operations."—*Tytler*, quoting *Murimuth*, p. 81. But there may have been a legendary prophecy as to Eldone Hill, which was after the event changed to Halidown Hill, as "Spincarde Clough" was to Pinkie-cleuch.

l. 353—354. *Breton's—Bruyse blode*, the common terms in this Fytte for *English* and *Scotch*. The English claims to the superiority of Scotland were founded upon the Cymric version of the legend of the Trojan *Brutus*, from whom the name of Britain was "derived," who was said to have divided the realm, after he had conquered it from the giants, between his three sons, Locrinus, Cymber, and Albanactus, eponymi of English, Welsh, and Scotch, with the feudal supremacy to Locrinus. Thus adopting the *Brute*, *Breton*, or *British* legend, the English were the *Brutes* or *Bretons blode*. There was, of course, an alliterative antithesis between *Bretons* and *Bruces*; but in some of the MSS. the latter word might be either *Bruces* or *Brutes*, confounding the two opposites. I have printed *Bruces*, the word originally meant, though perhaps the scribes thought it *Brutes*.

l. 354. *spraye*; Gaelic *spreidh*, booty, prey. Gawain Douglas has *spreith*, *spreicht*.

l. 357. The foregoing passage refers to a cluster of events in the minority of David II., 1332—1345. They seem to have been written at that time. What follows to the end of the Fytte, and perhaps even to l. 520 in Fytte III., is a general sketch of battles and other events in Scotland from 1298 to 1400 or so, and was probably written about the latter date, when the poem took its present form. l. 357—364 refer to the battle of *Falkirk* (S. and L. do not understand the proper name); Ca. Co. and L. erroneously make the Scotch win.

l. 367—376. The lady wishes to go because her hounds are impatient. Thomas detains her, giving (in Ca. only) a reason.

l. 371. *god schilde*, Dieu defende! God defend! God forbid.

l. 375. Ca. *reyke*, roam, ramble.

holtely or ?*holteby* I cannot explain; it is probably a proper name. *Holt* is of course a *wood*, but it is a word not now current in the North.

l. 377—388. The battle of Bannockburn, June, 1314; here all the MSS. agree that the *Brucys blode* shall win, though Ca. corrupts to *Brutys*, and L. to Ebruys (!).

l. 379—380 seem to be the origin of the traditional prophecy attributed to Thomas (ante, p. xliv),

> "The burn of breid
> Sall rin fu' reid."

a *bannock* being a cake of (home made) bread.

l. 381—385 describe the well-known device of Bruce of defending his flank by pits dug, and concealed by hurdles and turf. *snapre* L. = stumble.

l. 389, 390. The death of Robert Bruce, leaving a son of 6 years old, so that Scotland kingless stood.

l. 391—412. The tercelet, or young falcon, is Edward Baliol, who now seeing his opportunity took with him *tercelettes grete & gay*, the dispossessed lords, Henry Percy, Lord Wake, Henry Beaumont, David Cumyn and others, and landed (l. 401) at Wester Kinghorn, 1332, where Alexander Seton, with a handful of followers, threw themselves upon them, but was overpowered and cut in pieces on the sands (l. 402). They then pushed on towards Perth, surprised the Scottish army at Duplin Moor, by the River Earn, which flows over the old red-sandstone (ll. 403—408), with great slaughter, and next day took Perth, the "town of great renown near the water of Tay."

l. 400. T. *Royalle blode;* S. *baly of blud*, corruptly for *Balyolues blode*, as in Co.

l. 414. *cheuede*, achieved. l. 415. *bowne*, ready.

l. 416. *the werre of Fraunce.* Edward III., thinking Scotland reduced under Baliol, declared war against France in 1337, and in 1339 invaded that country.

l. 417—436. The text is here in great confusion, none of the MSS. apparently being complete. The event itself is also misplaced, as the coronation of David II. really occurred before Baliol's invasion, and not now (1341) when he returned from his exile in France to reign. Ca. does not mend the matter by reading *Robert*, as the events which follow belong to David.

l. 427, 428 in L. refer to the special bull obtained from Rome for the anointing of David II.

l. 423. *More and myne*, greater and lesser.

l. 425. *skyme*, T., error for Skynne = Scone or Skune.

l. 427. *beryns = bernys;* A.S. *beorn*, chieftains, barons, nobles.

l. 429—448. David II.'s invasion of England in 1346, six years after his return from France, when he took Hexham (l. 431); was defeated at Beaurepair, close to Durham (l. 433, 434); and himself, after being grievously wounded (l. 440), taken prisoner (l. 444), and led to London (l. 447).

l. 430. *lygges*, lies (A.S. *licgan*); the Northern form still well-known.

l. 437. *taggud, togged*, confined, encumbered, for *tane* of T., Ca. has *teyryd*, ? for *teþryd, tethered.*

l. 439. *nebbe*, nose; A.S. *nyb.*

l. 441, 442. *fode*, a brood. The *fals fode*, who betray the king, points to the High

Steward, and the Earl of March, who escaped with their division from the field, and were blamed for not adequately supporting David.

l. 448. *the goshawke fynd his Make*, David II. find his *mate* or consort, Joanna, sister of Edward III.

l. 453—456 I cannot explain, unless they refer to the slaughter in Ettrick Forest of the Knight of Liddesdale, who had been gained over to the English interest by Edward.

l. 457—460 describe the great exertions made in Scotland to raise the enormous sum of the king's ransom (equal to £1,200,000 of modern money); for *fulle and fere* I suggest *felle and flese*, or *Wolle and fell, full many ane.* The money was principally raised by granting to the king all the wool and wool-fells in the kingdom at a low rate, to be exported and sold at a profit abroad.

l. 464. *bygge & browke the tre*, apparently to *build* (their nests) and *use* or enjoy the tree.

l. 467. Robert II., the first of the Stewarts, ascended the throne 26 March, 1371.

l. 469—484. The *Cheuanteyne* or *Cheftan* is the Earl of Douglas (l. 480), who invaded England 1388, burned and plundered, especially in the bishopric of Durham (l. 473-4), rode to Newcastle, and challenged Hotspur (l. 475-6), and was by him overtaken and slain at Otterbourne, in a marsh by the Reed (l. 477—480). Hotspur was taken prisoner (l. 481) and led to Scotland.

l. 479. *in fere*, together, in company (A.S. *gefera*).

l. 480. Co. *doglas*, i. e. Douglas; misunderstood, and variously corrupted in the others.

l. 486. The original seems to have been as in l. 306, *Me by-houis ower yone bentis browne*, variously corrupted in L. and S.

FYTTE III.

The first stanza, wanting in Ca. and S., differs greatly in the others.

l. 489. *gente*, handsome, elegant; *hende*, see l. 291.

l. 492. *worthe*, become, A.S. *weorðan.*

l. 494. *wandrethe*, trouble, sorrow. Isl. *vandrœdi; woghe*, A.S. *woh*, injustice, wrong; *wankill*, A.S. *wancol*, unstable, shaky.

l. 496. *spynkarde cloughe, slough, spynar hill;* I can find no trace of this locality, and do not know if it refers to any actual event (unless it be the skirmish between Sir John Gordon and Lilburn "in a mountain pass" on the border, in 1378); but it was quoted in the later prophecies as *Pinken* or *Pinkie cleuch.*

l. 505—512 perhaps refer to the invasion of Scotland and siege of Edinburgh by Henry IV. in 1400, although it more recalls that of Richard II. in 1385.

l. 509. T. *Sembery* is a curious error for *Edinbery*, but very simply made in the MS.

l. 513—516, a repetition of l. 409—412 in the preceding Fytte.

l. 521. From this point the prophecies are not historical; they constitute a series of legendary predictions. They are principally occupied by three battles, that between Seton and the Sea, and those of Gladsmoor and Sandyford, and the career of "the Bastard out of the west," which I take to be a distorted Arthurian legend. These four ideas fill all the later prophecies, Scottish and English alike, of the battles. Dr Robert Chambers says:—"It is broadly notable throughout the history of early prophecy in

Scotland, how strongly the notion was impressed that there was to be a great and bloody conflict near Seton, or at the adjacent Gladsmuir, both in East Lothian [about 7 miles E. of Edinburgh]. There had existed, before the battle of Pinkie (1547), a prophetic rhyme:

Between Seton and the sea,
Mony a man shall die that day.

And we know that the rhyme and the day were so from the following passage in Patten's *Account of the Expedition of the Duke of Somerset*, printed in 1548: 'This battell and feld [Pinkie] the Scottes and we are not yet agreed how it shall be named. We cal it Muskelborough felde, because that is the best towne (and yet bad inough) nigh to the place of our meeting. Sum of them cal it Seton felde (a town thear nigh too), by means of a blind prophecy of theirs, which is this or sum such toye: Betwene Seton and the seye, many a man shall dye that day.' The same rhyme is incorporated in the long irregular and mystical poems which were published as the prophecies of Thomas in 1615. We humbly think that our countrymen strained a point to make out the battle of Pinkie as the fulfilment of a conflict at Seton, which is four or five miles distant; not to speak of the preciseness of the prophecy in indicating *betwen Seton and the sea.*

"That there should be a great and bloody fight at Gladsmuir appears in the old Scotch prophecies. A traditionary one, attributed as usual to 'True Thomas,' bare reference to the fate of Foveran Castle in Aberdeenshire, long ago the seat of a family named Turing:

'When Turing's Tower falls to the land,
Gladsmuir then is nigh at hand:
When Turing's Tower falls to the sea,
Gladsmuir the next year shall be.'

A local writer about 1720 (*View of the Diocese of Aberdeen, Spalding Club*) gives this rhyme, and adds: 'It seems that Gladsmuir is to be a very decisive battle for Scotland; but if one fancy the place of it to be Gladsmuir on the coast of East Lothian, he will find himself mistaken; for

'It shall not be Gladsmoor by the sea,
But Gladsmoor wherever it be.'

[See before, p. xxxv; also the English Prophecy in Appendix II. l. 80.] That is, the number of corpses will make it a resort of birds of prey, and so a *Gled's muir.*

"When the battle of Prestonpans took place in 1745, the victorious Highlanders were for calling it 'Gladsmuir,' in reference to the old prophecy [see before, p. xli, xlii]; but in truth, the scene of conflict was nearly as far from Gladsmuir as Pinkie was from Seton. It must be admitted to have been near to Seton, though not strictly *betwixt Seton and the Sea.*"—*Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, 1870, p. 218.

The "Whole Prophecies of Scotland, &c.," 1603, already discussed (p. xxx), are full of references to these battles. But they were equally famous in England, as is shown by the prose prophecy of 1529, quoted in Appendix II. from the Sloane MS., and many other references in the same volume. At an earlier date, the Battle of Barnet, doubtless on account of the enormous carnage by which it was distinguished, as well as its decisive effect on the Wars between York and Lancaster, was called by contemporaries the Battle of Gladsmoor. In the following quotation from Holinshed, the name occurs as belonging to the site, but I suspect it was an *ex post facto* one: "Hervpon remouved

they towards Barnet, a towne standing in the midwaie betwixt London and saint Albons aloft on a hill; at the end whereof towards saint Albons there is a faire plaine for two armies to meet vpon, named Gladmore heath, on the further side of which plaine towards saint Albons the earle pight his campe."—*Holinshed*, ed. 1587, vol. iii. p. 684.

Compare Dravton, *Polyolbion*,. Song xxii (Chalmers's English Poets, vol. iv. p. 345) :—

"the armies forward make,
And meeting on the plain to Barnet very near,
That to this very day is called Gladmore there."

As to *Sandyford*, I can offer no conjecture, even of the place hinted at; but the battle at Sandyford is equally prominent in the other Scottish and English prophecies, as in the following, culled from the Sloane MS. already quoted :—

"Ou*er* Sandiford shalbe sorowes sene on the southe side on a mondaye, wheare gromes shall grone on a grene, besides englefield yere standethe a Castelle on a mountaine Clif the w*h*ich shall doo y*eir* enemyes tene, & save england y*at* day./ (leaf 41 *a*.)

"At Sandiford betwix ij p*ar*kes a pallace & a p*ar*ishe churche, a hardy p*r*ince downe shall lyght*e*. troye vntrue yen shall tremble & quake y*at* daye for feare of a deade man when yei heare him speake. all thoffyc*eris* y*er*in shall caste him the keyes, from vxbrydge to hownslowe y^e^ bushment to breake, and fare as a people th*at* weare wudd. the ffather shall sleye y^e^ sone y^e^ brother y^e^ brother, y^t^ all London shall ren*n* bludde." (leaf 44 *b*.)

l. 541—544. A vivid picture of the desolation to be produced; this seems the origin of one of the traditional sayings of Thomas quoted on p. xliv :

"A horse sal gang on Carolside brae,
Till the red girth gaw his side in twae."

Carolside, properly *Crawhillside*, lies on the bank of the Leader about a mile above Earlstoun.

l. 549. T. omits *baners*. This line and the next in Ca. have been overwritten so as to make the original words irrecoverable. The words *eneglych shal rone away* have thus been inserted, probably for *nyght shal dec*.

l. 553. *trewe*, the correct singular; of which *trewis*, *trewes*, *truce* is properly the plural. Fr. *trève*, *trèves*.

l. 555. *dere*, A.S. *derian*, to hurt, harm.

l. 557. *betwene twa sainte Marye dayes*. The same date is given to Gladsmoor in the English prose prophecy in Appendix III.

l. 560. S. *claydon moore*, above this in the MS. *dvnnes more* is written, referring perhaps to Dunse Moor, and the "Warden Raid" of 1378.

Ca. *gleydes more*, the moor of the *gleydes* or kites; but in the next stanza in Ca. only, and evidently an afterthought, the word is played on as *glads*-moor. This stanza is quoted in the prophecy of Bertlington, ante, p. xxxvi, and in many other prophecies, Scotch and English.

l. 565—576. See as to the Crow and the Raven, Introduction, p. xxxii, &c.

l. 576. *wayloway*, A.S. *wá lá wá*, wo! O wo!

l. 577—604. In T. only (where also l. 592—604 are lost) contain a list of the lords described by their armorial bearings, by which they might no doubt still be identified. "The publication of predictions, either printed or hieroglyphical, in which noble

families were pointed out by their armorial bearings, was, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, extremely common; and the influence of such predictions on the minds of the common people was so great as to occasion a prohibition, by statute, of prophecy by reference to heraldic emblems. Lord Henry Howard also directs against this practice much of the reasoning in his learned treatise, entitled 'A Defensation against the Poyson of Pretended prophecies.'"—Scott, *Border Minstrelsy.*

l. 619. *boune*, ready, prepared.

l. 621—644. In great confusion in the MSS. Ca. seems to transpose two stanzas, putting the death of the bastard before Sandyford, while the others put it last, and make it the cause of the lady's emotion. S. agrees with Co. and L. so far as these are entire, in the order of the stanzas, but as elsewhere mixes up their lines greatly.

l. 625. *braye*, T. had probably *braa*, a brae, or steep incline. Ca. corruptly *wroo*.

l. 633. *Remnerdes*, what this word is corrupted for cannot be ascertained through the defects in the other MSS.

l. 635, *dynge*, Isl. *dœnga*, Sw. *dänga*, to knock, push violently, drive.

l. 640. *bod-word*, message.

l. 644. *that mycull may*, who hast great might.

l. 651. *ladys shall wed laddys ȝong;* compare the Harleian prophecy, addressed to the Countess of March, "When laddes weddeth lovedies," and Waldhaue's quotation of Thomas's prophecy, ante, p. xxxix.

l. 660. S. *annes*, perhaps rather *aunes*. *Blak Agnes of Donbar*, the heroic daughter of Earl Thomas Randolph, and wife of Patrick Earl of March, so famed for her defence of the Castle of Dunbar, which, in absence of her husband, she held for five months (1338) against the assault of an English army, led by the earls of Salisbury and Arundel, and at last obliged them to raise the siege. Her husband's career was marked by much oscillation between Scotland and England, and his son finally took the English side, which may account for the hostility to the family here displayed. Thomas of Erceldowne lived a whole generation earlier than Black Agnes, and it is probable that traditions of his relation with an earlier Countess of March, who was "sothely lady at arsyldone" (see Introd., p. xi, xiv), were transferred to her more famous successor.

l. 661—664 differ much in Ca. and Co. The latter is doubtless the original.

l. 664. *ploos*, Ca. looks as like *plees* or *ploes*. l. 666. *the*, thrive, flourish.

l. 672. *magrat*, O.Fr. *malgrat*, *maugret*, in spite of.

The conclusion, l. 673—700, differs a good deal in the four MSS. which possess it. Co. being fullest, T. next, and perhaps had all the original text. S. is roughly curtailed.

l. 695. *Helmesdale* in Sutherland, in the far north, whence fairies and witches were believed to come.

APPENDIXES I. AND II.

It is not very easy to define the relations between these two compositions, which have about 70 lines in common at the beginning, but are otherwise entirely different. Apparently, the original nucleus consisted of a prophecy referring to the Wars of the

Roses, and the Battle of Glad-moor, seemingly identified with Barnet. This seems to be preserved in lines 1—44, and 73—180 of the English prophecy. Afterwards this composition was extended to embrace the early fortunes of the House of Tudor, and the Battle of Flodden, and probably at this time, 1515—1525, the episode of the English and Scottish knight, l. 45—72, which comes in very awkwardly, was introduced, as well as the later part of the poem. The compiler of the Scottish prophecy then borrowed this introduction as far as line 72, and made it the commencement of a different account of the Battle of Flodden suited to Scottish needs, and alluding, l. 119, to the idea long cherished that James IV. did not die in the battle. Apparently, after the Battle of Pinkie, 1547, and perhaps about the time of the marriage of Queen Mary to the Dauphin, 1558, this was rewritten with interpolations referring to these events—lines 193 and 194 being cleverly adapted from l. 496 of the Romance of Thomas, and lines 239—244 from "the Prophecy of Bertlington:" see ante, p. xxxvi. The copy printed in 1603, and here followed, is much modernized, and bears traces in every line of the original having been pure northern. Thus in l. 65, *gone* must have been *went;* l. 69, *said* for *saw;* l. 71, *two* for *twa;* l. 79, *so* for *swa*, rhyming with *ta* = *take;* l. 114—121, the rhyme breaks down, and the text is in confusion; l. 139, *two* for *twa*, rhyming with *na ma*, changed into *no more* in l. 141; l. 146, *hurte and woe* for *trouble and tene*, rhyming with *shene;* l. 163 is corrupt; l. 171, *blew* for *bla*, rhyming with *sla* in 173, and in l. 178, 180, *blew*, *two*, for *bla*, *twa;* l. 182, 184, *goe*, *slay* for *ga*, *sla;* l. 224, *stone* for *stane*. Many lines and pairs of lines are also lost at various places. Perhaps one day an older and more perfect copy may be found.

Appendix II. I have ventured to apply to this a title recorded by Sir David Lyndesay, about 1528 (*The Dreme*, l. 43), which agrees also with the rubric at end of the MS. It is found in the Lansdowne MS. of 1529, which supplies one of the texts of the Romance of Thomas, and in the Rawlinson MS. C. 813, of a later date. The Lansdowne is evidently a copy by a southern scribe of an older northern text, the true readings of which he has often mistaken and made into nonsense. Still more frequently the rhyme has been injured in the transliteration, as in lines 229—236, where the rhyming words *blowe*, *lee;* *knowe*, *swaye;* *fall*, *hie;* *call*, *dye*, represent an original *blaw*, *le;* *knaw*, *swe;* *fa'*, *he;* *ca'*, *de*. The Rawlinson copy is still more modernized, and as a whole weaker, but it contains fewer absolute blunders, and so often enables us to restore the sense of the original. Only the more important of its variations are here given as notes to the Lansdowne text; but occasionally where the latter is very corrupt, it is relegated to the notes (there marked L.), and the Rawl. reading placed in the text. Words, &c., added from R. in the text are in brackets.

The last historical event recorded in it is the Battle of Flodden, or rather the capture of Tournay by Henry VIII. a few days later. Its date is no doubt shortly after this, and nearer to 1515 than 1525. England is of course still faithful to Rome, and the pope occupies a prominent place in the concluding events; but in the Rawlinson copy, curiously enough, the word "pope," wherever it occurs, is struck out by a line drawn across it, a witness to the feelings of a later date.

Besides the ascription at the end, the authorities for the different sections of the prophecy are cited at l. 135, as "saint Bede;" l. 291, "bredlynton;" l. 292, "bede;" l. 294, "Arseldowne;" l. 346, "Arsalldoune;" l. 380, "Merlyon;" l. 409, "Marlyon;" l. 444, "Arse[l]doun;" l. 445, "the holly man that men calles Bede." Opposite some of these the name is repeated in larger letters in the margin; thus, opposite

to l. 346, *Arysdon;* opp. l. 380, *Merlyon;* opp. l. 409, *Marlyon;* opp. lines 428 and 445, *Bede.*

l. 15, 16. Comp. l. 195, 196 of *Thomas.*

l. 21, &c. Comp. the description of the lady in l. 41 of *Thomas.*

l. 45—72. An interpolation dislocating the natural sequence between the l. 44 and 73. The two knights, St George and St Andrew, of course symbolize England and Scotland.

l. 60 *bis.* a superfluous line, interpolated as if the first of next stanza. Allowed for in R. by omitting l. 72; but of course the proper one to omit was l. 68.

l. 68. Note the Anglo-Saxon and Danish '*burgh* and *by*.'

l. 70. *wrong heyres.* e. g. Henry IV., Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII.

l. 72. The fling at the Scots here and in line 183 indicates an English author.

l. 73 naturally follows 44. The Lady having consecrated the ground, now declares that it will be the site of the battle of *Gladmoor* (? Barnet), and vanishes. The writer applies to the "lytell man" to give him more distinct information about Gladmoor; the latter predicts the dissension (between the Nevilles and Woodvilles); the son fighting against the father (Clarence and Warwick); falsehood and envy (the House of York) reigning in England for 33 years. (The Duke of York took up arms in 1452, and the Battle of Bosworth was in 1485.) A king reigning without righteousness (Edward IV.); then a break when "he that hath England hent (Warwick) shall be made full lowe to light." Two princes have their deaths with treason dight; then when all expect peace, the landing of Henry VII. and Battle of Bosworth. Henry is crowned, and known as the "king of covatyce." "The fourth leaf of the tree (the house of York) dies, that lost hath bowes moo"—almost all the descendants of Edward III. are extinct; traitors taste the Tower (Warwick and ? Richard, Duke of York, nicknamed by the Tudors, Perkin Warbeck), and Henry VII. dies.

l. 77. gladismore that shall glad vs all,
yt shalbe gladyng of oure glee;

identical with lines 561-2 of *Thomas.*

l. 79. yt shalbe gladmore wher eu*er* yt fall,
but not gladmore by the see.

Also in the prophecy of Bertlington, p. xxxv; and see *Notes* to l. 521 of *Thomas.*

l. 181—284 describe the Battle of Flodden, naming the localities of Millfield, Branxton, and Flodden itself. The "red lion" is of course James IV.; the "white lyon," Sir Edmund Howard; and the "Admyrall," Thomas Howard, who commanded the English right. The MS. (Lansd. 762) contains, on leaf 70, a contemporary explanation of the emblems under which various persons are designated in the prophecies. They include the following:—

The mowll*e* the Erle of Westm*er*londe.
The wolffe the lorde Martyne.
The mone the Erle of Northum*ber*lond*e*.
The Blew bore Erle of Oxford*e*.
The Red dragou*n* barne of Clyfforde.
The white Lyo*un* Duke of Norff*olk*.
The Crepawde Rex Frauncie.
The Red Lyo*un* Rex Scotor*um*.
The Lylye the Duke of Lancaster.
Pye, Lorde Ryvers.

The Scots are referred to in l. 250 and 298 as "*Albenactes* blode," from the legendary Albanactus, son of Brutus, eponymus of the *Albannaich* or Scottish Celts.

l. 285. "*The prynce that is beyonde the flode*" (Henry VIII. now in France) takes two towns (Terouanne and Tournay).

l. 296. An allusion to True Thomas's absence from earth, which the later tradition extends to seven years. See *Thomas*, l. 286, Cambridge Text.

l. 297. The passage commencing here may originally have referred to the arrival in Scotland of the Duke of Albany, already mentioned more than once; but at this point the "prophecy" ceases to be historical.

l. 305. *stanis more*, this battle figures also in the prose prophecy in Appendix III.

l. 317. "*A king*" or "*duke of Denmark*," and "*the black fleet of Norway*," shew that even now, five hundred years after their invasions had come to an end, the name of the Danes and Norseman was still mentioned in terror.

l. 341. *sondysfurth*, on *the south side*, and l. 371, "*beside a well there is a stronde*," compare the prophecy of Merlyne, p. xxxiii, and the prose prophecy in Appendix III.; see also l. 624—632 of *Thomas*, and *Notes* to l. 521 of the Romance.

l. 373. *Snapeys-more* is referred to also in the prose prophecy, Appendix III.

l. 385—388. *Gladmore* and its doubtful issue; see in *Thomas*, l. 549—560.

l. 405—408. The "*okes thre*" and the "*headless cross of stone*," compare *Thomas*, l. 569—578, and l. 629, 630. See also various similar passages in "the Whole Prophecies of Scotland."

l. 543. "*In the vale of Josephatę shall he dye.*" So in the end of the "koke of the north" prophecy, edited by Mr Lumby; see ante, p. xxxii, and *Thomas*, l. 641; "The bastarde shall dye in the holy land."

l. 609. *he sayd*, "*a long time thow holdest me here;*" compare the lady's repeated remonstrances in *Thomas*.

l. 627. *when he thynketh tyme to talle.* Query *too tall*, i. e. *too long;* or error for *to calle.*

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION.

Earlstoun church and Rymour's stone.—In part correction of the note to p. xiii Mrs C. Wood of Galashiels, a native of Earlstoun, writes:—"The present church was renewed in 1736, but there are many stones in the churchyard as old as 1600, and the bell, which was cast in Holland, bears the date of 1609. The older building stood a few yards further forward, more to the south. Chambers, in his 'Picture of Scotland,' says that the inscription on the stone built into the wall of Earlstoun Church was defaced by a person named Waterstone, who considered it interfered with his right of property to the burial-place. I believe that this is quite correct, and also that the characters of the former inscription were very ancient. In a plan I have of the churchyard, made in 1842, there are 16 graves belonging to 'Lermonts,' 11 of which lie in a row, and the first of these has the date 1564. But none of the Learmont graves are near the church; in fact, there is only one gravestone in the vicinity of the Rhymer's Stone, and this belongs to the Waterstones." This disposes of any inference in favour of Rymour's name having been Learmont.

Haig of Bemerside, p. xliii.—In the account of the family of Haig, written by the Earl of Buchan, we find: "Zerubabel Haig, 17th Baron of Bemerside, who married Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of Thomas Gordon, Esq., Clerk to the Court of Justiciary,

by whom he had one son and twelve daughters. . . . . This Zerubabel Haig died in 1752." This was the gentleman referred to by Sir Walter Scott.

Rhymer's Thorn, p. xlix.—Mr James Wood, Galashiels, says, "Rhymer's Thorn stood in a garden belonging to the Black Bull Inn, occupied by a man named Thin. It was a large tree, and sending out its roots in all directions, it absorbed much of the growing power of the soil. Thin set his son to cut the roots all round, and clear the garden of them. This was in the spring of 1814, and the Thorn which had defied the blasts of probably 900 years, now shorn of its roots, succumbed shortly after to a violent westerly gale. It was immediately replanted, with several cart loads of manure dug in round about it; but, notwithstanding all the efforts of the people to keep it alive, it never took root again. In 1830 the ground on which it stood came into the possession of the late John Spence, writer, Earlstoun, who built a high wall round the garden, leaving a square opening near the top to mark the site of the tree.

"The Thorn is described by John Shiel, a native of Earlstoun, 12 years old when the tree was blown down, and now 73, as 'the grandest tree ever I saw; it was a big tree, wi' a trunk as thick as a man's waist, an' its branches were a perfect circle, an' sae round i' the tap! I' the spring it was a solid sheet o' white flourishin', scentin' the whole toon end, an' its haws—there was na the like o' them in a' Scotland! they were the biggest haws ever I saw in my life; ay, I've been up the tree scores o' times pu'ing them when I was a laddie.'

"Rhymer's Thorn must have been an object of the utmost veneration to the people of Earlstoun, as they believed their prosperity to be bound up in its existence; and on the day it was blown down, a great many people ran with bottles of Wine and Whisky, and threw their contents on it, so as, if possible, to preserve it alive. It was always said that the Rhymer prophesied that Earlstoun should prosper so long as the Thorn stood; and it was a remarkable coincidence that the year it was blown down all the merchants in Earlstoun 'broke.'"

Thomas's Disappearance, p. l.—"The late Mr Whale, who was a great repository of the traditions of Earlstoun, said, that the Public House, at the door of which the Rhymer sat when the white hind went through the village, stood in the Close, behind the present Reading-Room. There is, however, another tradition known in Earlstoun connected with the sudden disappearance of Thomas. It is said, that on the night when he so mysteriously disappeared, he had attended a banquet given by the Earl of March at his Castle in Earl's Town, and on his way home to the Tower was waylaid and murdered, either by some of the neighbouring barons, or by agents of the Earl of March, to whom he was an object of fear and dislike, in consequence of his close and intimate friendship with Sir William Wallace. The road between Earl's Town and Ersildoun passed in those days to the south of the present road, and a large two-handed sword, which was dug up a good many years ago in the garden (through which the old road is said to have crossed) of the late Mr George Noble, was purchased lately by a descendant of the Earlstoun Learmonts, on account of its supposed connection with this tradition."—C. W.

"This 'sword of Thomas the Rhymer' was a huge two-handed sword, in pretty good preservation. From the form of handle, it may have possibly been of the 12th or 13th century."—A. C.

THE OLD HARLEIAN PROPHECY, p. xviii.

I DID not think of insulting the reader by a translation of this, but as I have been asked more than once "what does it mean?" here it is:—

The Countess of Dunbar asked Thomas of Erceldoune when the Scottish war should have an end, and he answered her and said:

When people have (*man has*) made a king of a capped man;
When another man's thing is dearer to one than his own;
When Loudyon [or *London*?] is Forest, and Forest is field;
When hares litter on the hearth-stone;
When Wit and Will war together;
When people make stables of churches, and set castles with styes.
When Roxburgh is no burgh, and market is at Forwylee;
When the old is gone and the new is come that is worth [or *do*] nought;
When Bannockburn is dunged with dead men;
When people lead men in ropes to buy and to sell;
When a quarter of 'indifferent' wheat is exchanged for a colt of 10 merks;
When pride rides on horseback, and peace is put in prison;
When a Scot cannot hide like a hare in form that the English shall not find him;
When right and wrong assent together;
When *lads* marry *ladies*;[1]
When Scots flee so fast, that for want of ships, they drown themselves.
When shall this be? Neither in thy time nor in mine;
But [shall] come and go within twenty winters and one.

[1] In the 14th, of course, and not the 19th century meaning of these words, when the "lads" in a shop may wed the "ladies" behind the counter, without any disparity. But *lads* have "looked up," and *ladies* gone, well-a-day! a long way down, since Thomas's time; although in old-fashioned country districts the farm-servants are still "the lads," and the daughters of the baron "the leddies."

One might suppose that Shakspere had these lines in view, where he makes the Fool in *Lear* (Act III. Scene ii.) parody these species of composition:

"Ile speake a Prophesie ere I go:
When Priests are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
When euery Case in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When slanders do not liue in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;
When Vsurers tell their Gold i' th' Field;
And Baudes, and whores, do churches build;
Then shal the Realme of *Albion*,
Come to great confusion;
Then comes the time, who liues to see 't
That going shalbe vs'd with feet.
This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his time."

Tomas Off Erssseldoune.

[*Thornton MS. leaf* 149, *back, col.* 1.]

Lystyns, lordyñgs, bothe grete & smale,
And takis gude tente what j wiłł saye:
I sał 3ow telle als trewe a tale,
Als eu*er* was herde by nyghte or daye:
And þe maste m*er*uełłe ffor owttyn*e* naye,
That eu*er* was herde by-fore or syen*e*,
And þ*er*-fore pristly j 3ow praye,
That 3e wiłł of 3oure talkyng blyn*e*.
It es an harde thyng for to saye,
Of doghety dedis þ*at* hase bene done;
Of fełłe feghtyñgs & batełłs sere;
And how þ*at* þir knyghtis hase wonne þair schone.
Bot jh*es*u crist þat syttis in trone,
Safe ynglyscłłe men*e* bothe ferre & nere;
And j sał telle 3ow tyte and sone,
Of Batełłs don*ne* sythen*e* many a 3ere;
And of batełłs þat done sał bee;
In whate place, and howe, and whare;
And wha sał hafe þe heghere gree,
And whethir p*ar*tye sał hafe þe werre;
Wha sał takk þe flyghte and flee,
And wha sał dye and by-leue thare:
Bot jh*es*u crist, þat dyed on tre,
Saue jnglysche men*e* whare-so þay fare.

[*Thornton, continued.*]

[FYTTE THE FIRSTE.]

Als j me wente þis Endres daye,
ffuH faste in mynd makand my mone,
In a mery mornynge of Maye,
By huntle bankkes my selfe allone,
I herde þe jaye, & þe throstyH cokke,
The Mawys menyde hir of hir songe,
þe wodewale beryde als a beHe,
That aHe þe wode a-bowte me ronge.
Allonne in longynge thus als j laye,
Vndyre-nethe a semely tree,
. . . . . j whare a lady gaye
. . . . . ouer a longe lee.
If j solde sytt to domesdaye, [col. 2]
With my tonge, to wrobbe and wrye,
Certanely þat lady gaye,
Neuer bese scho askryede for mee.
Hir palfraye was a dappiH graye,

Swylke one ne saghe j neuer none;
Als dose þe sonne on someres daye,
þat faire lady hir selfe scho schone.
Hir seHe it was of roeHe bone,
ffuH semely was þat syghte to see!
Stefly sett with precyous stones,
And compaste aH with crapotee,
Stones of Oryente, grete plente;
Hir hare abowte hir hede it hange;
Scho rade ouer þat lange lee;
A whylle scho blewe, a-noþer scho sange.

THORNTON

[*Cotton, Vitell. E .x. leaf* 240, *back.*]

[1]**Incipit prophecia Thome Arseldon** [1 col. 1]

IN a lande as I was lent,
In þe grykyng of þe day,

Me a lone as I went,
In huntle bankys me for to play.
I sawe þe throstyl & þe Iay;
þe mawes movyde of hyr songe;
þe wodwale sange notes gay,
þat all þe wod a boute range.
In þat longynge as I lay,
vndir nethe a dern tre,
I was war of a lady gay,
Come rydyng ouyr a fayre le.
ȝogh I sulde sitt to domysday,
With my tonge to wrabbe & wry,
Sertenly, all hyr aray,
It beth neuer discryuyd for me.
hyr palfra was dappyll gray,

Syche on say I neuer none;
. . . als son in somers day,
All abowte þat lady schone.
hyr sadyl was of a jewel bone,
A semely syȝt it was to se;
. [w]roght with mony a precyouse stone,
And compasyd all with crapote.
Stones of [?]osrt gret plente;
. . . . . a boute hyr hede it hang;
. . . . . þe fair le
. . . . . shee blewe anoþer she sange.

COTTON

[*Lansdowne* 762, *leaf* 24.]

[FOOTT THE FIRST.]

As I me went this thender day,
So styll makyng my Mone,

In a Mery Mornyng of May,
In huntly bank*es* My self alone,
I harde the Meryll and the Iay,
the Maner Menede of hir song,
the wylde wode-wale song not*es* gay,
that all*e* the shawys abowte hem Rong.
¶ But in a loning, as I lay,
Vnder neth a semely tre,
I saw where a lady gay
Cam rydyng ou*er* a louely le.
thowh that I leue styll tyll domys day,
with any my tong*e* to worble or were,
The certayn) sothe of hir Array
May neu*er* be descreued for me.
¶ Hir palfray was of daply gray,
[1]The farest Molde that any myght be;
here sadell bryght as any day. [1 leaf 24, bk]
Set w*ith* pereles to þe kne.
And furthermore of hir Aray,
Diu*ers* clothing she had vpon;
And as the sonne in somerys day,
Forsouthe the ladye here sylffe shone.
¶ here sege was of ryall bon*e*,
Syche one sau I neu*er* with ye!
Set w*ith* many A precious stone,
And cumpasyde all w*ith* crapote.
With stonys of oryoles, grete plenty;
Dyamondes thick aboute hir honge;
She bare a horne of gold semely,
And vnder hir gyrdell a flone.

LANSDOWNE

[*Cambridge Univ. Lib. MS. Ff., leaf* 119.]

[FYTTE THE FIRSTE.]

As I me went þ*is* Andyrs day,
ffast on my way makyng my mone,

In a mery mornyng of may,
Be huntley bank*is* my self alone,
I herde þe iay, & þe throstell,
þe mavys menyd in hir song,
þe wodewale farde as a bell.
þ*at* þe wode aboute me rong.
Alle in a longyng, as I lay,
Vnd*ur*neth a cu*m*ly tre,
Saw I wher a lady gay
Came ridand ou*er* a louely le.
3if I shuld sitte till dom*us*day,
Alle w*ith* my tong to know & se,
Sertenly, alle hur aray,
Shalle hit neu*er* be scryed for me.
Hir palfray was of dappull gray,

Sike on se I neu*er* non;
As dose þe sune on som*er*s day,
þe cu*m*ly lady hir selfe schon*e*.
hir sadill was of reuyll bon*e*,
Semely was þ*at* sight to se!
Stifly sette w*ith* *pre*cious ston,
Compaste aboute w*ith* crapote,
Stonys of oryons, gret plente;
hir here aboute hir hed hit hong
She rode out ou*er* þ*at* louely le
A while she blew, a while she song;

CAMBRIDGE

Hir garthes of nobyH sylke þay were,
The bukyHs were of BereHe stone,
Hir steraps were of crystaHe clere,
And aH with pereHe ouer-by-gone.
Hir payetreHe was of jrale fyne,
Hir cropoure was of Orpharë;
And als clere golde hir brydiH it schone,
One aythir syde hange bellys three.

[. . . . . *no break in the MS.*]
And seuene raches by hir þay rone;
Scho bare an horne abowte hir halse,
And vndir hir belte fuH many a flone.
Thomas laye & sawe þat syghte,
Vndir-nethe ane semly tree;
He sayd, '3one es marye moste of myghte,
þat bare þat childe þat dyede for mee.
Bot if j speke with 3one lady bryghte,
I hope myne herte wiH bryste in three!
Now saH j go with aH my myghte,
Hir for to mete at Eldoune tree.'
Thomas rathely vpe he rase, [1 leaf 150]
[1]And he rane ouer þat Mountayne hye;
Gyff it be als the storye sayes,
He hir mette at Eldone tree.
He knelyde downe appone his knee,
Vndir-nethe þat grenwode spraye;
And sayd, 'lufly ladye! rewe one mee,
Qwene of heuene als þou wele maye!'
Than spake þat lady Milde of thoghte,
'Thomas! late swylke wordes bee;
Qwene of heuene ne am j noghte,
ffor j tuke neuer so heghe degre.

THORNTON

. . . . . er of cristall cler,
. . . . . war þay sett;
Sadyll & brydil wer a . . . . . [col. 2]
with sylk & sendell fy . . . .
hyr paytrel was of y . . . . . .
And hir croper of yra . . . .
hyr brydil was of g . . . . . .
on euery syde for soth . . . .
hyr brydil reynes w . . . . . .
A semly syʒt it w . . . . . .
Croper & paytrel . . . . . .
In euery joynt . . . . . .
She led thre gre . . . . . .
& racches cowpled . . . . . .
She bare an horn a . . . . . .
& vndir hyr gyrdyll . . . . .
Thomas lay & sawe . . . . . .
In þe bankes of h . . . . . .
he sayd '3onder is ma . . . . .
þat bar þe child þat . . . . . .
certes bot I may s . . . . . .
ellys my hert w . . . . . .
I shal me hye with . . . . . .
hyr to mete at 3o . . . . . .
Thomas rathly up a . . . . . .
& ran ouyr mountay . . . . .
if it be sothe þe story . . . . .
he met hyr euyn a . . . . . .
Thomas knelyd down on h . . .
vndir nethe þe gr . . . . . .
And sayd 'louely lad . . . . . .
Qwene of heu . . . . . .
. . . . . [leaf 241]
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

COTTON

¶ She blewe A note, and treblyd Als,
the Ryches into the shawe gan gone;
There was no man that herd þe noyes,
Saue thomas there he lay a lone.
here cropyng was of ryche gold,
here parrell alle of Alaran;
here brydyll was of Reler bolde;
On euery side hangyd bellys then.

¶ She led iij greue hwndes in a leshe,
Seue richys aboute hir syde ran;

Thomas ley and beheld this sygħt,
vnder neth a sembly tre;
'yendyr ys that ladye most of mygħt,
That bare the chylde that blede for me.
But yf I speke with that lady brygħt,
I trowe my harte wolde breke in thre;
¶ I wyll go wyth all my mygħt,
And mete with hir at Elden tre.'
Thomas Raythly vp A Rose,
And Ran ouer that Montayne hye;
yf it be as the story sais,
[1]He met with hir at elden tre.
He knelyd vpon his kne, [1 leaf 25]
Vndernethe a grene wode spraye;
¶ 'Louely lady! rewe on me;
Quene of heuyn, as ye wele may!'
Then said that lady Mylde of þoughţ,
'Thomas, lat suche wordes be!
For quene of heuyn am I not,
I toke neuer so hye degre.

LANSDOWNE

[2]Hir garthis of nobull silke þei were,
hir boculs þei were of barys ston; [2 leaf 119, back]
hir stiroppis thei were of cristall clere,
And alle with perry aboute be gon.
Hir paytrell was of a riall fyne,
Hir cropur was of Arafe;
Hir bridull was of golde fyne;
On every side hong bellis thre.
She led iij grehoundis in a leesshe,
viij rachis be hir fete ran;
To speke with hir wold I not seesse;
Hir lire was white as any swan.
fforsothe, lordyngis, as I yow telł,
Thus was þis lady fayre begon;
She bare a horne aboute hir halce,
And vndur hir gyrdill mony flonne.
Thomas lay and saw þat sight,
Vndurneth a semely tre;
he seid, yonde is mary of myght,
þat bare þe childe þat died for me.
But I speke with þat lady bright,
I hope my hert wille breke in thre;
But I will go with alle my myght,
Hir to mete at eldryn tre.
Thomas radly vp he rose,
And ran ouer þat mounteyn hye,
And certanly, as þe story sayes,
he hir mette at eldryne tre.
he knelid downe vpon his kne,
Vndurneth þe grenewode spray;
louely lady! þou rew on me;
qwene of heuen, as þou well may!
Than seid þat lady bright, [leaf 120]
Thomas, let such wordis be!
ffor quen of heuon am I noght,
I toke neuer so hye degre.

CAMBRIDGE

Bote j ame of ane o*þer* cou*n*tree,
If j be payrelde moste of prysse;
I ryde aftyre this wylde fee,
My raches rynnys at my devyse.'
'If *þou* be parelde moste of prysee,
And here rydis thus in thy folye,
Of lufe, lady, als *þou* erte wysse,
Þou gyffe me leue to lye the bye!'
Scho sayde, '*þou* mane, *þat* ware folye,
I praye *þe*, Thom*as*, *þou* late me bee;
ffor j saye *þe* fuH sekirlye,
Þat synne wiH for-doo aH my beaute.'
'Now, lufly ladye, rewe one mee,
And j wiH eu*er* more *with* the dueHe;
Here my trouthe j wiH the plyghte,
Whethir *þou* wiH in heuene or heHe.'

'Mane of Molde! *þou* wiH me marre,
Bot ȝitt *þou* saH hafe aH thy wiH;
And trowe it wele, *þou* chewys *þe* werre,
ffor aHe my beaute wiH *þou* spyHe.'
Downe *þane* lyghte *þat* lady bryghte,
Vndir-nethe *þat* grenewode spraye;
And, als the storye tellis fuH ryghte,
Seuene sythis by hir he laye.
Scho sayd, 'mane, the lykes thy playe:
Whate byrde in boure maye delle *with* the?
Thou merrys me aH *þis* longe daye, [col. 2]
I praye the, Thomas, late me bee!'

THORNTON

. . . . . .
. . . . . most of *prise*
. . . . . .
. . . . . at my devys.'
. . . . . .
. . . . . lady in strange foly,
. . . . . .
Þou ȝeue me leue to lige ȝe by.'
. . . . . oly
'I pray *þe*, thom*as*, late me be!
. . . . . erly
þat wolde fordo all my bewte.'
. . . . . rew on me,
& euyr more I shal *with* *þe* dwell;
. . . . . nowe I plyght to *þe*,
where *þou* byleues *in* heuyn or hell.'
'. . . . t *þou* myght lyg[e] me by,
vndir nethe *þis* grene wode spray,
. . . . . tell to morowe full hastely,
þat *þou* hade layne by a lady ga[y.]'.
'. . . . . I mote lygge by *þe*,
vndir nethe *þis* gren wode tre,
. . . . ll *þe* golde *in* crystyenty,
sulde *þou* neuyr be wryede for me.'
'. . . on molde, *þou* will me marre,
And *þe*, bot *þou* may hafe *þi* will,
. . . *þou* wele, thom*as*, *þou* cheuyst *þe*
foll al my bewte wilt *þou* spyl[l.]' [warre,
. . une lyghtyd *þat* lady bryȝht,
vndir nethe *þe* gren wod spray;
. . . . *þe* story sayth full ryȝt,
Seuyn tymes by hyr he lay.
'. . . . yd, man, *þou* lyste *þi* play,
what berde *in* boure myȝt dele *with* ȝe?
. . . . . es me all *þis* longe day,
I pray *þe*, thom*as*, lat me be!'

COTTON

¶ I am of a nothere contre,
Thowgh I be perlyd moste in pryce;
And ryde here after the wylde fe,
My raches rennyng att my deuyce.'
'Yf þou be perled most in price,
And ryde here in thy foly,
louely lady, ware wyce,
yeue me leue to lye the bye.'
¶ She said, 'man, that were foly;
I pray the Thomas lett me be;
For I the say sekerelye,
Syn wolde þou for-do al my bewte.'
'A lowly lady! reu oñe me,
And euer I wole withe the dwell·
My trowthe I plyght to the,
whethere þou wylt to hevyne or hell.'

But I am a lady of anoþer cuntre,
If I be parellid moost of price;
I ride aftur þe wilde fee,
My raches rannen at my deuyse.
If þou be pareld most of price,
And ridis here *in þi* balye,
Lufly lady, as þou art wyse,
To gif me leve to lye þe by.
Do way, thomas, þat were foly;
I pray þe hertely let me be;
ffor I say the securly,
þat wolde for-do my bewte.
Lufly lady, þou rew on me,
And I shall euermore *with* þe dwell;
here my trouth I plight to þe,
Whedur þou wilt to heuon or hell.

¶ 'A Man of Molde! þou wolte me Mare,
And yete þou shalte haue all thy wyll;
But wete þou well, þou chece hit the war,
For all my bewte þou wolte spyll.'
A downe alyght that lady bryght,
vnder nethe that grene wode spraye;
And, as the story tellythe ryght,
Seuen sythes by hir he laye.
¶ 'A man, þe lykythe wele thy playe:
Whate byrde in bowre may dele *with* the?
Thou marrest me here this long day,
I pray the, Thomas, [lett] me be!'

LANSDOWNE

Man of molde! þou wilt me marre,
But 3et þou shalt haue thy wille;
But trow þou well, þou thryuist þe warre,
ffor alle my beute þou wille spille.
Down þen light þat lady bright,
Vndurneth a grenewode spray;
And, as þe story tellus ful right, [lf 120, bk]
vij tymes be hir he lay.
She seid, thomas, þou likis þi play:
What byrde in boure may dwel *with* þe?
þou marris me here þis lefe long day,
I pray the, Thomas, let me be!

CAMBRIDGE

Thomas stode vpe *in* þat stede,
And he by-helde þat lady gaye;
Hir hare it hange aH oue*r* hir hede,
Hir eghne semede owte, þat are were graye.
And aHe þe riche clothynge was a-waye,
þat he by-fore sawe *in* þat stede;
Hir a schanke blake, hir o*þer* graye,
And aH hir body lyke the lede.
Thomas laye & sawe þat syghte,
Vndir-nethe þat grenewod tree;
þan said Thomas, 'allas! allas!
In faythe þis es a dullfuH syghte;
How arte þou fadyde þus *in* þe face,
þat schane by-fore als þe sonne so bryght[e]!'

. . . . . ode vp in *þat* stede,
& behelde *þat* lady gay;
. . . . . hange downe a bowte hyr hede;
hyr eyn semyt oute be sorow grey.
. . . . . thynge was all away,
þat he before had sene *in þat* stede;
. . . . . blake, *þat* o*þer* gray,
hyr body als blo as ony lede.

. . . . . de, & sayd 'allas!
Me thynke þis is a dulfull syght;
. . . . . fadyd *in* þi face,
before þou shone as son so bryȝt.'

[& Mon[e],
Scho sayd, 'Thomas, take leue at sonne
And als at lefe *þat* grewes on tree;
This twelmoneth saH þou *with* me gone,
And MediH-ertHe saH þou none see.'
He knelyd downe appone his knee,

'. . . . . e, thomas, at son & mone,
at gresse & at eu*ery* tre;
. . . . ethe sal þou *with* me gone,
Medyl erth þou sall not se.'

THORNTON COTTON

Thomas stode vp in that stede, [leaf 25, bk]
And behelde that shulde be gay;
hure here honge aboute hir hede,
here yene semyd out that were gray.
¶ And all hir cloþyng were Awaye,
There she stode in that stede;
her colour blak, oþer gray,
And all hir body as betyn lede.

T[h]an said Thomas, 'Alas! alas!
This is A dewellfull sight;
now is she fasyd in þe face,
that shone be fore as þe sonne bryght!'

¶ On euery syde he lokyde abowete,
he sau he myght no whare fle;
Sche woxe so grym and so stowte,
The Dewyll he wende she had be.
In the Name of the trynite,
he coniuryde here anon Ryght,
That she shulde not come hym nere,
But wende away of his syght.
¶ She said, 'Thomas, this is no nede,
For fende of hell am I none;
For the now am I grete desese,
And suffre paynis many one.
this xij Mones þou shalt with me gang,
And se the maner of my lyffe;
for thy trowche thou hast me tane,
Ayene þat may ye make no stryfe.
¶ Tak thy leue of sone and Mone,
And the lefe that spryngyth on tre;
þis xij monthes þou most with me gone,
Middylle erthe þou shalt not se.'

LANSDOWNE

Thomas stondand in þat sted,
And beheld þat lady gay;
hir here þat hong vpon hir hed,
hir een semyd out, þat were so gray.
And alle hir clothis were Away,
þat here before saw in þat stede;
þe too þe blak, þe toþur gray,
þe body bloo as beten leed.

Thomas seid, Alas! Alas!
In feith þis is a dolfull sight;
þat þou art so fadut in þe face,
þat before schone as sunne bright!

Take þi leve, thomas, at sune & mone,
And also at levys of eldryne tre;
This twelmond shall þou with me gon,
þat mydul erth þou shalt not se.
he knelyd downe vpon his kne,

CAMBRIDGE

Vndir-nethe þat grenewod spraye;
And sayd, 'lufly lady! rewe on mee,
Mylde qwene of heuene, als þou beste maye.
Allas!' he sayd, '& wa es mee!
I trowe my dedis wyH wirke me care;
My saulle, jhesu, by-teche j the,
Whedir-some þat euer my banes saH fare.'
Scho ledde hym jn at Eldone hiH,
Vndir-nethe a derne lee;
Whare it was dirke als mydnyght myrke,
And euer þe water tiH his knee.
The montenans of dayes three,
He herd bot swoghynge of þe flode;
At þe laste, he sayde, 'fuH wa es mee!
Almaste j dye, for fawte of f[ode.]'
Scho lede hym in-tiH a faire herbere,
Whare frwte was g[ro]wan[dgret plentee;]
[1] Pere and appiH, bothe ryppe þay were,
The date, and als the damasee; [1 lf 150, bk]
þe fygge, and als so þe wyneberye;
The nyghtgales byggande on þair neste;
þe papeioyes faste abowte gane flye;
And throstyHs sange wolde hafe no reste.
He pressede to puHe frowyte with his hande,
Als mane for fude þat was nere faynt;
Scho sayd, 'Thomas! þou late þame stande,
Or eHs þe fende the wiH atteynt.
If þou it plokk, sothely to saye,
Thi saule gose to þe fyre of heHe;
It commes neuer owte or domesdaye,
Bot þer jn payne ay for to dueHe.
Thomas, sothely, j the hyghte,
Come lygge thyne hede downe on my knee,
And [þou] saH se þe fayreste syghte,
þat euer sawe mane of thi contree.'
He did in hye als scho hym badde;

THORNTON

. . . . . ll wo is me!
I trowe my dedes will werke me care:
. . . . . ake to þe,
Whedir so euyr my body sal fare.'
. . . . . h with all hyr myȝt,
vndir nethe þat derne lee;
. . . . . s derke as at mydnyȝt,
& euyr in watyr vnto þe kne.
. . . . . of dayes thre
he herde but swowynge of a flode;
. . . . s sayde, 'ful wo is me,
Nowe I spyll for fawte of fode.'
. . . . . she lede hym tyte;
þer was fruyte gret plente;
. . . . . les þer were rype,
þe date & þe damese;
. . . . . fylbert tre;
þe nyghtyngale bredynge in hyr neste;
. . . . . a bowte gan fle.
þe throstylkoke sange wolde hafe no . . .
. . . . . pulle fruyt with hys hande;

as man for fawte þat was . . . . .
. . . . . 'lat all stande,
er els þe deuyl wil þe ataynte,

. . . . . tomas, I þe hyȝt,
& lay þi hede vp on my kne;
. . . . . a fayrer syȝt,
þat euyr sawe man in þu kontre.

COTTON

'Alas!' he said, 'full wo is me,
I trowe my werkes wyll wryche me care;
My soule, Ihesu, I be take the,
Where on ertħe my body shall fare.'
¶ She lede hym downe at eldeñ hyll,
vnder neth a derne le, [1 leaf 26]
In weys derke þat was full ylle,
And euer water vp to his kne.
The monetaynis of dayes thre
he harde but swoyng of the flode;
Att the last he said, 'full wo is me!
All most I dye for defawte of fode.'
¶ Sche browgħt hym tyl A fayre erbore,
where fruyt growyd grete plente;
Peres and Apples Rype they were,
Datys and the damyse;
the fyges and the pynnene fre;
the nyghtyngalle byldyng hire nest;
the popyngay abowte gan fle,
the throssell song hauyng no rest.
¶ Thomas presyd to pull the frute with his hand,
As man for fode hade been feynte;
Sche said, 'Thomas, let that stonde,
Or elles þe dewele wole the Ateynte:
Yf þou pull there of Asay,
Thowe mygħt be damned into hell;
Thowe commyst neuer owte agayne,
But euer in payn þou shalt dweħ.
¶ But Thomas southly I the hegħt,
Come ley thy hed on my kne,
And þou shall se the farest sigħt,
that euer saw man of thy contrey.

LANSDOWNE

To mary mylde he made his mone:
Lady! but þou rew on me,
Alle my games fro me ar gone.
Alas! he seyd, woo is me, [leaf 121]
I trow my dedis wil wyrk me woo;
Ihesu, my soule beteche I the,
Wher so euer my bonys shall goo.
She led hym to þe eldryn hiħ,
Vndurneth þe grenewode lee,
Wher hit was derk as any hell,
And euer water tille þe knee.
per þe space of dayes thre,
he herd but þe noyse of þe flode;
At þe last, he seid, wo is me!
Almost I dye, for fowte of fode.
She led hym into a fayre herbere,
per frute groande was gret plente;
peyres and appuls, bothe ripe þei were,
þe darte and also þe damsyn tre;
þe fygge and also þe white bery;
þe nyghtyngale biggyng hir nest,
þe popyniay fast about gan flye,
þe throstill song wolde haue no rest.
he presed to pul þe fr[ute with] his honde,
As man for fode was nyhonde feynte;
She seid, thomas, let þem stande,
Or ellis þe feend [will] þe ateynte.
If þou pulle, þe sothe to sey, [leaf 121, back]
þi soule goeth to þe fyre of hell;
hit cummes neuer out til domus day,
But per euer in payne to dwelle.
She seid, thomas, I þe hight,
Come lay þi hed on my kne,
And þou shalle se þe feyrest sight,
þat euer saw mon of þi cuntre.
He leyd down his hed as she hym badde;

CAMBRIDGE

Appone hir knee his hede he layde,
ffor hir to paye he was fulH glade,
And þane þat lady to hym sayde:
'Seese þou nowe 3one faire waye,
þat lygges ouer 3one heghe mountayne?—
3one es þe waye to heuene for aye,
Whene synfulH sawles are passede þer
Seese þou nowe 3one oþer waye,
þat lygges lawe by-nethe 3one rysse?
3one es þe waye þe sothe to saye,
Vn-to þe joye of paradyse.
Seese þou 3itt 3one thirde waye,
þat ligges vndir 3one grene playne?
3one es þe waye, with tene and traye,
Whare synfulH saulis suffirris þaire payne.
Bot seese þou nowe 3one ferthe waye,
þat lygges ouer 3one depe deHe?
3one es þe waye, so waylawaye,
Vn-to þe birnande fyre of heHe.
Seese þou 3itt 3one faire casteHe,
[þat standis ouer] 3one heghe hiH?
[1]Of towne & towre, it beris þe beHe;
In erthe es none lyke it vn-tiH. [1 col. 2]
ffor sothe, Thomas, 3one es myne awenne,
And þe kynges of this Countree;
Bot me ware leuer be hanged & drawene,
Or þat he wyste þou laye me by.
When þou commes to 3one castelle gaye,
I pray þe curtase mane to bee;
And whate so any mane to þe saye,
Luke þou answere none bott mee.
My lorde es seruede at ylk a mese,
With thritty knyghttis faire & free;
I saH saye syttande at the desse,
I tuke thi speche by-3onde the see.'
Thomas stiH als stane he stude,
And he by-helde þat lady gaye;

THORNTON

. . . . . tomas, 3one fayre way,
þat lyggys ouyr 3one fayr playn?
. . . . . ay to heuyn for ay,
whan synfull sawles haf ful . . . .
. . . . . is 3one second way,
þat ligges lawe vndir þe rese?
. . . . . ay, sothly to say,
. . . to þe joyes of paradyse.

. . . . . s 3one thyrde way,
þat lygges ouyr 3one . . .
. . . . . sothly to say,
to þe brymnyng fyer of hell.
. . . . . 3one fayr castell,
þat standes ouyr 3one . . .
. . . . . [leaf 241, back]
. . . . . .
. . . . tomas . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . hade leuer be han . .
. . . . . .
whan þu comyst in 3one . .
. . . . . .
what so any man to þe say,
s . . . . . .
My lorde is seruyd at eche mese,
with thry . . . . . .
I sall say, syttynge on þe dese,
I toke þi sp . . . . . .
Thomas stode as still as stone,
& byhelde þat lady . . . .

COTTON

Seest thow yender that playn̄ way,
That lyeth̄ ouer youre playn̄ so cuyne?
That is the wey, sothely to say,
To the hight blysse of hewyne.

¶ Seyst þou yendyr, A noþer way,
That lyeth̄ yendyr vnder the grene Ryce?
T[h]at is the wey, sothely to say,
To the Ioye of paradyce.
Seyst þow yender thrid way,
[1]That lyeth̄ vnder that hye Montayne?
that is the wey, sothely to say, [1 leaf 26, bk]
where synfull soulis sofferis payne.

¶ Seyst þou yendur forthere way,
that lyeth yendur full fell?
hit it the wey, sothely to saye,
To the brynyng fyer of hell.
Seist þou yonder, that fayre castell,
that standyth̄ hye vpon̄ that hyll?
of Townys and towris it berys the bell;
On erthe is lyke non̄ oþer tyll.

¶ Forsothe, Thomas, that is myne owne,
And the kyngis of this countre;
Me were as goode be hengyd or brent,
As he wyst þou layst me bye.
when̄ thou commyst to þe þendyr castell
I pray the curtace man þou be; [gay,
And what any man to the say,
loke þou answere no man̄ but me.

¶ My lorde is seruyd at the Messe,
with̄ xxx^ti bolde barons and thre.
And I wyll say, sittyng at þe deyce,
I toke the speche at elden tre.'
Thomas stode styll as stone,
And behelde this lady gay;

LANSDOWNE

His hed vpon hir kne he leide,
hir to pleese he was fuH gladde,
And þen þat lady to hym she seide:
Sees þou 3ondur fayre way
þat lyes ouer 3ondur mownteyne?
3ondur is þe way to heuen for ay,
Whan synful sowlis haue duryd þer peyn.
Seest þou now, thomas, 3ondur way,
þat lyse low vndur 3on rise?
3ondur is þe way, þe sothe to say,
Into þe ioyes of paradyse.
Sees þou 3onder thrid way,
þat lyes ouer 3ondur playne?
3onder is þe way, þe sothe to say,
þer sinfull soules schalle drye þer payne.
Sees þou now 3ondur fourt way, [leaf 122]
þat lyes ouer 3ondur felle?
3onder is þe way, þe sothe to say,
Vnto þe brennand fyre of hell.
Sees þou now 3ondur fayre casteH,
þat stondis vpon 3ondur fayre hiH?
Off towne & toure, it berith þe bell;
In mydul erth is non like þer-till.
In faith, thomas, 3ondur is myne owne,
And þe kyngus of þis cuntre;
but me were bettur be hengud & drawyn,
þen he wist þat þou lay be me.
My lorde is serued at ilk a messe, (229)
with xxx^ti knyȝtis fayre & fre;
And I shalle say, sittyng at þe deese,
I toke þi speche be 3onde þe lee. (232)
Whan þou comes to 3ondur casteH gay,
I pray þe curtes man to be; (226)
And what so euer any man to þe say,
Loke þou answer non but me. (228)
Thomas stondyng in þat stode,
And be helde þat lady gay;

CAMBRIDGE

Scho come agayne als faire & gude,
And also ryche one hir palfraye.

þan was she fayr & ryche onone,
& also ryal on hyr . . . .

Hir grewehundis fillide *with* dere blode;
Hir raches couplede by my faye;
Scho blewe hir horne, *with* mayne & mode,
Vn-to þe casteƚƚe scho tuke þe waye.
In-to þe hauƚƚe sothely scho went;
Thomas foloued at hir hande;
Than ladyes come, bothe faire & gent,
Witƚ curtassye to hir knelande.
Harpe & fethiƚƚ bothe þay fande,
Getter*n*e, and als so þe sawtrye;
Lutte and rybybe bothe gangande,
And aƚƚ maner*e* of mynstralsye.
þe moste m*er*ueƚƚe þat Thom*as* thoghte,
Whene þat he stode appone þe flore;
ffor fefty hertis jn were broghte,
þat were bothe grete and store.
Raches laye lapande in þe blode,
Cokes come *with* dryssynge knyfe;
Thay brittened þam*e* als þay were wode,
Reueƚƚe amanges þam*e* was fuƚƚ ryfe.
[1]Knyghtis dawnesede by three and three,
There was revelle, gamen*e*, and playe;
Lufly ladyes faire and free,

[1 leaf 151]

THORNTON

þe grewhondes had fylde þaim on þe dere,
& ratches . . . . . .
she blew hyr horn*e*, thom*as* to chere,
& to þe castel she to . . . . . .
þe lady in to þe hall went,
thom*as* folowyd at hyr h . . . .
þar kept hyr mony a lady gent,
with curtasy & lawe kne . . . .
harpe & fedyl both he fande,
þe getern & þe sawtery;
Lut & rybib þ*er* gon gang*e*,
þ*er* was all maner of mynstralsy.
þe most ferly þ*at* thom*as* thoght,
whan he come o myddes . . . . . .
fourty hertes to quarry were bro3t,
þ*at* had ben befor*e* both sty . . .
lymors lay lapyng*e* blode,
& kokes standyng *with* dressyng*e* . . .
& dressyd dere as þai were wode,
& reuell was þ*er* wonder r . . .
kny3tes dansyd by two & thre,
all þ*at* leue lange day;
ladyes þ*at* were gret of gre,

COTTON

Sche was as white as whelys bone,
And as Ryche on hir palefray.

¶ Thomas said, 'lady, wele is me,
that euer I baide this day;
nowe ye bene so fayre and whyte,
By fore ye war so blake and gray!
I pray you that ye wyll me say,
lady, yf thy wyll be,
why ye war so blake and graye?
ye said it was be cause of me.'

¶ 'For sothe, and I had not been so,
Sertayne sothe I shall the tell; [leaf 27]
Me had been as good to goo,
To the brynnyng fyre of hell;
My lorde is so fers and fell,
that is king of this contre,
And fulle sone he wolde haue y^e smell,
of the defaute I did with the.'

¶ In to the halle worldely they went,
Thomas folowde at hir honde;
Forthe came ladyes fayre and gent,
Curtesly Ayene hir kneland.
Harpe and fythell bothe they foynd,
the sytoll and the sawtery;
the gytorne and rybbe gan goyn,
And all maner of Menstrally.

¶ þe noeste ferly that thomas hade,
when he was stondyng on the flowre,
the gretest hert of alle hys londe,
that was stronge, styfe, and store;
Raches lay lapyng of his blode,
And kokes with dressyng knywys A hande,
Trytlege the dere, as they were wode,
there was Ryfe, reuoll Amonge.

¶ Knyghtys dawnsyng by iij and thre,
there was reuell, game, and play;
louely ladyes, fayre and fre,

LANSDOWNE

She was as feyre and as gode,
And as riche on hir palfray.

[1] Hir greyhoundis fillid with þe dere blode; [1 lf 122, bk]
Hir rachis coupuld be my fay;
She blew hir horne, on hir palfray gode,
And to þe castell she toke þe way.
Into a haH sothly she went;
Thomas folud at hir hande;
Ladis came, bothe faire & gent,
ffull curtesly to hir kneland.
harpe and fidul both þei fande,
þe getern, and also þe sautry;
þe lute and þe ribybe both gangand,
And alle maner of mynstralcy.
knyȝtis dawnsyng be thre & thre,
þer was revel, both game & play;
þer ware ladys, fayre and fre,
Dawnsyng [one ric]he aray. (272)
þe grettist ferlye þat thomas thoȝt,
when xxx^ti hartis ley [up]on flore;
And as mony dere in were broght,
þat was largely long & store. (264)
Rachis lay lappand on þe dere blode,
þe cokys þei stode with dressyng knyves;
Brytnand þe dere as þei were wode;

CAMBRIDGE

That satte and sange one riche araye.
Thomas duellide *in* that solace
More þane j 3owe saye *parde*;
Tiłł one a daye, so hafe I grace,
My lufly lady sayde to mee:
'Do buske the, Thomas, þe buse agayne;
ffor þou may here no lengare be;
Hye the faste *with* myghte & mayne,
I sałł the brynge tiłł Eldone tree.'
Thomas sayde þane *with* heuy chere,
'Lufly lady, nowe late me bee,
ffor certis, lady, j hafe bene here
Noghte bot þe space of dayes three!'
'ffor sothe, Thomas, als j þe tełłe,
þou hase bene here thre 3ere & more;
Bot langere here þou may noghte duełłe,
The skyłłe j sałł þe tełłe whare-fore:
To Morne, of hełłe þe foułłe fende.
Amange this folke wiłł feche his fee;
And þou arte mekiłł mane and hende,
I trowe fułł wele he wolde chese the.
ffor ałłe þe golde þat euer may bee,
ffro hethyne vn-to þe worldis ende,
þou bese neuer be-trayede for mee;
Þere-fore *with* me j rede thou wende.'
Scho broghte hym agayne to Eldoñe tree,
Vndir-nethe þat grenewode spraye;
In huntlee bannkes es mery to bee,
Whare fowles synges bothe nyght & daye.
'fferre owtt in 3one Mountane graye,
Thomas, my fawkone bygges a neste;
A fawconne es an Erlis praye,
ffor-thi in na place may he reste. [1 col. 2]
[1]ffare wele, Thomas, j wend my waye,
fforme by-houys ouerthir benttis browne.'
loo here a fytt more es to saye,
Ałł of Thomas of Erselldowne.

THORNTON

sat & sange of ryche aray.
Thomas sawe more in þat place,
þan I kan discry *pard*[e];
Til on a day, allas! allas!
My louely lady sayd to . .
'buske þe, thomas, þou most agayn,
here þou may no la . . . . .
hy þe 3erne at þou wer at hame,
I sall þe brynge to . . . . . .'
thomas answerd *with* heuy chere,
& sayd, 'louely lady, lat . . . .
for I say þe sertenly, here
hafe I be bot þe space of d . . . . .'
'Sothly, tomas, as I tell þe,
þou hath ben here thre 3ere . . . . .
& here þou may no lange*r* be,
& I sall tell þe a skele . . . . . .
to morowe, of hell þe foule fende,
A mang oure . . . . . .
for þou art a large man, & an hende,
trowe þou wele . . . . . .
for all þe golde þat may be,
fro hens vnto þe wor . . . . . .
sal þou not be bytrayed for me;
& þer for sall þou hens . . . .
She bro3t hym euyn to eldon tre,
vndir neth þe gr . . . . . .
In huntle bankes was fayre to be,
þer breddis syng . . . . . .
Ferre ouyr 3on montayns gray,
þer hathe my facon . . . . .

COTTON

Satte syttyng in A ryall Araye.
Thomas dwellyd in that place
longer þan I sey, parde,
Tyll one day, by fyll that cace,
To hym spake that ladyes fre.

¶ 'Buske the, Thomas, thou most
for here þou may no lenger be; [Ayene,
hye the fast with Mode and Mayne,
I shalte the bryng at elden tre.' [1 lf 27, bk]
Thomas said, with heuy chere,
'louely lady, lat me be!
For certaynlye, I haue beñ here
But the space of dayes þre.'

¶ 'Forsoth, Thomas, I wolle the tell,
thou hast been her iij yere and More;
And here þou may no lenger dwell,
I shall the tell A skele wherefore;
To morowe, a fowle fend of hell,
A Mongis this folke shall chese his fe,
And for thou arte long man and hende,
I lewe wele, he wyll haue þe.
¶ And forall the goode that euer myght be,
For hevene to the worldris ende,
Shalt þou neuer be bytrayed by me;
þere fore I rede the with me wend.'
She browght hym Ageyn to elden tre,
Vnder neth A grene wode spray;
In huntely bankes is man) to be,
Where fowlis syngith nyght and day.

¶ 'For ouere youre Montayne graye,
Where my fawcoñe beldith his nest,
the fawcone is the herons pray,
therefore in no place may she Rest.
Faire wele, Thomas, I wende my way,
Me þous ouere yowre brwtes broume.'
Here is A foott, And tway to say,
Of Thomas of Assildoun.

Reuell was among þem rife. (268)
There was reuell, game, & play, [leaf 123]
More þan I yow say parde
Tille hit fel vpon a day,
My lufly lady seid to me:
Buske þe, thomas, for þou most gon,
ffor here no longur mayst þou be;
hye þe fast, with mode and mone;
I shalle þe bryng to eldyn tre.
Thomas answerid with heuy chere,
Lufly lady, þou let me be;
ffor certenly, I haue be here
But þe space of dayes thre.
ffor sothe, thomas, I þe telle,
þou hast bene here seuen 3ere and more;
ffor here no longur may þou dwell,
I shal tel þe the skyl wherfore:
To morou, on of hel, a fowle fende,
Among þese folke shal chese his fee;
þou art a fayre man and a hende,
ffull wel I wot he wil chese the.
ffor alle þe golde þat euer myght be,
ffro heuon vnto þe wordis ende,
þou beys neuer trayed for me;
ffor[th] with me I rede the wende.
She broght hym agayn to eldyn tre,
Vndurneth þe grenewode spray;
In huntley bankis þis for to be, [leaf 123, bk]
ther foulys syng boþe nyȝt & day,
'ffor out ouer 3on mownten gray,
Thomas, a fowken makis his nest;
A fowkyn is an yrons pray,
ffor þei in place wiH haue no rest.
ffare wel, thomas, I wende my way,
ffor me most ouer 3on bentis brown.'
This is a fytte; twayn ar to sey,
Off Thomas of Erseltown.

LANSDOWNE

CAMBRIDGE

[FYTT THE SECONDE.]

'Fare wele, Thomas, j wend my waye,
I may no lengare stande *with* the!'
'Gyff me a tokynynge, lady gaye,
That j may saye j spake *with* the.'
'To harpe or carpe, whare-so þou gose,
Thomas, þou saH hafe þe chose sothely.'
And he saide, 'harpynge kepe j none;
ffor tonge es chefe of mynstralsye.'
'If þou wiH speHe, or tales teHe,
Thomas, þou saH neu*er* lesynge lye,
Whare eu*er* þou fare, by frythe or feHe,
I praye the, speke none euyH of me!
ffare wele, Thomas, *with*-owttyne gyle,
I may no lengare dueHe wiH the.'
'Lufly lady, habyde a while,
And teHe þou me of some ferly!'
'Thom*as*, herkyne what j the saye:
Whene a tree rote es dede,
The leues fadis þane & wytis a-waye;
& froyte it beris nane þane, whyte ne rede.
Of þe baylliolfe blod so saH it faHe:
It saH be lyke a rotyne tree;
The comyns, & þe Barlays aHe,
The RusseHs, & þe ffreseHs free,

THORNTON

[*Sloane* 2578, *leaf* 6 (*begins at Fytt* 2).]

[FYTT THE SECOND.]

¶ Heare begynethe þe ij[d] fytt I saye
of S*ir* thom*as* of Arseldon.
'Farewell, thom*as*, I wend my waye; 309
I may no lenger dwell *with* the.'
'Guyve me some token, Lady gaye,
that I may saye I spake *with* the.' 312
'to harpe or carpe, whither thowe can,
thom*as*, þou shalt haue sothely.'
he said 'herpinge kepe I none;
for tonge is chief of mynstrelsy.' 316
'& þou wilt speake, & tales tell,
thowe shalt neu*er* leasynge lye;
whither þou walke by frythe or fell,
I pr*ay* the, speake none ivell by me! 320
Fare well, thom*as*, *with*outen gile,
I may no leng*er* abide *with* the.'
'Lovly lady, abide a while,
and some ferly tell thowe me!' 324
'thom*as*, herken what I shall saye:
wh*en* a tre rote is deade,
the leaves faden & fallen awaye,
Fruyt it bearethe none on in elde. 328
[*No break in the MS.*]
the baly of blud it shalbe,
their comens, & þ*er* barons all,
the Russell*es*, & þe fresselle*s* fre, 332

SLOANE

Continuation of Cotton *Manuscript.*

[FYT THE SECOND.]

Fare wele thom*as* I wende my way · I may no lang
[Gyfe] me a tokyn lady gay · If euyr I se ȝow w 312
[To ha]rpe or carp wher þ*at* þou gon · þou sal hafe þ
thomas sayde harpy*n*g kep I non · for tonge is che[f 316
[Fare] wele thom*as* for nowe I go · I wi|l no langer sta[y

[FOOTT THE SECOND.]

¶ 'Fare wele, Thomas, I wend my way;
I may no langer dwell *with* the.'
['G]yf sum tokyne, my lady gay, [leaf 28]
that eu*er* I saw the *with* my ye'
'To harp or carp, where eu*er* I gone,
Thomas, þou shalt chese soþele.'
'I, lady, harpyng wyll I none,
For townge is cheffe Mynstralye.'
¶ 'Yf þou wolte speke, or talis tell,
lesynge*s* shalt þou neuer lye;
But where þou go by fryþ or fell,
I pray the, speke no ewylle by me!
Fare wele, Thomas, I wend my wey;
I may no langere dwell *with* the.'
'yete, louely lady! goode and gay,
A byde and tell me More ferlye.'

LANSDOWNE

[FYTTE THE SECOND.]

'Fare wel, Thom*as*, I wend may,
I may no leng*ur* stand *with* the!'
'gif me su*m* tokyn, lady gay,
þ*at* I may say I spake *with* the.'
To harpe or carpe, thom*as*, wher so eu*er*
Thom*as*, take þe chese *with* the. [3e gon,
harpyng, he seid, kepe I non,
ffor tong is chefe of mynstralse.
'If þou wil spiƕ, or talys telle,
Thom*as*, þou shal neu*er* make lye;
Wher so eu*er* þou gos, be frith or felle,
I pray þe, speke neu*er* no ille of me!
ffare wel, Thom*as*, and wel þou be;
I can no leng*ur* stand þe by.'
'Lovely lady, fayre & fre,
Tel me 3et of som farley!'
'Thom*as*, truly I þe say: [leaf 124]
Whan a tre rote is ded,
þe levys fal, and dwyne away;
ffrute hit berys, ned*ur* white nor red.
So shalle þ*is* folkys blode be faƕ,
þ*at* shal be like 3on roten tre;
þe semewes & þe telys aƕ,
þe resuƕ & þe frechel fre,

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

[Louely] lady wo is me so · A byde & tell me [some] fe
[Herken] thom*as* as I þe sey · whan þe trees rode is de
[The leues] fallyth & wastyth a way · it beryth no fruy
[. . . . . bali]oves blode be fall · I lyken to þe ro
[. . . . . .] & þes elders all · all for soth a way

AH saH þay fade, and wyte a-waye;
Na ferly if þat froyte than dye.
And mekiH bale saH after spraye,
Whare joye & blysse was wonte [to bee;]
ffare wele, Thomas, j wende m[y waye]
I may no langer stand w[ith the.]'
'Now lufly lady gud [and gay]
Telle me ȝitt of some ferly!' [leaf 151, back]
'Whatkyns ferlys, Thomas gude,
Sold j þe telle, and thi wiHs bee?'
'Telle me of this gentiH blode,
Wha saH thrife, and wha saH thee:
Wha saH be kynge, wha saH be noñe,
And wha saH welde this northe countre?
Wha saH flee, & wha saH be tane,
And whare thir bateHs donne saH bee?'
'Thomas, of a BateHe j saH þe teHe,
þat saH be done righte sone at wiHe:
Beryns saH mete bothe fers & feHe,
And freschely fighte at Eldone hiHe.
The Bretons blode saH vndir fete,
þe Bruyse blode saH wyne þe spraye;
Sex thowsande ynglysche, wele þou wete,
SaH there be slayne, þat jlk daye.
ffare wele, Thomas, j wende my waye;
To stande with the, me thynk fuH jrke.
Of a bateH j wiH the saye,
þat saH be done at fawkirke:

THORNTON

all shall fade & fall awaye,
no farly then if þat fruyt dye!
and mykell bale shall after spraye, [lf 6, bk]
wheare that blis was wont to be.
farewell, thomas, I wend my waye;
I maye no lenger stande with the.'
'Lovly Lady, good & gaye,
tell me yet of somme farle!'
'what kyns farly, thomas good,
shuld I the tell, if thi will be?'
'tell, of the gentle blud
who shall vnthrive, & who shall the;
who shalbe kynge, who shalbe none,
who shall weld þe northe contre?
who shall fle, who shalbe tane,
& wheare þe battellȝ done shalbe?'
'of a battelle I will the telle,
that shalbe done sonne at will:
birdes shall mete, both fresshe & fell,
& fyersly fight at eldon hill.
the brusse blud shall vnder gonge,
the bretens shall wynne all þe praye;
thre thowsand scottes, on þe grownde,
shalbe slayne that ilk daye.
farewell, thomas, I wend my waye;
to stand with the me thynk it irk.
of a battell I will the saye,
that shalbe done at fowse kyrk;

SLOANE

COTTON

[Farew]ele thomas I wende my waye · I may no langer s
[Louely lady] gentyl & gay · a bide & tele me so
{ [2 *lines lost at top of page*] [leaf 242]
{ . . . . . .
ll] weld þe north cun

¶ 'What kynne, Thomas, ferly gode,
wold ye fayn wete of me?'
'Lady, of this gentyll blode
who shall þryue, and who shall þe;
who shalbe kyng, and who shall be none,
And where any battell done shall be,
who shall be slaye, who shalbe Tane,
And who shall wyne the north Contre?'
¶ 'Of A batell I shall the tell,
that shalbe done sone at wyll:
Barons shall mete, boith fers and fell,
And freslye fyght at helydowne hyll.

Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way,
To stande here me thinke it yrke;
But of A batell I shall the say
that shalbe don at faw Chirch.

LANSDOWNE

Alle shalle falle, & dwyn away;
No wond*ur* þo3 þe rote dy.
And mekiH bale shal aft*ur* spray,
þ*er* ioy and blisse were wont to be.
ffare wel, thom*as*, I wende my way;
I may no leng*ur* stand þe by.'
'lufly lady, gude and gay,
telle me 3et of som ferly!'
'What kyns ferly, thom*as* gode,
Shuld I tel þe, if þi wil be?'
'telle me of þ*is* gentil blode,
Who shal thrife, and who shal the;
Who shal be kyng, who shall be non,
And who shal weld þe north cuntre;
Who shall fle, & who shal be tane,
And wher þ*es* batelis don shal be?'
'Off a batelle I will þe tell,
þ*at* shall come sone at will: [1 leaf 124, back]
1 Barons shaH mete, both fre *and* feH,
And fresshely fe3t at ledyn hill.
the brucys blode shalle vnd*ur* faH,
the bretens blode shaH wyn þe spray;
C. thowsand men þ*er* shal be slayn,
Off scottysshe men þ*at* nyght and day.
ffare wel, thom*as*, I wende my way;
To stande w*ith* the, me thynk full yrke!
Off þe next bat[elle] I will þe say,
þ*at* shall be at fawkyrke:

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

e] wher þes batels don sal b[e]
þ[t] sal be done ful son at wyll
r]yke & fell · & freshly fy3t at halyndon hill
e]nde my way · to stonde w*ith* þ[e] me thynk ful yrke
sall] ye say · þ*at* sal be don at fawkyrke

Baners saH stande, bothe lang & lange;
Trowe this wele, *with* mode & mayne;
The bruysse blode saH vndir gane, 363
Seuene thowsande scottis *per* saH be slayne.
ffare wele, Thom*as*, j pr*ay* þe sesse;
No lengare here þ*o*u tarye mee; 366
My grewehundis, þay breke þaire lesse,
And my raches þaire copiHs in three.
Loo! whare þe dere, by twa and twa,
Haldis ou*er* ȝone Montane heghe.' 370
Thomas said, 'god schilde þ*o*u gaa!

Bot teHe me ȝitt of some ferly.' 372

banerȝ shall stand, longe & longe;
trowe þ*o*u well, w*ith* mode & mayne;
the brusse blod shall vnder gonge, [leaf 7]
v. thowsand scott*es* shalbe slayne. 364

farewell, thom*as*, I pr*ay*e the cease;
no lenger heare þ*o*u tary me;
my greyhownd*es* breaken the flesshe,
& my ratchett*es* their coupull*es* in thre.
loke howe þe deare, by ij & ij, 369
rvnn ou*er* yonder mountain high!'
thom*as* said, 'god shild thowe goo!

but tell me yet of som*e* farly.' 372

['Of a] batelle, j saH the saye, 377
[That saH] gare ladyse morne *in* mode;
[. . . .]e, bothe wat*er* & claye
SaH be mengyde w*ith* mannes blode: [col. 2]
Stedis saH stombiH witH tresouñe, 381
Bothe Baye & broun*e*, grysselle and graye;
GentiH knyghtis saH stombiH dowñe,
Thorowe þe takynge of a wykkide waye.
þe Bretons blode saH vndir faHe; 385
The Bryusse blode saH wyn*e* þe spraye;

THORNTON

'of a battell I will the saye,
that shall garr ladies to morne in mode:
at bannokb*ur*ne, bothe wat*er* & claye,
it shalbe mynged w*ith* red blud. 380
steades shall stvmbull w*ith* treasoñ,
w*ith* blak & browne, grysell & graye;
& ientill knight*es* shall tvmbull downe,
thurgh*e* takinge of a wicked waye. 384
þe bretens blud shall vnder fall,
the brusse shall wy*n*ne all the pr*ay*e;

SLOANE

COTTON

sal stonde both large & lange · trowe þ*o*u wel .t. w*ith* mode & mayn
blode sal vndir gange · vj thowsand of ynglych *per* sal be sla[yn] 364
le .t. for now I go · I may no lang*er* stande w*ith* þe
hondes breke þair leches in two · my raches shere hyr coples *in* thre 368
ȝone dere by two & two · holdes ouyr ȝone lange le

¶ Baners shall stande there A longe,
Trowe þe wele, *with* Mode and Mayne;
the bratones blode shall vndere gange,
[1]A thowsand englysche there shalbe slayne. [1 leaf 28, back]
fare wele, Thomas, I pray þou sese,
I May no langere dwele *with* the;
My greyhondes brekyng here leyse,
And my Raches here Cowples a thre.

¶ Lo, where the dere, by two and ij,
holdes owere yoñe Montayn hye!'
'God forbeide!' saide Thomas, 'þou fro me go,
Or More of the warres þou tell me.'

'Of a batale I shall the say,
that shall Make ladies morne in Mode:
Bankes bourne, wattere and clay,
Shall be Mengyd *with* Mannis blode;
¶ Stedes shall snapre throwgh̄t tresoun,
Both̄e bay and browñe, bresyll and gray;
Gentyll Knyghtes shall tumbell dowñe,
thrwgh̄ takyn of A wrong way.
Bretons blode shall vndere fall,
the Ebruys there shall wyne the pray;

LANSDOWNE

þe bretans blode shalle vnd*ur* faH,
þe brucys blode shalle wyn þe spray;
vij thousynd Englisshe men, grete & smalle,
ther shalbe slayne, [þat] nyght and day.
ffare wel, [tho]mas, [I] pray þe sees;
No leng*ur* here þou tary me;
lo wher my grayhound*is* breke *per* leesshe;
My raches breke þeir coupuls in thre.
lo, qwer þe dere goos be too & too,
And holdis ou*er* 3onde mownten hye!'
Thom*as* seid, 'god [schilde thou] goo,

But tell me 3et of sum ferly!
holde þi greyhound*is* *in* þi h[onde,]
And coupiH þi raches to a [tre;] [2 leaf 125]
[2]And lat þe dere reyke ou*er* þe londe;
ther is a herde in holtely.'

'Off a batell I wil þe say,
þ*at* shalle gar ladys mourne *in* mode:
At barnokys barne is wat*ur* & clay,
þ*at* shal be myngyd w*ith* mannys blode.
And stedys shalle stum*b*uH for treson,
bothe bay and brown, grisell & gray;
And gentil kny3t*is* shalle tombuH doun,
thoro tokyn of þ*at* wyckud way.
the Bretans blode shalle vnd*ur* faH,
the brutys blode shalle [wyn] þe spray;

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

say lady gode shelde 3e go · abyde & tel me som ferle
· attel I can þe say · Sal gar ladies morn *in* mode
kes borne both wat*er* & clay · It sal be mengyd w*ith* rede blode
[Stedes] sal stum*b*yl thrugh tresoun · both bay & broun gresel & gray
l knyghtes sal tum*b*yl doun · for takyng of a wylsom way

Sex thowsand ynglysche, grete & smalee,
Sall there be slane, þat jlk a daye.
Than sall scottland kyngles stande;
Trow it wele, þat j the saye!
A tercelet, of the same lande,
To bretane sall take þe Redy waye,
And take *tercelettis* grete and graye,
With hym owte of his awene contree;
Thay sall wende on an ryche arraye,
And come agayne by land and see.
He sall stroye the northe contree,
Mare and lesse hym by-forne;
Ladyse sall saye, allas! & walowaye!
þat eu*er* þat Royalle blode was borne.
He sall ryse vpe at kynke horne,
And tye þe chippis vn-to þe sande.
At dipplynge more, appone þe Morne,
Lordis will thynke full lange to stande;
By-twix depplynge and the dales,
The watir þat rynnes one rede claye—
There sall be slayne, for sothe, Thomas,
Eleuene thowsandez scottis, þat nyghte & daye.
Thay sall take a townne of grete renownne,
þat standis nere the wat*er* of Taye;
þe ffadir & þe sone sall be dongene downe,
And w*ith* strakis strange be slayne a-waye.

THORNTON

vj thowsand Englishe, greate & small,
shalbe slayne þat ilk daye.
then shall scotland stande;
trowe thowe well, as I the saye!
a tarslet of the same land
to breten shall wynde þe redy waye;
& take tarslett*es*, greate & gaye,
w*ith* him, owte of his awne contre;
ther shall winde in riche araye, [leaf 7, back]
& com*m*e againe by land & seye.
he shall stroye þe northe contre,
moare & les him before;
lades, welawaye! shall crye,
þat eu*er* þe baly of blud was borne.
he shall ryse vp at kynkborne,
& slaye lordes vpo*n* the sand;
to foplynge moore, vpo*n* þe morne,
lordes will think full longe to stand.
betwin þe depplinge & þe dasse—
þe wat*er* *per* re*n*nynge on þe red claye—
per shalbe slayne, forsothe, thom*as*,
xi thowsand scott*es*, þat night & daye.

they shall take a towne of greate renowne,
that standethe neare þe water of taye;
the father & þe so*n*ne shalbe donge downe,
w*ith* strok*es* stronge be slaine awaye.

SLOANE

COTTON

w on al þ*at* day · both by hynde & als be fore 398*
s]al syng welaway · þat euyr þe balyolues blod was bor*e* 400*
nge kyngles be · trowe þ*o*u wele thom*as* as I þ^{e} say
l take fly3t & fle · to bruces lande þe redy way 392
seletes gret & gray · w*ith* hym of hys awn contre
n ryche aray · bothe by lande & eke by see 396

vij thousand ynglis, grete and smalle,
In a day there shalbe slay.
¶ then shall scotland kyngles be,
Trou þou well, that I the say!
A tarslet shall take his flyght, & fle
To bretons lande the Redy wey;
And take tarslet*tes* grete and gray,
Wit̄h hym, oute of his lond;
he shall wende in A Ryche Aray,
And come agayn*e* by seye and londe.
¶ He shall stroye the nort̄h Contre,
More and les hym be-forne;
Ladyes shall say 'waleway!
that eu*er* in scotland war we borñe.'
He shall Ryñ vt at kyng*es* horñe,
And sley lordis on the sonde; [leaf 29]
At deplyng More vppoñ the Morowe,
Lordes shall thynke there long stonde.
¶ By twyx duplyng and the gray stoñ,
the water that Rynnes gray,
there shalbe slayn*e* v thousand englismen,
that nyght and that day.

And yet they shall take A walled Towñe;
the fader and the sone be slayñ away;
A knyght shall wyn the warisou*n*,
w*ith* dynt of swerd for ones and ay.

LANSDOWNE

viij thousand englissemen, grete & small,
ther shal be slayn, þ*at* nyght & day.

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

[397—400, *see above*]

vp at kynche horn · · fele lordes vp on þe sande
m]ore vp on þe morn · lordes sal thynke ful lang to stand
ge] & a dale · þ*at* wat*er* of Erne þ*at* rynnes gray
wi]t*h* myche bale · x thowsand scottes a nyȝt & a day
wallyd toune · standynge ful nere þe wat*er* of tay

Whene þay hafe wonne þat wallede towne,

[1 leaf 152]

And ylke mane hase cheuede þayre chance,
1Than saH thir bretoñs make þame bowne,
And fare forthe to þe werre of fraunce.
Than saH scotland kyng-lesse stande,
And be lefte, Thomas, als j the saye;
Than saH a kyng be chosene, so ȝynge,
That kane no lawes lede par faye:
Dauid, with care he saH be-gynne,
And with care he saH wende awaye.
Lordis & ladyse, more and Myne,
SaH come appone a riche araye,
And crowne hym at the towne of skyñe,
Appone an certane solempe daye.
Beryns balde, bothe ȝonge and alde,
SaH tiH hym drawe with-owttyne naye;
Euyne he saH to ynglande ryde,
Este and weste als lygges the waye.

Be-twixe a parke and an abbaye,
A palesse and a paresche kyrke,
Thare saH ȝour kynge faiH of his praye,
And of his lyfe be wondir jrke.
He saH be tane, so wondir sare,
So þat a-waye he saH noghte flee;

THORNTON

when þei haue wonne þe walled towne,

& euery man chosen his chaunce,
þe bretens they shall make þem bowne,
& forthe to þe warres of Fraunce.
þen shall scotland without kinge stand;
beleve, thomas, as I the saye!
thei shall chuse a kinge full yonge,
þat can no lawes leade, parfaye;

& crowned at þe towne of scone,
on a serteine solemne daye. [leaf 8]
birdes bolde, bothe olde & yonge,
shall to him drawe without naye;
into England shall thei ride,
easte, weste, as ligges the waye,
& take a towne with greate pride,
& let þe menn be slaine awaye.
betwixt a parke & an abbaye,
a pales & a parishe kirk,
there shall your kinge faile of his praye,
& of his lyfe be full irk.
he shalbe taggud wunder sare,
so þat awaye he maye not fle;

SLOANE

COTTON

yn a doun · with sore dyntes be kylled a way
n]ge þat is ful ȝynge · he kan no lawes lede parfay
he sal be gyn · with sorowe sal he wende a way
ppes both more & myn · al sal gedir to þer a ray
m]at þe toun of scoyne · vp on þe trinyte Sonday
both ȝonge & alde · sall fal to hym with owtyn nay

¶ Whan they haue take that wallyd towne,
And eu*e*ry man has chosyn his chañs,
the bretons blode shall make hym bone
And fare to the warres of fraunce.
And then shall scottland be wiꝺhoute kyng,
Trowe the wele that I the sey!
they shall chese a kyng full yonge,
that can not lede no laweys, perfay.
¶ Dauid, w*ith*oute care he shall be gyne,
And w*ith*oute care he shall wend away;
Bysshopp*e*s and lordes, More and myne,
Shall com*e* to hym in Ryche A Raye,
And Crowne hym at A Towne of Scone,
Forsothe vpon A Sette*r*day.
Bornes blode shall wend to Rome,
To get lyve of the pope yf they may.

¶ By twyxte a parke and ane Abbey,
A palys and A perishe church,
ther*e* shall that kyng fayll at his pray,
And of his lyfe he shall be full yrke.
He shall be togged, the wonde sore,
that Away he maynot fle;

LANSDOWNE

þen shalle scotland kyngles be sen;
trow þis wel, þ*at* I þe say!
And thei shalle chese a kyng ful ȝong,
þ*at* can no lawes lede, p*ar*fay:
Rob*er*t, w*ith* care he shal be gynne,
And also he shaꝺ wynde awey.

lordys and ladys, bothe olde & yongg,
shalle draw to hym w*ith* outyn nay;
And they w*ith* pryde to Englond ryde,
Est and west þ*at* liggys his way;
And take a toun*e* of mycul pryde,
And sle [. . . . . .] knyȝt*es* veray.
Betwene a parke & an abbay, [leaf 125, back]
A palys and a p*ar*issh kyrke,
ther shalle þe kyng mys of his way,
[And] of his life be fuꝺ yrke.
He shal be teyryd(?) ful wond*ur* sore,
So a way he may not fle;

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

sal he holde · And bryn & sla al in hys way extra
sal he ryde · þar sal he þ*at* ilke day
þ*at* wondes wyde · þ*at* werne ful bolde i*n* hyr aray
ke & an abbay · a paleys & a paryshe kyrke
a]lyle of hys pray · & of hys lyfe he sal be yrke
ke i*n* . . . . e ful sare · so þ*at* a way he may not fle

Hys nebbe saH rynne, or he thethyne fare,
þe rede blode tryklelande vn-to his kn[ee].
He saH þan be, with a false f . . 441
Be-trayede of his awene . . . .
And whe*þer* it torne . . . . .
He saH byde 444
þat rau . . . . . .
Tho . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
[5 *lines lost at foot of page in MS.*]
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. . . . . .
In þe northe to do owttraye. [col. 2] 452
And whene he es mane moste of Mayne,
And hopis beste þane for to spede,
On a ley lande saH he be slayne,
Be-syde a waye for-owttyne drede. 456
Sythene saH selle scotland, p*ar* ma faye,
ffulle and fere, fuH many ane,
ffor to make a certane paye; 459
Bot ende of it saH neu*er* come nane.
And þane saH scotland kyngles stande;
Trowe this wele, þat j telle the!
Thre t*er*celett*is* of þe same lande 463

THORNTON

his nebbe shall or he thens fare,
of red blud, tr*i*kell to þe kne. 440
he shall, w*ith* a false fode,
[*No break in the MS.*]
whither it t*ur*ne to ivell or goode;
& he shall bide in a ravens hand. 444
the ravin shall þe Goshawke wy*n*ne,
if his fethers be neu*er* so black;
& leide him strayte to London, 447
þ*er* shall yo*ur* fawcone fynde his make.
þe ravin shall his fethers shake,
& take tarslett*es* gaye & greate,
w*ith* him, owte of his awne contre; [Interpol.]
& þe kinge shall him M^r^ make,
in þe northe to do owtraye. 452
when he is man of moste mayne, [lf 8, bk]
& hopes beste for to spede,
on a leye land he shalbe slayne,
beside a waye w*ith*out drede. 456
then shall they sell in scotland, p*ar*faye,
fowles & fee full many one,
for to make a s*er*tein paye;
but end þ*er* of co*m*methe neu*er* none. 460
þen shall scotland kingles stand;
trowe þou well, as I the saye!
iij tarslett*es*, of that same land,

SLOANE

COTTON

l ren w*ith* myche care · of rede blode doun) to hy[s kne] 440
a fals fode · betrayed of hys awn) lande
rn) to euyl or gode · be sesyd *in* to a rauyn[es hande] 444
. . goshauke wyn · be hyr fethyrs neuyr so [blake]
reght to london w*ith* hym · þ*er* sal ȝo*ur* foule [fynd his make] 448
hyr fethyrs folde · & take þ^e^ tarsletes [grete & gay]

[1]His nose shall Rynne, or he thense go,
the blode shall trykle downe to his kne.
¶ He shall, throwght a fals fode,
Be betrayde of his owne lond; [1 leaf 29, bk]
Wherere it turne to ewyll or good,
He shall Abide a Rauenes honde.
the Rauyne shall the goshawke woym,
thowght his fedres be neuer so blake;
And lede hym to London Towne,
there shall the goshawke fynd his Make.
¶ þe Rawyn shall his fedres shake,
And take tasletis grete and gay;

his neb shall rise or he then fare,
the red blode triklond to his knee.

the kyng shall hym Maister Make,
In the north for to do outray.
And whan he is most in his mayn,
And best wenes for to spede,
On a ley londe he shall be slayn,
By side awey without dred.
¶ And than most scotland, parfay,
By se & land, mony one,
For Dauid make certayn pay;
But end of hym commyth neuer none.
then most scotland kyngles stond;
Trowe the wele, þat I say the!
A taslet of A nother land.

LANSDOWNE

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

hym maystyr bold · In þe north [sal he do owtray] 452
[? 2 *lines lost at top of page.*] [leaf 242, back]
. en of dauy[d 459. —
sall ryde & go hyr wa[y ?
þan sal scotlande kyngles 461. —
thre lordes of þat same londe 463. —

Sall stryfe to bygg & browke þe tree.
He sall bygg & browke the tree,
That hase no flyghte to fley a-waye;
to breten þen shall wend *þer* waye. 464
he shall bigge & breake þe tre,
þat hathe no flight to fle away, 466

Thay sall *with* pryde to y[n]gland ryde,
Este & weste als lygges þe waye. 472
Haly kyrke bese sett be-syde,
Relygyous byrnede on a fyre;
Sythene sall þay to a castelle gl[yde],
And schewe þame þare *with* . . 476
By-syde a wyll . . . . . .
A wh[yt . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

. . . . . .
. 483
[10 *lines lost at foot of page in MS.*]
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. . . . . .
. . . . . .

THORNTON

þai shall, *with* pride, to england fre,
easte & weste as lygges þe waye. 472
holy kirk be sett beside,
& religious men b*ur*ne in fyre;
thei shall to a castell glide,
& shewe þem there *with* mykell ire. 476
betwixt a well & a weare,
a withwell & a slyke stone,
þer shall ij cheftens mete in fere,
the on shall doughtles be slayne. 480

the brusse blud shall *with* him fle,
& leade him to a *wor*thi towne;
and close him in a castell lyght, [leaf 9]
theare to be *with* greate renowme. [Interpol.]
Farewell, I wend my waye;
me behoves ou*er* yond*er* bent so browne.'
here endethe þe ij[d] fytt, I saye,
of *sir* thom*as* of Arseldon. 488

SLOANE

COTTON

þat hath no flyȝt to fle a way · In to [yng	466 . 471
& bryn & sla day by day · To a towre þan	472 . 475
And hald *þer* in myche ire · holychyrche is set	476 . 473
relegious þai bryn hym *in* a fyre	474
bytwys a wethy & a water · a well & a haly stane	

Shall þryue & bygge, & browke þat tre.
¶ He shall bygge, and broke þat tre
He toke his flygħ, & flye A wey;
Robert steward kyng shalbe
of scotland, and Regne mony A day.
[1]A cheuanteyne then shall ryse *with* pride,
of all scotland shall bere the floure;
he shall into Englonde Ride, [1 leaf 30]
And make men haue full sharpe schoure.
¶ holy chirche to set on syde,
And religyons to bren on fyre;
he shall to the new castell Ryde,
And shew hym there *with* grete Ire.
By twyx A wey of water,
A well, & A grey stone,
there cheuanteynes shall mete on fere,
And that o dowghty ther shall be slayne.
¶ that other cheuanteyne shall there be tayne,
And proude blode withe hyme shall fle,
And lede hyme tyll A worthe Towne,
And close hym vp in A castell hye.

Fare wele, Thomas, I wend my wey;
Me bus ou*er* your brutes brom̃e.'
here is a fote; ano*þer* to sey,
of Thomas of Assilldone.

LANSDOWNE

be twene A wycked way & A wat*ur*,
A p*ar*ke and A stony way then;
ther shal a cheften mete *in* fere,
A ful dutey *þer* shal be slayn.
the tod*ur* cheftan shal be tane,

A pesans of blode hyme shal slee;
And lede hym a[w]ay in won,
And cloyse hym *in* a casteH hee.

ffare wel, thomas, I wende my way;
ffor I must ou*er* ȝond . . bent*is* brown.'
here ar twoo fytt*is*; on is to say,
Off Thom*as* of Erseldown.

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

þer sal two chyftans met in fere · þ^e^ doglas *þer* sall be s[l
A tarslet sal *in* halde be tane · chyftans a way *with* hy*m*
& lede hym to an hold of stane · & close hy*m* in a castel [h
Whar wele thom*as* I wend my way · me most ouyr ȝone be
ano*þer* fyt more is to say · of þe pro*phe*cy of arseldoun

[FYTT THE THIRD.]

[1 leaf 152, back]

1 'Nowe, lufly lady, gente and hende,
Telle me, ȝif it thi willis bee,
Of thyes Batells, how ȝay schall ende,
And whate schalle worthe of this northe countre?'
'This worlde, Thomas, sothely to telle,
Es noghte bot wandrethe & woghe!
Of a batelle j will the telle,
That schall be donne at spynkarde cloughe:
The bretons blode schalle vndir falle,
The bruyse blode schalle wyne ȝe spraye;
Sex thowsande ynglysche, grete & smalle,
Salle thare be slayne ȝat nyghte & daye.
The rerewarde sall noghte weite, parfaye,
Of that jlke dulfulle dede;
Thay sall make a grete journaye,
Dayes tene with-owttyne drede.
And of a batelle j will ȝe telle,
That sall be donne now sone at will:
Beryns sall mete, bothe ferse & felle,
And freschely fyghte at pentland hyll.
By-twyx Sembery & pentlande,
ȝe haulle ȝat standis appone ȝe rede claye—

THORNTON

[FYTTE THE THIRD.]

'thies wordes, thomas, ȝat I saye,
is but wanderyng & wough;
of a battell I shall the tell,
that shalbe done at Spenkard slough:
the bretens blud shall vnder fall,
the brusse blud shall wynne ȝe praye;
vij thowsand englishe, greate & small,
shalbe slayne ȝat ilk daye.
the reareward shall not witt, parfaye,
of ȝat same dolfull dede;
thei shall make a greate iornaye,
dayes x without drede.
of a battell I will you tell,
that shalbe done sonne at will:
barons shall mete, bothe fyers & fell,
& fyersly fight at Eldon hill.
betwin Edynburgh & Pentland,
at ȝe hall ȝat standethe on ȝe redd claye,

SLOANE

COTTON

[FYT THE THIRD]

Far wel thomas I wende my way · me most ouyr ȝone bro . .
sothly .t. I ȝe say · men sal haf rome ryȝt ny ȝaire dor
Sothly .t. as I ȝe say · ȝis world sal stond on a wondir w
of a batel tel I ȝe may · ȝat sal be don at spynkar cl
ȝe gret wreth sal not persayuyd be · of ȝat gret vnk . .

[FOTE THE THIRD.]

¶ 'Fare wele, Thomas, I wend my way;
I may no longer duell *with* the.'
yet, louely lady, goode and gey,

Abyde, & tell me more ferele!' 492

'And þus, thomas, truly to tell,
hyt Is wondrand & wow;
but of a batyll I shall the tell,
that shall be don at spincar clow: 496
¶ the bretonys blode there shall vnder-
the Ebrues ther shall wyn the pray; [fall,
v thousand yngleſß there, gret & small,
In a sunday mornyng shall be slay. 500
the fowarde shall not wit, p*ar*fey,
Certeyn of that dolfull dede;
they shall make agayne a grete Iorney,
Dayes x *with*outen drede. 504

[FYTTE THE THIRD.]

'Thomas, truly I þe say,
þe worlde is wond*ur* wankill!
Off þe next batell I wyll the say,
that shal be done at spynard [?] hiłł: 496
the bruc*is* blode shall vnd*ur* fałł,
the brettens blode schall wyn [the spray;]
xiij thousand þ*er* shal be slayne, [leaf 126]
Off scottisshe men þ*at* nyght & day. 500

[1 leaf 30, back] [lond
1¶ Bytwix Eden brought and the Pent-
the hall that stond on the Rede glay—

Off the next batell I wil þe telle,
þ*at* shal be done sone at wiłł:
Barons bothe flesshe & fełł
shalle fresshely fyȝt at pentland hyll. 508
but when pentland & edynborow,
And þe hill þ*at* stand*is* on þe red cley,

LANSDOWNE

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

v. thowsande slayn sal be · of scott*es* men w*ith* outyn 500
Fare wele .t. I wend my way · I may no lang*er* stand
louely lady gentyl & gay · a byde & tel me more f 504
Of a batel I can þe tell · þ*at* sal be done hastely at
bernes sal met both fryk & fel · & freshely fyȝt at 508
by twys edynburgh & pentlande · an hyl þ*er* stand

There schaH be slayne Eleuene thowsande
[Of scot]tis mene, þat nyghte & daye.
. . . . . a townne, of grete renowne,
. . . . . e water of Taye 514
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

. . . . . .
[13 *lines lost at foot of page in MS.*]
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
The toþer oste at barboke. [col. 2] 528
fforryours furthe saH flee,
On a Sonondaye, by-fore þe messee;
Seuene thowsandes sothely saH be slayne,
One aythir partye, more and lesse. 532
ffor þer saH be no baneres presse,
Bot ferre in sondir saH thay bee;
CarefuH saH be þe after mese, 535

THORNTON

there shalbe slayne xij thowsand,
forsothe, of scottes, þat night & daye. 512
thei shall take a walled towne, [1 leaf 9, bk]
1 the father & þe sonne bene slayne awaye;
knightes shall wynne þer warysone,
thurghe dynt of swerd for euer & aye. 516
when þei haue wonne the wallid towne,

and euery mann chosen his chaunce,
the bretens þen shall make them bowne,
and forthe to þe warres of Fraunce. 520
thei shalbe in fraunce full
thomas, I saye, iij yeares & mare;
and dynge downe towerȝ, & castelles
to euery mann in sonder fare. [stronge,
then shall thei be bought full stronge,
betwixt Seiton & þe seye;
the bretens shalbe þe greaves amonge,
the other este at Barwik fre. 528

[*No break in the MS.*]
on a Sondaye before þe masse,
v thowsand sothely slayne shalbe,
of brusse blud, bothe moare & les. 532
for þat daye shuld no banerȝ presse,
but farr in sonder shall thei be;
carefull shalbe the enter messe,

SLOANE

COTTON

þer sal be slayn twelf þowsande · of Scottes [m 512
þan sal þai take a wallyd toun · fadir & [s
knyȝtes of yngland wyn þair warysoun · th 516
whan þai haf tak þis wallyd toun · & ich man hath
hym to hys chance · þan sal þe bretons make
& fare in to þe werres of fraunce 520

there shall be slayne vij m[1]
of scottes men, that nyght & day.
And þet they shall take A walled Towne
that stonde on the water of Tay;
knyghtes shall wyne the waryson,
By dyntes of swerde for ones & Aye.
¶ And whan they haue toke þat walled towne,
And eche man hathe take his chaunce,
the britons blode shall make hym boune,
And fare agan) to werres of fraunce.
then shall they be in fraunce full longe;
Thomas, iij yere & more;
And dyng downe castellis & towres [stronge,
And then shall euery mañ home fare.
¶ they shall mete, boþe fers & stronge,
By twyx Cetoñ and the see;
the englyshe shall ly in craggis amonge,
That othere oste at barkle.
A sore semble there shall be,
On a sonday by fore the Masse;
v thousand shalne[1] shall be, [1 ? slayne]
of bothe partes more & lesse.
¶ For there shall no baner presse,
Bot fer in sundre shall they be;
Carefull shall be there last Masse,

LANSDOWNE

vij thousande shal be slayn þere,
Off scottisshe men þat nyght & day.

then shalle they met, bathe stiff & strong,
Betwene seton and þe see;
the englisshe shalle lyg þe cragys among,
the toþur at þe est banke faHeþ hye.
the fflorence forth shall fare,
Vpon a sonday before the masse;
v thousande þer shalbe slayne,
off bothe partyes more and lesse.
ffor þat þer shaH no barrons presse,
but fer asondur shalle they be;
CarfuH shalbe þe furst masse,

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

þaj sal be in fraunce ful lang · sothly ..t. thre ȝer
& bet doun) tounes & castels strangė · to do owtr
þan sal þai mete both styf & strang · by twys Seton
þ^e Inglyshe sal lyg þe cragges amang · þ^e frenshe
[freres] fast a way sal fle · On a sonday be for þe
. thowsande slayn sal be · of bernes both m
[þer] sal no man wyn þ^e prise · sertenly þis I tell þ

By-twixe Cetone and þe See.

Schippis saH stande appone þe Sande,
Wayffande *with* þe Sees fame;
Thre ȝere and mare, þan saH þay stande,
Or any beryne come foche þame hame.
Stedis awaye Mayster*les* saH flynge,
Ouer þe Mountans too and fraa;
Thaire sadiHs one þaire bakkis saH hynge,
Vn-to þe garthis be rotyne in twaa.
ȝitt saH þay hewe one aHe þe daye,
Vn-to þe sonne be sett nere weste;
Bot þer es no wighte þat ȝitt wiete maye,
Wheþer of thayme saH hafe þe beste.
Thay saH plante downe þaire thare,

Worthi mene al nyghte saH dye;
Bot One þe Morne þer saH be care,
ffor nowþer syde saH hafe þe gree.
Than saH þay take a trewe, and swere,
ffor thre ȝere & more, j vndirstande,
þat nane of þame saH oþer dere,
[Nowþer] by See ne ȝitt by lande.
. . . . saynte Marye dayes
. . . . . d]ayes lange
. . . . . Baners rayse
. . . . . e lande

THORNTON

betwin seytone & þe seye,
of þe brusse, bothe moare & les. [Interpolation]
shippȝ shall stand vpon the sande,
wavand *with* þe seye fome,
thre yeares & moare, vnderstand, [leaf 10]
or any barons fetche them home
steades *maister*les shall flynge,
to the mountains to & fro;
per sadelȝ on *per* back*es* hynge,
till *per* girthes be rotten in to.
thei shall hewe on helme & sheld,
to þe sonne be sett neare weste;
no mann shall witt, in *þat* fyeld,
whithether p*ar*tie shall haue þe beste.
thei shall caste downe banner*ȝ* there;

wonden many one *þat* night shall dye;
vpon the morne there shalbe care,
for neither p*ar*tie shall haue þe degre.
thei shall take a trewce, & sware,
iij yeares & moare, I vnderstand,
þat none of them shall other dare,
neither by water ne by land.
betwin ij Saint mary dayes,
when þe tyme waxethe longe,
then shall thei mete, & banner*ȝ* raise,
on claydon moore, bothe styf & stronge.

SLOANE

COTTON

[. . . . . .] sal þ^t^ ost be aftyr mes · by twys seton &
[Shi]ppes sal be on þe strande · wallyng *with* þe s
T[hr]e ȝer & more *per* sal þai stande · no man . . . . . to f
[Sted]es mayster*les* a way sall flynge · to þe mountt . . . .
[Sadels on] hyr bakkes sall hynge · to þe gyrthes be

Bytwyx ceton & the see. 536

Shippes shall stonde ther on þe sonde,
hem selfe mene the the fome;
Seue yere & more theyr shall they stonde
And no barne shall bryng hem home. 540
[1]¶ And stedes shall maisterles fleng
To the Montayns them fro; [1 leaf 31]
the sadles shall on ther bakes hyng,
Thyll þe gerthes be rotten them fro. 544
they shall hewe on, all that day,
Tyll the sonne be sett west;
ther is no man, that wete may,
which of them shall haue the best. 548

LANSDOWNE

be twene seton & the see. 536

þen shalle þei [fe3t] with helmys & shylde there, [awey;
And woundyt men al eneglych shal rone
but on þe morne þer schal be care,
ffor nedyr [side] shall haue þe gree. 552
[2]Then shalle þei take a truce & swere,
thre 3ere and more, I vndurstonde;
þer nouþer side shalle odir dere, [2 leaf 126, back]
Nouþer be se nor be londe. 556
betwene twoo seynt mary dayes,
When þe tyme waxis nere long,
then shalle thei mete, and banerse rese,
In gleydes more, þat is so long. 560

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

[þai sal plantt] doun hir baners þar · & wondid men s
[þis is þe] begynnyng [of þer] care · whan noþer party sa 548
[þen sal þai] take a trew & swere · thre 3er & more 554
[þat none of] þem sal [oþer dere · noþer] by se
[. . . . . .] saynt mary dayes · [when] þe da 558
[. . . . . .] 560

. . . . . .

[7 *lines lost at foot of page in MS.*]

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

[1]Bot wiete wele, Thomas, he saȝt fynd nan[e]. [1 leaf 153]

He saȝt lyghte, whare þe crose solde bee,
And holde his nebbe vp to the skye;
And drynke of gentiȝ blode and free;
þame ladys, waylowaye, saȝt crye.
Ther saȝt a lorde come to þat werre,
þat saȝt be of fuȝt grete renown[ne];
And in his Banere saȝt he bere,
Triste it wele, a rede lyone.
Thar saȝt anoþer come to þat werr[e],
þat saȝt fyghte fuȝt fayre in [ ]
And in his banere saȝt he ber[e]
A Schippe *with* an ankyre of golde.
ȝitt saȝt an oþer come to þat werre,
þat es noghte knawene by northe n[e southe];
And in his Banere saȝt he bere
A wolfe *with* a nakede childe *in* his mo[uthe].
ȝitt saȝt þe ferthe lorde come to þat w[erre],
þat saȝt grete Maystries after ma[ke];
And *in* his B[anere sa]ȝt he b[er]e
The bere . . . . . .

THORNTON

iij crowned kinges, *with* dyntes sore,
shalbe slayne, & vnder be.
a Raven shall comme ouer þe moore;
and after him a crowe shalle flee,
to seke þe moore, *with*out reste,
after a crosse is made of stone, [leaf 10, back]
ouer hill & dale, bothe easte & weste;
but trowe þou well, he shall fynde none.

he shall lyght wheare þe crosse shuld be,
& holde his nebbe into þe skye;
& drynk of ientle blud & fre,
of doughti knightes þat downe shall lye.

SLOANE

[*Lines* 577-604 *not in this MS.*]

Gladysmore, þat gladis vs aƕ,
This is begynyng of oure gle;
gret sorow þen shaƕ fall,
Wher rest and pees were wont to be.
Crowned kyngus *þer* shal be slayn,
With dyntis sore, and wond*ur* se;
Out of a more a rauen shaƚ cu*m*;
And of hym a schrew shall flye,
And seke þe more, *with* owten rest,
Aft*ur* a crosse is made of ston;
Hye and low, boþ est and west,
But vp he shaƕ [fynde] non.

He shalle liȝt þer the crosse shuld be,
And holde his neb vp to þe skye;
And he shaƕ drynk of [ ],
Ladys shaƕe cry welawey!

LANSDOWNE CAMBRIDGE

[*Lines* 577-604 *in no MS. but the Thornton.*]

COTTON

[5 *lines lost at top of page.*] [leaf 243]

[fynd no] 572
neb vp to þe sky 574
[w]elaway sal cry 576

[*Lines* 577-604 *not in this MS.*]

THORNTON

And þa . . . . . .
Wh . . . . . .
Bot . . . . . .
þer 596
An . . . . . .
Th . . . . . .
þe . . . . . .
An 600
Be . . . . . .
Wh . . . . . .
Th . . . . . .
The 604
þa . . . . . frely þei shall fight þat daye, 605
V . . . . . 606 to þat þe sonne be sett neare weste;
. . . . . none of them shall witt, I saye,
[4 *lines entirely lost at bottom of column.*] whither partie shall haue þe beste. 608
. . . . . a basted shall comme owte of a fforreste,
. . . . . in sothe england borne shalbe—
[col. 2] . . . . . he shall wynne þe gre for þe beste,
. . . . . & all þe land after bretens shalbe. 612
. . . . . then he shall into England ryde,
. . . . . easte weste, as we heare sayne. 614
. . . . . .

[*Col.* 2 *entirely torn off.*]

. . . . . all false lawes he shall laye downe,
. . . . . þat ar begonne in þat contre;
. . . . . trewthe to do, he shalbe bone,
. . . . . & all þe land, after, bretens shalbe. 620

SLOANE

COTTON

sunn]e syt euyn weste
w]yt may · whethir party sal hafe þe best 608
of þe forest · In south yngland born sal be
f]or best · And al ledes bretayns sal be 612

¶ A basterd shall come out of the west,
And there he shall wyne the gre;
he shall bothe Est and west,
And all the lond breton shall be.
he shall In to Englond Ryde,
Est and west in hys tyme;
And holde A *par*lament of moche pryde,
that neu*er* no p*ar*lament by fore was seyne.
And fals lawes he shall ley doune,
that ar goyng in that countre;
And treu work*es* he shall begyn,
And bothe lond*es* bretton shalbe.

LANSDOWNE

þen shal they fi3t *with* he[lme &] schilde,
Vnto þe sun be set nere west; [leaf 157]
þer is no wy3t in *þat* fylde,
þat wott*is* qwylke side shall haue þe best.
A bastarde shal cu*m* fro a forest,—
Not in ynglond borne shall he be;—
And he shalle wyn þe gre for þe best,
Alle men leder of bretan shal he be.
And *with* pride to ynglond ride,
Est and west as .... layde
And holde a parlement w[.....]
Where neu*er* non before was sayd
Alle false lawes he [shalle laye doune],
þat ar begune *in þat* cuntre;
Truly to wyrke, he shal be boune;
And alle leder of bretans shal he be.

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

s]al he ryde · est & west *with* myche tene
ment *with* myche pryde · þ^t^ neuyr non sych be for was sene
es he sal dyng down) · *þat* wer begun in hys cuntre
o wirke he sal be bown · trewly thom*as* as I tell þe

. . . . . thomas ! trowe þat I the tell,
. . . . . that it be so, eueriche worde.
. . . . . of a battell I shall the spell,
. . . . . that shalbe done at sandyford : 624
. . . . . ney þe forde þer is a braye,
. . . . . and ney þe braye þer is a well ; [leaf 11]

[*Leaf* 153, *col.* 2, *and* 153, *back*, *col.* 1, *torn out of MS.*]

a stone þer is, a lytell fraye,
& so þer is, þe sothe to tell. 628
. . . . . thowe may trowe this, euery wurde— 632
. . . . . growand þer be okes iij ; 629
. . . . . that is called the sandyford, 630
. . . . . þer the laste battell done shalbe. 631
. . . . . Remnerdes & Clyffordes bolde shalbe, 633
. . . . . in Bruse land iij yeares & mare, 634
. . . . . & dynge downe towerȝ & castellȝ high ;
. . . . . to do owtraye thei shall not spare. 636
. . . . . þe basted shall gett him power stronge,
. . . . . all þe fyue leishe lande— 639
. . . . . there shall not on him bodword brynge, 640
. . . . . as I am for to vnderstand.
. . . . . þe basted shall die in þe holly lande ; 641
. . . . . Ihesu *Criste* ! þat mykell maye, 644
. . . . . his sowle þou take into þi hande, 643
. . . . . when he is deade & layed in claye ! ' [Interpolation]
. . . . . & as she tolde, at the laste, 645
. . . . . þe teares fell ouer hir eyen graye.

THORNTON SLOANE

And thus is that I you tell;
belefe it wele euery word!
And of A baytale I wote full wele,
that shalbe done at Sawdyngford.
By that forde there is a bro,
And by that bro ther is A well:
A stone there is a lityll there fro;
And by the stone sothe to tell,
And at þat stone Ar cragges iij,

[*The MS. here ends abruptly though there is more room on the page.*]

LANSDOWNE

þe bastarde shal get hym power strong,
And alle his foes he shall doune dyng;
Off alle þe v kyngus landis,
þer shal non bad[word] home bryng.
þe bastard shal dye in þe holy land;—
Trow þis wel [I] þe sey;—
Take his sowle to his hond,
Ihesu criste, [that] mycuH may!
Thomas, [truly] I þe say,
þis is [trewth] ylke a worde!
Off þat laste battel I þe say,
[1]It [shall] be done at Sandeford:
Nere sendyforth þer is a wroo, [1 lf 127, bk]
And nere þat wro is a weH;
A [ston] þer is þe wel euen fro;
And nere þe wel, truly to teH,
On þat grounde þer groeth okys thre,
And is called sondyford;
þer þe last battel done shal be,
Thomas, trow þou ilke a worde.'
þen she seid with heuy chere;
þe terys ran out of hir een gray.

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

owe þis ful wele · þat þis is soth euery worde
[Of a bate]l I can þe telle · þat sal be done at Sandyforde
[Nere þe] forde þar is a bro · & nere þe bro þer is a well
standes þe welle euyn fro · & nere it a ston sothely to tell
[& nere] þat ston growith okes thre · þat men call sandyforde
[þar þe la]st batel don sal be · thomas trowe þou wele þis euery worde
e]s & clyffordes in werre sal be · In bruces lande thre ȝere & more
n) tones & castels fre · to do owtray þai sal not spare
e] þat I þe say · þe bastard sal de in þe holy lande
þou wele may · sese hys sawle into þi hande
d with mych care · þe teres ran doun) of hyr eyn grey

. . . . . 'Lady, or you wepe so faste,
. . . . . take your leave & goo your waye!' 648
. . . . . 'I wepe not for my waye wyndinge,
[leaf 153, back, col. 1] . . . . . but for ladyes, faire & fre,
. . . . . when lordes bene deade, without leasynge,
. . . . . shall wedd yomen of poore degre. 652
. . . . . [1]he shall have steades in stabull fedd;
. . . . . a hawke to bare vpon his hand;
. . . . . a lovly lady to his bedd; [1 leaf 11, back]

[*Leaf* 153, *back, col.* 1, *torn out of Thornton MS.*]

his elders before him had no land! 656
farewell, thomas, well the be!
. . . . . for all this daye thowe wilt me marr.
. . . . . 'nowe, lovly lady, tell thowe me,
. . . . . of blak annes of Dvnbarr.' 660
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . . 'of blak annes comme neuer gode,
. . . . . therfor, maye she neuer the:
. . . . . for all hir welthe, & worldes gode,
. . . . . in london shall she slayne be. 668
. . . . . the greateste merchaunte of hir blud,
. . . . . in a dike shall he dye;
. . . . . houndes of him shall take þer fode,
. . . . . mawger all þer kynne & he.' 672

THORNTON SLOANE

COTTON

þou wepe so sare · take þi houndes & wende þi wey 648
my way wendyng · sothly thomas as I þe say
e]s sal wed ladyes with ryng · Whan hyr lordes be slain [away 652
des in stabil fed · a fayr goshauk to hys hande
to hys bed · hys kyn be fore had neuyr lande 656
m]as & wele þe be · al þis day þou wil me mare
· of blake aunes of Dunbare 660

'lady, or þou wepe so sore,
Take þi houndis & wend þi way!' 648
'I wepe not for my way walkyng,
Thomas, truly I þe say;
But fer ladys, shaH wed laddys 3ong,
When þer lordis ar ded away. 652
He shaH haue a stede in stabul fed,
A hauk to beyre vpon his hond;
A bright lady to his [bed],
þat be fore had none [londe]. 656
ffare wel, thomas, I wende my way;
Alle þis day þou wil me [mar]!'
'Lufly lady, tel þou me,
Off blake Agnes of Don[bar]; 660
[1]And why she haue gyven me þe warre,
And put me in hir prison depe; [1 leaf 128]
ffor I wolde dwel *with* hir,
And kepe hir ploos and hir she[pe].' 664
'Off blak Agnes cu*m* neu*er* gode:
Wher for, thom*as*, she may not the;
ffor al h*ir* welth and h*ir* wordly gode,
In london cloysed shal she be. 668
þer pr*e*uisse neu*er* gode of hir blode;
In a dyke þen shaH she dye;
Houndis of hir shaH haue þer fode,
Magrat of aH hir kyng of le.' 672

LANSDOWNE CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

þe war & put me depe *in* hyr pr*i*soune
with hyr · sothely lady at arsyldoun 664
e] neuyr gode · thom*as* sche may do not to þe
& wordely gode · In london sal she closyd be 668
xt of hyr blode · In a foule dyke sal sche dye
r sal hafe her fode · mawgre of al hyr kyn & she 672

. . . . . thomas, drere mann was he,
. . . . . teares fell ouer his eyen so graye.
. . . . . 'nowe, lovly lady, tell þou me,
. . . . . if we shall parte for euer & aye?' 676
. . . . . [leaf 153, back, col. 2] 'naye!' she saide, 'thomas, parde,
To hunt̃lee bañkkis þou take the way[e]; when thowe sitteste in Arseldon,
[T]here saH j sekirly be bowne, 679 to hontley bankis þou take þe waye;
[And] mete the Thomas whene j maye. þer shall I sykerly to the recomme. 680
[*lines* 681-4 *found only in Cotton MS.*]
[I sa]H *the* kenne whare euer *thou* gaa, I shall reken, wheare euer I goo, 685
[To ber]e þe pryce of curtaysye; 686 to beare the price of curtese.' 686
[For tu]nge es wele, & tunge es waa,
[And tun]ge es chefe of Mynstrallsye.'
[*lines* 689-692 *found only in Cotton MS.*]
[Scho ble]we hir horne on hir palfraye,
[And left]e Thomas vndir-nethe a tre;
[To Helmesd]ale scho tuke the waye;
[And thus] departede scho and hee! and thus departid she & he! 696
[Of swilke] an hird mane wolde j here, Finis.
[þat couth] Me teHe of swilke ferly. 698
[Ihesu], corounde with a crowne of brere,
[Bry]nge vs to his heuene So hyee!
amene, amene. 700

Explicit Thomas
Of Erseledownne

THORNTON SLOANE

COTTON

a drery man was he · þe teres ran of his eyn grey
y tel þou me · if we sal part for onys & ay 676
at arseldoun · to huntly bankes tak þi way
edy boun · to mete þe þar if þat I may 680
ende my way · I may no langer stande with þe
þe pray · tel neuyr þi frendes at home of me 684
y a lady fre · I sal þe comfort wher þat þou go

Þen Thomas, a sory man was he,
Þe terys ran out of his een gray;
'lufly lady, ȝet [tell Þou] me,
If we shall parte for euer and ay?'
'Nay! when Þou sitt[es] at erseldown,
To hunteley [bankes] Þou take thi way;
And Þer shal I be redy bowne,
To mete Þe thomas, if Þat I may.'

She blew [hir] horne, on hir palfray,
And lef[fed] thomas at eldryn-tre;
Til helmesdale she toke Þe way; [lf 128, bk]
thus departed Þat lady and he!
Off such a woman wold I here,
That couth telle me of such ferly!
Ihesu, crowned with thorne so clere,
Bryng vs to thi hall on hye!

Explicit

LANSDOWNE

CAMBRIDGE

COTTON

profe of curtasy · tong is weke & tong is wo
e of mynstralsy · tong is water & tong is wyne
[Tong is che]fe of melody · & tong is thyng Þat fast wil bynd
[Þen went] forth Þat lady gay · vpon hyr wayes for to w[ende]
[She blewe hi]r horn on hyr palfray · & lefte thomas vndir a [tre]
man wold I here · Þat couth tel more of Þis ferly
kyng so clere · bryng vs to Þi halle [on hye]
[Explicit prop]hecia thome de Arseldoune

APPENDIX I.

From "The Whole prophesie of Scotland," &c. Edinburgh, Robert Waldegrave, 1603. Collated with Andro Hart's Edition, 1615.

☞ The Prophecie of Thomas Rymour. [B j, back]

Still on my waies as I went,
Out throgh a land, beside a [1]lie,
I met a [2]beirne vpon the [3]way.
Me thought him seemlie for to see,
I asked him [4]holly his intent,
Good Sir, if your [5]wil be,
Sen that ye byde vpon the bent
Some vncouth tydinges tell you me,
When shal al these warres be gone,
That leile men may [6]leue in lee,
Or when shall falshood goe from home
and laughtie blow his horne on hie.
I looked from me not a mile,
And saw two Knights vpon a [7]lie,
they were armed seemely new,
two Croces on [8]there brestes they bare,
and they were [9]cled in diuers hew,
Of sindrie countries as they were,
the one was red as any blood,
Set in his Shield a [10]Dragone keene,
He [11]steird his Steed as he were [12]mad,
With crabbid words sharpe and keene
Right to the other beirne him by.
His Horse was al of siluer sheene
His Shield was shaped right seemlie,
In it a Ramping Lyon keene.
Seemly into golde was set,
His bordour was of Asure sheene,

With silke and Sabil well was plet, [B ij]
I looked from me ouer a greene,
And saw a Ladie on a lie,
That such a one had I neuer seene.
the light of her shined so hie,
Attour the moore where [13]at she fure,
The fields me thought faire and greene
She rode vpon a Steid ful sture,
That such a one had I seldome seene:
Her Steid was white as any milke,
His top his taile [14]war both full blae
A side [15]saydle sewed with silke,
As al were golde it glittered so,
His harnessing was of silke of ynde,
Set with precious stones free,
He ambled on a noble kinde:
Vpon her head stoode Crownes three:
Her garment was of Gowles gay,
But other colour saw I none,
A flying fowle then I saw,
Light beside her on a stone
A stoope into her hand she baere,
and holy water she had readie,
She sprinkled the field both here & there
Said heere shal many dead corpes lie.
At yon bridge vpon yon burne,
Where the water runnes bright and sheene,
There shal many steides spurne,

[1] Ley [2] bairne [3] bent [4] wholly [5] wils [6] liue [7] Ley [8] their
[9] clad [10] Dragon sheene [11] stirde [12] wood [13] as [14] wer [15] saddle

And Knightes die throw battles keene
[1] To the two Knightes did she say,
Let be your strife my Knightes free,
Ye take your Horse and ride your way
As God hath ordained so must it be, [B ij, back]
Saint Andrew thou hast the [2] hight,
Saint George thou art my owne Knight,
they [3] wrongous aires shall worke thee woe,
Now are they one there [4] waies gone,
The Ladie and the Knightes two,
to that beirne then can I ment,
and asked [5] tythings be my fey,
What kinde of sight was that I said ?
[6] Thou shewed to me upon yone lie,
Or wherefrom came those Knights two
They seemed of a farre countrie,
That Ladie that I let thee see,
that is the Queene of heauen so bright
the fowle that flew by her knee,
that is Saint Michael much of might
the knightes two the field to ta
Where manie men in field shall fight.
know you well it shal be so,
that die shal manie a gentle knight.
With death shall manie doughtie daile,
the Lordes shal be then away,
there is no Harret that can tell,
who shal win the field that day,
A crowned King in armes three
Vnder the Baner shal be set,
two false and feyned shal be,
the third shal light and make great let
Baners fiue againe shal striue,
and come in on the other side,
the white Lyon shall beate them downe,
and worke them woe with woundes wide,
The [7] Bares heade with the [8] read Lyon, [B iij]
So seemely into [9] read golde set,
That day shal slay the King with Crowne,
Though many Lordes make great let,
there shal attour the water of Forth
Set in golde the read Lyon.
And many Lords out of the North
to that battell shal make them boun,
there shal Crescentes come ful keene,
that weares the Croce as read as blood.
On euerie side shal be sorrow seene,
Defouled is many doughtie foode,
Beside a Lough, vpon a lie,
they shal assemble vpon a day,
And many doughtie men shal die
Few in quiet shal be found away,
Our Scottish King shal come full keene,
The read Lyon beareth he,
A feddered arrow sharpe I weene
Shal make him winke and warre to see,
Out of the [10] filde he shal be led
When he is bloodie and woe for blood,
Yet to his men shall he say
For Gods loue [11] you turne againe
and giue [12] those Sutherne folke a [13] fray,
Why should I lose, the right is mine.
My date is not to die this day.
Yonder is [14] falshoode fled away,
and [15] laughtie blowes his horne on hie,
Our bloodie King that weares the Crowne,
Ful boldlie shal [16] he battell byde,
His Baner shal be beaten downe,
And hath no hole his head to hide, [B iij, back]
the Sternes three that day shall die,
That beares the [17] Harte in siluer sheene :
there is no riches golde nor fee,
May lengthen his life [18] an howre I weene,
Thus through the field [19] that Knight shal ride
And twise reskew the King with Crowne,
He will make many a Banner yeeld,
the Knight that beares the toddes three,
He wil by force the field to ta,
But when he sees the Lyon [20] die,
Thinke ye wel he wil be wae,
Beside him lightes beirnes three,
Two is white the third is blae,

[1] Knights then did they sey [2] right [3] wrangous heires [4] wayes [5] tydings by
[6] Then [7] Beares [8] red [9] red gold [10] field [11] turne you [12] these
[13] frey [14] falset [15] loudlie [16] the battell bide [17] heart [18] one houre
[19] the [20] dee

the toddes three, shall slay the two,
The third of them shall make him die,
Out of the field shall goe no more,
But one Knight and knaues three.
There comes a Banner red as [1]blud,
In a Ship of siluer sheene,
With him comes many [2]ferlie fude,
to worke the Scottes much hurte and woe,
There comes a Ghost out of the west,
Is of another language then he,
to the battle bownes him best,
As soone as he the Senyour can see,
the Ratches workes them great wanrest,
Where they are rayed on a lie,
I cannot tell who hath the best
Each of them makes other die
A white Swane set into blae,
Shal semble from the South sey,
To worke the [3]Northen folk great wae, [B 4.]
For knowe you well thus shal it be,
the staikes [4]aucht with siluer set,
Shal semble from the other side,
till he and the Swan be met,
They shal worke woe with woundes wide,
throw woundes wide, there weeds hath wet
So boldlie will [5]there beirnes byde,
It is no [6]rek who gets the best,
they shal both die in that same tide.
There comes a Lord out of the North,
Riding vpon a Horse of tree,
that broad landes hath beyond Forth,
The white Hinde beareth he,
And two Ratches that are blew,
Set [7]iuto golde that is so free,
that day the [8]Egill shal him slay,
and then put up his Banner hie:
The Lord that beares [9]the Losanes three,
Set into gold with Gowles two,
Before him shal a battel be,
He weares a banner that is blew,
Set with Pecok tailes three:
and lustie Ladies heads two,
[10]Vnfane of one, each other shal be,
all through griefe to gether they goe
I cannot tel who wins the gree,
Each of them shal other slay,
the [11]Egill gray set into greene,
that weares the [12]hartes heades three,
Out of the South he shal be seene,
to light and ray him on a lie,
With [13]55. Knights that are keene, [B 4, back]
And Earles either two or three,
From [14]Carlel shal come [15]bedene,
Againe shal they it neuer see,
at Pinkin Cleuch [16]their shal be spilt,
Much gentle blood that day,
[17]Their shal the [18]Baire lose the [19]gylt,
And the Eagle beare it away,
Before the water [20]man calles Tyne,
And there ouer [21]lyes a brig of stone,
the [22]Baires three, looses the gree,
there shall the Eagle win his name.
There comes a beast out of the west
With him shal come a faire manie,
His Baner [23]hes beene seldome seene,
A bastard trowe I best he be,
Gotten [24]with a Ladie sheene,
[25]With a Knight in priuitie
His armes are full eath to knowe,
the [26]read Lyon [27]bears he,
that Lyon shall forsaken be,
and [28]he right glad to [29]flee away
Into an Orchyard on a lie,
With hearbs greene and allayes gray,
there will he inlaiked be,
His men sayes harmesay,
the Eagle puts his Baner on hie
and sayes the field he woone that day.
their shal the Lyon lye full still,
Into a vallie faire and bright,

[1] blood [2] ferly food [3] Northerne [4] eight [5] their bairnes bide [6] reck [7] in golde [8] Egle [9] *omits* the [10] Unfaine [11] Egle [12] hearts heads [13] fiftie fiue [14] Carlill [15] bedeene [16] There shall [17] There [18] Beare [19] guilt [20] men cals [21] lies [22] Beares [23] hath bene [24] betweene [25] And [26] red [27] beareth [28] be [29] be

A Ladie shoutes with words shrile,
and sayes woe worth [1]the coward knight
Thy men are slaine vpon yon hil, [B 5]
To dead are many [2]dougtie dight,
Theareat the Lyon likes ill,
And raises his baner hie on hight
Vpon the moore that is so gray,
Beside a headles Croce of stone,
There shal the Eagle die that day,
And the read Lyon win the name
The Eagles three shal lose the gree,
that they haue had this manie day,
the read Lyon shal win renowne,
Win all the field and beare away,
One [3]Crowe shal come, anothner shal goe,
and drink the gentle blood so free.
When all these ferlies was away
then sawe I non, but I and he
then to the [4]birne couth I say
Where dwels thou or in what countrie :
Or who shal rule the Ile of Bretaine
From the North to the South sey :
a French [5]wife shal beare the Son,
Shall rule all Bretaine to the sey,
that of the Bruces blood shall come,
As neere as the nint degree
I franed fast what was his name,
Where that he came from what countrie ?
In Erslingtoun, I dwell at hame
Thomas Rymour men calles me.

[1] thee [2] doughtie [3] Crowne [4] Bairne could [5] Queene [6] which

---

[My idea at first was to print the above in 4-line stanzas, thus :

Still on my waies as I went,
Out throgh a land, beside a lie,
I met a beirne vpon the way ;
Me thought him seemlie for to see.

But, though this is clearly the original structure, it breaks down in twelve places, in the copy as we have it (a clear proof of its imperfections), and in others is so uncertain, that I finally resolved to let it alone, and give it in the form in which I found it. An examination will show :—

Three regular stanzas		1—12	:	*two* lines (half stanza)	12—14 ;
two	„ „	15—22	:	*three* uncertain lines	23—25 ;
nine	„ „	26—61	:	*three* lines of a stanza	62—64 ;
twelve	„ „	65—112	:	*nine* uncertain lines	113—121 ;
two	„ „	122—129	:	*three* odd lines	130—132 ;
one	„ „	133—136	:	*two* lines (half stanza)	137—138 ;
ten	„ „	139—178	:	*two* lines (half stanza)	179—180 ;
four	„ „	181—196	:	*six* uncertain lines	197—202 ;
one	„ „	203—206	:	*two* lines (half stanza)	207—208 ;
six	„ „	209—232	:	*two* lines (half stanza)	233—234 ;
one	„ „	235—238	:	*two* lines	239—240 ;
one doubtful	„	241—244	:		
one regular	„	245—248.]			

APPENDIX II.

"THE PROPHISIES OF RYMOUR, BEID, AND MARLYNG:"

AN ENGLISH PROPHECY.

[*Lansdowne MS.* 762, *leaf* 75, *collated with Rawl. MS. C.* 813, *leaf* 72, *back.*]

WELL on my way as I forth wente
ou*er* a londe beside a lee,
I met w*ith*[1] a baron[2] vpon a bente,
Me thought hym semely for to see.
I prayed hym w*ith* good entente
To abide awhile and speke w*ith* me:
Som vncowth tidynge*s* [in] verament
[3]That he wolde tell me ij or iij.[3]

'Whan shall all these warres be gone[4]
Or trewe men lyve in love &[5] lee?
Or whan shall falshed fange[6] from home,
Or Trewth shall blow his horne on hye?'

He said, 'man, set thy fote on myne,
And ou*er* my Shulder loke thyn Iie[7]
The fairest sight I shall shewe the [syne][8]
That eu*er* saw[9] man in[10] thy countre.'

Ou*er* a lande forth I blynte,[11]
A semely sight me thought I se—
A crowned quene in verament,
W*ith* a company of Angelle*s* fre.

Her stede was grete & dappyll gray,
her aparell was of silke of Inde;
w*ith* peryll and perrye[12] set full gay,
her stede was of a ferly kynde.
[13]So Ryally[14] in her Arraye,
I stode and mwsyd in my mynde;
all the clerkes a live to day
So fayre a lady colde[15] none ffynde.

An Angyll kneled on his kne,
and other many apon that land
went to that faire of ffelycite,
and gave her a holy water sprynckell in hand.
her crowne was Graven in graynis iij,
she halowyd the grownd w*ith* her owen[16] hand,
both ffrythe & ffelde and fforest ffree;
and I behelde[17] and styll did stand.

She halowed yt both [18]farre & nere;[18]
the Angelle*s* after her did hie;
She said, 'Iesu, that bowght vs dere,[19]
what here shalle many a dede corse lye!
'here most barnies[20] be brought on bere,
and welle away[21] shall ladyes crye,
Ie*s*u, that bowght mankynde so dere,
vpon the[r] soulle*s* haue m*er*cye!

then I lokyd ou*er* a lovely lande—
that was a selcowth thinge[22] in sight—
I se come ou*er* a bent rydaunde
[23]A goodly man as armyde knyght.[24]
he shoke his spere ferselye[25] in hand,
Right cruell[ye] and kene;
Styfly & stowre as he wolde stonde,
he bare a shylde of Syluer shene.

[1] R. *omits.* [2] buron [3—3] to tell me what hereafter shulde be. [4] done [5] L. or [6] be founde [7] thow nye [8] R. ffyne, L. *nil.* [9] see [10] of [11] Ouer a louely lande as I was lente [12] L. perle = perre [13] leaf 75, back. [14] Soo Ryall she was [15] can [16] *om.* [17] L. behinde yt and [18—18] L. fere & nye [19] L. man kynde [20] burons [21] L. wyll away [22] L. *inserts* 'to se' [23] leaf 76. [24] He semed In felde as he wolde ffight [25] L. furyously

A crosse of gowles therin [1]did be ;[1]
he carpyd wordes cruell & kene,
And shoke a shafte of a suer tree ;
[2]I blent wele forder apon a[2] grene :
A nother armyd knyght I see,
In his crest he bare, I wene,
A Rede lyon that did rawmpyng be ;
he spake wordes cruell & kene
to that other[3] that was hym by.

This crowned quene rode them betwene,
Right as fast as she colde[4] hie,
She saith, 'men what do you meane ?
stente your Stryff & your follye,
Remember that ye[5] be sayntes in heven ;
and fro my dere soñ comen am I
to take this ffelde you [twoo] betwene.
whereuer yt shall[6] fall in [7]burghe
or bye.'[7]

[8]She said 'Seint G[e]orge thow art my
knyght
oft wronge heyres haue done the tene ;
Seint Andrew yet [9]art thow in the[9]
right,
of thy men if it be syldom sene.[10]
here [dye] shall many a doughty knyght,
And gromes shall grone apon yat
grene,
here lordly leedes loo shall lyght,
And many a douty knyght bydene.[11]

here shalbe gladismore that shall glad
vs all,
yt shalbe gladyng of oure glee ;
yt[12] shalbe gladmore wher euer yt fall,
but not gladmore by the see.
[13]ouer cache more[13] a coke shall crowe,
of[ter] tymes[14] then tymes thre,
In the thirde yere a ferly shall fall,
At yermes[15] broke a kynge shall dye.'

This crowned quene vanyshed awaye
with her companey of Angilles bright,
so dide both these knyghtes that day ;
no more I [16]sawe them[16] in my sight.
to a[17] lytell mañ I toke my waye,
I[18] prayed hym with mayn & myght,
[19]more of this matier he wold me saye ;
he answered me with reason[20] Right :

'I [21]wyll the tylle[21] with trew Intent,
but I haue no space to bide with the,
To tell the [the] trouth in varament
what shall fall &[22] gladismore be.
dissencion amonges your[23] lordes shalbe
lent,
of them that are of blode full nye,
where many a man shall their be shent,
And doughtyly in batell dye.

Charyty shalbe layed awaye,
That ryffe in londe hath been ;
Come shall tene and tray,
This man can melle & mene.
those[24] that love[s] well to-day
belyve [25]shall tray & tene,[25]
In batell [26]shall barons[26] them araye
Right doughtely[27] by dene.

gret batell[es] in Englond men shall see,
be yt wronge or Right ;
The sone ageinst the father shalbe,
Right frussely[28] to ffyght.
[29]then shall truth be banysshed ouer
the see,
And falle [bothe] mayn and myght ;
then shall falcede[30] and envy

blowe[31] their hornes on high[t].
This shall Reigne vnto the space
of xxx^ti yeres and thre ;
In Englond shalbe la[k]ke of grace,
So much treson shall be.

[1—1] I dyd see [2—2] & past fforwarde vppon the [3] other buron [4] might [5] ther [6] *om.* [7—7] L. bought or by [8] leaf 76, back. [9—9] thou art In [10] *This line omitted in* R. [11] *These four lines omitted in* R. [12] *per* [13—13] on Cachemore [14] ofter [15] yernes [16—16] see them [17] that [18] and [19] leaf 77. [20] reason and [21—21] wolde tell the [22] or [23] *om.* [24] these [25—25] shalbe traied by teene [26—26] buryns shall [27] dulfully [28] fercelye ffor [29] leaf 77, back. [30] falshede [31] L. browe

A kynge shall reigne *with*out Right-
wysnes,
And put downe blod full hye;
Another shalbe lost for fawlte of grace,
To here shalbe [grett] petye. 124

yet shall deth haue a dynt
In [1]tor[na]ment and fyght;[1]
he that hath ynglond hent
[2]shalbe made lowe in leght.[2] 128
[3]Then wenis men[3] that ware shall stynt,
but yt Ryseth new on hight;
Then shall ij prynces harnes hent,
with treason ther dedys be dyght. 132

wrongwise werk*es* lok*es* after wrake
with [4]clerk*es* on-wissely[4] wrought;
Seint Bede in booke did make
[5]When the proffycies was sought, 136
that god he will vengyance take,
when all Englond is on lofte;
A duke shall suffer for their sake,
which he to dede hath brought. 140

when eu*ery* [man] wenys that ware is
goone,
And Rest and pese shall be,
Then shall entre at Mylford haven
vpon a horse of tree 144
A banyshed barone[6] that is borne
of brut*es* blode shalbe;
through helpe of a[n] Egyll an-one
he shall broke all[7] bretayne to the see.

be side bosworth a felde shalbe pight,[8]
ther mete shall bores two,
of dyu*er*se colors shalbe dight;[9]
the one shall the other sloo. 152
A hart*es* hed *with* tenes[10] bright
shall w*er*ke his armes[11] woo;
The white bore [to dethe] shalbe dight:
The profficies saith soo. 156

[12]After Lord*es* shall to London Ride
That mykyll is of prise;[13]
A p*ar*liament shalbe sett that tyde,
and chose a kynge at ther devisse. 160
eu*ery* man of englond large & wyde
[14]wene[s] they ar sett of pryce,[14]
yet he shalbe called in that tyde
the kynge of covetyse.[15] 164

when sonday goth by B and C,
And pryme by one[16] and two,
the[n] selcouthe[s] men shall see,
that seme not to be soo. 168
Barnes[17] in batell shall brednet[18] be,
And barors[19] of blod full bloo;
the iiij[th] lefe of the tree shall dye,
that lost hath bowes moo. 172

A ffedder from heth shall falle in hast,
his name shall torne to a[20] tree:
[21]dulfull dede shall women wast,[21]
[22]And make folke to felde flee.[22] 176
Traytors shall towers tast,
And doughtlesse be done to dye;
All Londoñ shall trymble in hast, 179
[23]A dede kynge when they shall[24] see.

A prynce shall bowñe [hym] ou*er* a
flode,
Ou*er* [25]a streme straye:[25]
those that were neu*er* of Consciens good
shall breke truse on a daye. 184
Mekyll [26]care barnes brues;[26]
when they cast there truthes awaye;
then in englonde men shall here newes,
And A kynge slaine on a day. 188

betwene a traytise of trust,[27]
with a ffalse assent,
A castell sone shall lost be
Apon a Ryver [in] varament. 192

[1—1] turnament off ffight [2—2] shall make hym lowe to light
[3—3] R. then men weneth; L. then wyns men [4—4] ? werkes, R. dedes vnwisely [5] leaf 78.
[6] buron [7] *om.* [8] L. piched [9] L. Right [10] tynes [11] enemyes
[12] leaf 78, back. [13] L. pryde [14] R. thinke they be sett att prise; L. pryde
[15] L. covitous [16] iij [17] burons [18] beyton [19] barons [20] *om.*
[21—21] dulfull dedes shall warnes waste [22—22] make ffolkes to ffelles to fflye [23] leaf 28.
[24] *om.* [25—25] the stremes staye [26—26] bale burons bruen [27] truse

[betwen) Seyton) & the see
then) shalbe warre In verement,]
And many a towne brent shalbe
[1]when ware is with assent.[1] 196

[2]then shall wacone woo & wrothe[3]
and barnys to batell shalbe bowne :[4]
their shall com ouer the water of[5] forth
wele arrayed in golde, a rede lyon; 200
with many a lorde out of the North,
for to bete their enymys downe.
mikell[6] blode with hym [7]& broth[7]
shalbe spyllyd vpon [bentis browne].[8]

[9]out of the south shall entre Right
a whyt lyon [vpp]on) a daye,
ageinst the Rede lyon for to fyght; 207
but their shall begyne a dulfull fraye.
their shall dye many a doughty knyght,
And ladys [shalle] crye welle awaye!
Men of the chirch shall[10] fiersly fyght,
with shaft and shelde them to[11] asaye:

Est and west, north and south,
shall [12]some Ryall[12] in their araye:
At mylnefylde they shall splaye banars
couth
Ageinst the Rede lyon that day. 216
they shall begyne at yerne3mowth,
many a Ryall[13] knyght in fay;
[14]Many a doughty[14] that day be put to
deth;
A[tt] flodden felde begynnys the
afraye: 220

[15]Att Branstone[15] hill shall semble a
herd,
and bright baners shall dysplaye;
And many frekes shalbe a-ferde,[16]
and fewe to bere the[17] lyff away. 224

those that is brede of vncouthe erde
shall doubtlesse lese they[r] lyffes yat
day:
[18]The Rede Lyon was neuer a ferde, 227
he shall[19] doubtlesse dy[20] that day.

A beme full [21]burle shall ther[21] blowe
vnder a montayne apon a lee;
A splayd egle that men do know
shall make a C standertes [swe].[22] 232
ther shall frekes full frely fall,
and of them he shall wyne the mon-
tane hie;
doutye knyghtes shall clype[23] & call, 235
and many a man that day shall dye.

A bull & a bastarde together [shalle]
mete,
shall fyght in fylde full manfully;
the Rede blode shall rone as rayne in
strete,
and many a doughty that day shall
dye. 240
the Rede lyon made shalbe full meke,
and come downe from a mountayne
hye;
belyve be [ffallen downe][24] vnderfete
and in yerne3 broke slayne shall he[25]
be. 244

A white lyon shall kepe a stale,
An admyrall shall come from the see,
And make[26] his enymys [27]for to fall,[27]
And dryve them to the mountayn hye:
their shal be-gyn a dulfull swale, 249
when the Albenackes[28] blod begyn-
nyth to fle;
[29]they shall be dreven) downe into a
dale,[30]
ther fayrest flower [ther] lost shalbe.

[1—1] and warre shall waken In violent
[2] R. *inserts as first line of stanza:* That many a wiffe shall wydoo ben [3] orthe [4] L. bounde
[5] L. at [6] L. Muche [7—7] ys broghte [8] L. a bent of brome (*this line is omitted in* R.)
[9] leaf 79, back. [10] *om.* [11] selffe [12—12] semble rially [13] doughtye
[14—14] and many [15—15] L. on bramstone [16] L. a-frayde [17] ther [18] leaf 80.
[19] shalbe [20] dede [21—21] borle ther shall [22] L. to shake & swaye [23] clepe
[21] L. falled, ? fouled [25] *om.* [26] doo [27—27] mekell bale [28] almanakes [!]
[29] leaf 80, back. [30] *This line is omitted in* R.

the mowle[1] and the [2]mayre maydeñ
shall be layed awaye,[2]
and shalbe doñe dulfully to dye;
The golde anker shalbe slayne that day,
So shall the besand[3] with the beres
thre;[4] 256
A white lyon in [5]armyn graye[5]
shall fyght that day full manfully,
to helpe the Egell [in] all he maye, 259
And make his enymys fayne to fle.[6]

the day shall fayle[7] both leme & light,
the nyght shall entre vpon them tho,
their enymys ther [shalbe] put to flyght
with blody wound*es* & hart*es* woo. 264
then shall they cry & call on hight,
vnfaithfull[8] frend*es* that [9]are goo;[9]
their shall mysse manye a Ryall knyght
that gladly to that ffelde dyd goo. 268

on morow the day shalbe full bright.
the people shall asemble fare in fere,
som *with* hevy hart*es* & som *with* ligh[t];
who fyndes his frynde[s] shall make
good chere. 272
[10]But the Rede lyoñ [11]to dede shalbe[11]
dight,
and by the adwise of a woman clere
ther shall they fynde hym sone[12] full
Right,
or ell*es* [13]they wiste nott[13] which he
were. 276

then leyve[14] ev*e*ry lorde shall take,
and bowne[15] them home to their
contry,
som *with* weale, & som *with* wrake, 279
who that haue lost their frend*es* fre.
but the rede lyon, wele I wot,
to London towne browght shalbe;
the whit lyoñ shall grath his gate 283
and to London [shalle] cary that fre.

then ther shall happen such a ch*æ*uns;
the prynce that is beyonde the flode
two townes shall take that longe[16] to
Fraunce, 287
with lytyll shedyng of Crysten) blod;
boldely his people he shall avaunce,
and nother spare for golde ne good.
bredlynton)[17] this proffiey graunt*es*, 291
and so did bede that well vndirstoud.

when eu*e*ry man said yt shulde be were,[18]
Arsaldowne[19] then proficied he,
And said in englond [20]y not dere[20] 295
[21]tyll vij yere com) and goan) shulde be.
In hast ther shall[22] a messynger
In Albanack[23] from ou*e*r the see,
that many a man shall suffer dere
th[r]ought his falsed and sotylty. 300

A childe *with* a chaplet shall raye hym
right,
with many a hardy man of hande,
with manya helme that clyderith[24] bright
And he shall com ou*e*r soelway sand;
on [25]stanys more begyn to[25] fyght, 305
wher lord*es* shall light vpon that londe,
And [26]aske Nothing[26] but his Right,
yet shall his enymys hym *with* stand.

holly chirch shall harnys hent,
and iij yeres stonde on stere,
mete & fyght vpon a bent,
Even as the[y] seculers were. 312
the Ruff shall Ruffully be Rent,
And stond in grete daunger,
vnto the synne of Simony be shent
that they haue vsed here. 316

A kinge[27] of Denmarke shall hym dyght
[28]Into Englond vpoñ a day,
[þat] shall make many a lorde low[29] to
lyght,
And ladyes[30] to say wele away! 320

[1] mule [2—2] mairemedon shalbe awaye [3] bason [4] L. ther; R. *om.* beres thre [5—5] harnes gaye [6] fflye [7] ffade [8] on feithffull [9—9] is agoo [10] leaf 81. [11—11] vnto dede is [12] *om.* [13] L. not wyt [14] L. lyvye [15] L. Bounde [16] L. belongeth [17] Bridlynton to [18] warre [19] L. Arsedowne [20—20] itt shulde not deire [21] leaf 81, back. [22] is [23] Almanake [24] gliderethe [25—25] Stanesmore begy*n*nethe the [26—26] askethe noo thyng [27] Duke out. L. *had also originally* duike [28] leaf 82. [29] full lowe [30] many a ladye

then frekys in felde shall frely fyght;
A kynge shall com̃ out of Norway;
The blake flet *with* mayn and myght
their enymys full[1] boldly shall[2] asay. 324

In bretayn londe shalbe a knyght,
on̄ them shall make a felon̄ fray,
A bytter bere *with* mayn and myght 327
shall brynge a Ryall Rowt that day.
ther [3]shall dy[3] many a [stalworthe] knyght,
And dryve them to [the] flod*es* graye;
they shall losse both sayle & syght,[4]
And a crowned kynge be slayne that day. 332

then shall the North Ryse ageinst y^e^ south,
And the est ageinste the west:
care in contry shalbe couthe,[5]
vntyll couytyce downe be caste. 336
out of a dene shall drawe a wolf
Right Radly in that rest,
And he[6] shall com*e* in at the south,
And bett downe of the best. 340

[7]on sondysforth shall this[7] sorow be sene,
[8][9]on the south syde vpon a monday;[9]
The[r] gromes shall grone vpon a grene,
besyde the greues[10] graye. 344
their standith a castell on̄ a montayn clene—
thus Arsalldoune[11] did saye—
which shall do there enymys tene,
and save englond that day. 348

to gethers ther shall mete *with* banars bright
crowned kynge*s* tnre,
And hew on other *with* mayne and myght,
tyll one of them slayne shalbe. 352

the blake flet of Norway shall take y^e[r]^ flyght,
And be full fayne to flee;
they shalbe dreven ou*er* [12]Rock*es* & clyffe*s*,[12]
And many one drowned shalbe. 356

they shall flee in the salt strond,[13]
fer forthe in[14] the fome:
xx^ti^ thowsand *with*out dynt of hand,
shall losse their lyves ylke one. 360
A darf[15] dragon̄, I vnderstonde,
shall come yet ou*er* the fome,
And *with* hym bryng a Ryall baunde,[16]
ther lyves shall yet be lorne. 364

this darf[15] dragon̄, I vnderstond,
that comyth ou*er* the flode[s] browne,
[17]when his tayle is in Irelond,
his hede shalbe in stafford towne; 368
he shall so boldly bryng his bonde,[18]
thynkyng to wyn Renowne;
beside a welle ther is a stronde[19]
ther he shall be beten downe. 372

on Snapys more they shal be-gyne,
these doughty men & dere,
with sterne sted*es* together thring,[20]
and hew on helmes clere. 376
an Egyll shall mount *with*out lettyng
and freshely fyght in[21] fere,
and in a ford [shalle] kyll a kynge;
thus m*ar*lyon̄[22] said in fere.[23] 380

knyght*es* shall rydd[24] in ryche araye,
and hew on [25]helmes bright:[25]
a gerfacon̄ shall mounte that day, 383
and iij [26]merlyon[s] fers of flyght.[26]
on gladmore, I dare well say,
dye shall many a knyght;
who shall bere the gree[27] away
no sege can rekyne[28] right. 388

[1] *om.* [2] ffor to [3–3] dye shall [4] ffight [5] L. wroght [6] *om.* [7–7] on the Southe side Sondiforde shall [8] leaf 82, back. [9–9] vppon a mu*n*day In the morni*n*ge gaye [10] grayves [11] L. arsedo*u*ne [12–12] Rocke & Cliffe [13] strounde [14] on [15] derffe [16] L. bownde [17] leaf 83. [18] bande [19] fforde [20] L. therin [21] on [22] m*er*lyn [23] p*ro*phesye [24] counter [25–25] helmett*es* clere [26–23] marleons In ffere [27] L. gere [28] L. reke a

the egyll shall so wery be
for fyghtynge, as I wene,
he wyll take [1]an Ilande[1] in the see,
wher [2]herbes is ffaire & alsoo grene ;[2]
[3]then shall mete hym a faire Lady,
she shall speke *with* voice so clene :
'helpe thy men*ne* Right hardely[4]
loke where they dye in batelle*s* kene !'

then shall this egyll buske *with* pride,
th[r]ought counsell of this faire lady,
entre [5]in [on] eu*e*ry side,[5]
make xx[ti] stander*tes* [6]for to swey.[6]
A ra*m*pyng lyoñ, mekyll of pride,
In syluer sett *with* Armyn[7] free,
shall helpe the egyll in that tyde,
where shall many a doughty dye.

In a forest stondith[8] Ooke*s* thre,
In a fryth all by ther one ;
beside a hedlesse crosse of tree
A well shall Ronne of blode alone.
Marlyon said in his profecy
that in [9]their stondith[9] a stone :
A crowned kynge shall heddid be
And[10] to losse his lyffe alone.

The egyll shall fyersly fyght that day—
to hym shall draw hys frende*s* nere ;[11]
a Reu*n*aunde[12] hounde, *with*oute delaye,
shall [13]brynge the chace[13] both fere &
nere.
barnes[14] shall on helmette*s* laye
[15]doubtfull dynte*s* on side*s* sere ;
twis for sworne, I dare well say,
ther song shalbe on sorow ther.[16]

the derf dragoñ shall dye in fight,
the bere shall holde his hede on high ;
A wyld wolf low shall light ;
the brydelyd stede shall manfully

In felde ageinst his enymes fight,
the dowble flowre maynteyn shall he ;
a swane shall Swy*m*ne *with* mayn and
myght ;
this bede saith in his profecy.

The bull of westm*er*lande shall bell &
bere,
the boldest best in varament ;
he shall afterward *with*out were
be made Iustice from tyne[17] to trent.
a bastard shall do dedys dere,
the fox he shall in hande*s* hent,
the ffullemarte[18] shalbe disfigured in
fere,
what side soeu*er* he be [on] lent.

then shall the egyll calle on hight,[19]
and say this fylde is o*ur*[20] to day ;
then shall aliens take their flyght,
their songe shalbe wele awaye !
the duble Rose shall laughe[21] full Right,
And bere the gre for eu*er* & aye,
when false men shall take ther flyght,
as arse[l]do*un*[22] hymself did say.

then spake the[23] holly man that men
called[24] Bede—
In profecy saith [he] in fere :
A childe *with* a chaplet shall do a dede
[25]That is doughtye & deere ;[25]
In hande*s* he shalbe take[n] at nede,
and brought to his blode full nere.
he shalbe saved that day from drede
with a prynce that hath no pere ;
And [26]of that barne he shall haue grete[26]
pety
[that] tyll hym is leve[27] & dere ;
And afterward, in proffecy
as clerke*s* sayne[28] in fere,

[1]–[1] L. in Irelonde [2]–[2] L. herke*s* ar faire & ale is [3] leaf 83, back. [4] egerlye
[5]–[5] shall In on the Southe side [6]–[6] to fflee [7] hermen*e* [8] stande*s*
[9]–[9] the fforde ther stande*s* [10] & ther [11] neere [12] ravande [13]–[13] ring the shawes
[14] burons [15] leaf 84. [16] here [17] L. tyme [18] L. fyluer *or* syluer
[19] R. heght ; L. high [20] owres [21] L. lought [22] Arsaldoune [23] that [24] calle*s*
[25]–[25] L. that doughty dere & fere [26] *om.* [27] leefe [28] saye

he shall Rayne in[1] Ryaltye
v & fyfty yere.
then [2]of them lord*es* shall a[2] coun-
sell be
that doughty are[3] & dere. 460

when all this is comp*re*hended to[4] ende,
than men may bide & blyne;
to London then[5] lord*es* shall wende
w*ith* that Ryall[6] kynge. 464
[7]then all wares is brought to ende
[that] hath beeñ englonde withiñ;
[8]Suche a[8] g*race* god shall send,
[that] exyled shalbe all syn*ne*. 468

then A p*ar*liament he shall make,
that kynge of high degre:
[9]truse In[9] englond shalbe take
w*ith* his blod full nye. 472
then [10]goo shall ware[10] & wyked wrake
that longe in englonde hath be,
then shall all sorow in englond slake
this saith the profecye. 476

then[11] the blake flett of Norway is
com*myn*[12] & gone,
And drenchid in the [13]flode truly;[13]
Mekelle[14] ware hath bene beforne,
but after shall none be; 480
then shall truth blow his horne
truly lowde and hye;[15]
he shall Reigne both even & morne, 483
And ffalshed [16]shalle banisshed be.[16]

then shall this kyng a p*ro*tector make—
his cosyn of his kynne;
then the farre[17] flode he shall take,
vncouthe lond*es* to wyne, 488
for to fyght for Ie*sus*[18] sake,
[19]that dyed for all *our* synne,
And he shall worke them woo and wrake,
or eu*er* he byde or blyne. 492

at bareflet[20] he shall do battell*es* thre—
this p*rin*ce of mekyl[21] myght,
And to parys wend shall he
w*ith* many a doughty knyght. 496
ther shall they yelde hym vp the kaye[22]
of all the Citie wyght,
[And] vnto Rome wend shall he
w*ith* many A doughty knyght. 500

The pope of rome w*ith* prossession
shall mete hym the[23] same day,
And all the cardynall*es* shalbe bowne[24]
In their best araye. 504
Ther shall knele iij king*es* w*ith* crowne,
and homage make that day,
And many of the sp*irit*uall of Rome
shall brynge hym on the waye. 508

to the wood*es*[25] then shall he Ryde—
this comly kynge with crowne,
And wyn his enymys on eu*er*y side,
And boldely bete them downe. 512
Ther shall advaile[26] no erthly p*ri*de
in castell, towre, ne towne,
but geve they warkyng wond*es* wyde,
[27]who[23] ageinst hym in batell is
bowne.[28] 516

then to Iherusalem this prince[29] shall fare
as conqueror of myght
vij mortalle[30] batelles shall he wynne
there
And the turk*es* to dede shall dight. 520
[then to the sepulcre shalle he ffare
To see that g*ra*tious sight,
where cryst ffor vs suffred sare[31]
when he to dethe was dight.] 524

All the Citie of Iherusalem
shall a-Raye them w*ith* Ryalte,
And for to fyght shalbe [fulle] fayne
vpon the heithen meynye. 528

[1] In welthe & [2] shall lord*es* off [3] is [4] to an [5] these [6] noble [7] leaf 85.
[8—8] And suche [9—9] L. the ruffin [10—10] shall goo woo [11] when [12] L. compis
[13—13] ffome so ffree [14] L. much [15] L. hight [16—16] L. shalbe vanyshed awaye
[17] faire [18] Iesu [19] leaf 85, back. [20] harefleete [21] L. mylke [22] L. kynge
[23] that [24] L. bound [25] Rodes [26] L. avale them [27] leaf 86. [28] L. bownd
[29] L. parrys [30] L. Mortye [31] MS. sore

To Synay that *prince* shall bowne anone,
wher seint Kateryn doth beryed be;
vij hethen kynges ther shalbe slayne,
that sight or euer he [se][1] 532

xxxij[2] batelles that crowned kynge
shall wyn, I vnderstonde,
[and] then the holly crosse he shall wyne,
And bryng yt into criston lande. 536
In hast their [3]shall serue[3] to hym,
that dare not him *with*stonde;
xxxij[2] hethen kynges
he shall *crist*en *with* his hand. 540

he shall send this rich Relycke to Rome,
to that worthy wones:
All the belles, I tell you sone,
they shall rynge [alle] at ons; 544
the pope[4] shall mete yt *with* prossessioun,
[5]And[6] all the cardynalles for the nones,
And all the senators of Roūe
shall knele on knes at ons. 548

then towardes[7] Iherusalem this kynge shall hie
with many a crysten wight,
In the vale of Iosephate y^er[8] shall he dye
*with*out batell or fyght. 552
xxiiij[9] kynges that do crystened be
shall take that[10] worthy wight,
[and] brynge hym to Rome Right hastely
before the popes[11] sight. 556

all the belles of Rome at one[s],
ye[12] shall wele vnderstond,
they shall rynge *with*yn those[13] wones
*with*out helpe of mannes hand. 560

the pope shall bowne [hym] to bery his bones
in seint peter[s] mynster wher yt doth stonde,
[14]All that clerkes [of Rome] that ons[14]
Shall not styre that bere[15] *with* hand.

then the pope, *with* many a kynge
and cardenalles grete plenty,
to the citie of Colyñe they shall hym brynge,
where ther lyes kynges three, 568
that offred to Iesu a ryche thinge[16]
that nyght he borne did be,
[17]bethelem that burghe[17] *with*yn,
[18]of a Mayden free. 572

Than balthaser shall speke on heght[19]
and say to [20]Melchore in fere:[20]
'Make a rome, curteys knyght,
[21]our fourt felow[21] is here.' 576
A grete[22] of golde hath Rased[23] in sight,
vpon a good maner,
And ther they shall bery this worthi wight
betwene thes kynges dere. 580

the pope[24] shall [25]grave hym[25] *with* his hond
trewly, this holly kynge,
And all the lordes of faire englond
he shall geve them his blessinge. 584
They shall bowne[26] ou*er* [the] stalworth strond
Fayre englond *with*yn;
Many shall wayle & wryng ther hande[27]
when they here that tydynge.[28] 588

[then] he that was protector englond *with*yn
hath wrought so wordely,[29]
In London they [shall] crowne hym kynge
with gret solempnytie. 592

[1] MS. be [2] Two and thritte [3–3] shall be sworne [4] pope offe Rome [pope *crossed through*] [5] leaf 86, back. [6] *with* [7] to [8] *om.* [9] ffoure & thrittye [10] th*is* [11] *Crossed through in* R. [12] yow [13] th*is* [14–14] butt all the clerkes of Rome th*is* ones [15] beere [16] relike [17–17] In Betheleme that riall borough [18] leaf 87. [19] L. high [20–20] Melcheser in ffeere [21–21] our ffourthe brother [22] grate [23] resyd [24] *Crossed through in* R. [25–25] laye In *grave* [26] bowne them [27] L. hand*es* [28] R. tithing; L. tydynges [29] worthelye

And so noble shalbe [1]his reigne,[1]
In tyme when yt[2] shalbe,
[3]Iv yere[3] Englond *with* yn,
so long his Rayne shalbe.

than shall falshede be vanyshed away[4]
[5]and trouth shalbe redy
trew men both by nyght & day
shall lyve in charytie
dayly, me[6] thynke, we ought to pray
to god in trynytie,
for[7] to exele all vickednes away[8]
pray we [vn]to *our* lady

I pray[ed] this littell man in fere
that he wolde truly [vnto] me say,
when shall[9] this ende *with*out[en] were,
or when shall come that day?
he said, 'a long tyme thow holdest me [here,
but yet I wyll the say,
of yt[10] I shall not fayle a[11] yere,
And thow [12]wylt take hede[12] what I say:—

In the yere of *our* lorde, I vnderstonde,
[13]xvc yere,[13]
& one and thirty folowand,
all this shall apere;
[14]the crosse in[14] *crist*en men*n*es hande,[15]
that is worthi and dere,
yt shalbe brought I vnderstond
to Rome [16]wythouten were.[16]

betwene the walcoen & the wall
this lytyll man mett *with* me,
[17]tolde me this proffecy all,
And what tyme it shulde be.
god that dranke esell & gall
and for vs dyed on a tree,
when he thynketh tyme to tall,
to heven bryng you & me! Amen.

Explicis proficia Venerabilis
bede, Marlionis, Thome Asslaydon
et Ali*orum*

[1—1] thys realme [2] thys [3—3] ffyve & ffyftye yeres [4] ffor aye [5] leaf 87, back. [6] L. my [7] *om.* [8] ffor aye [9] L. *inserts* all [10] that [11] on [12—12] take good hede [13—13] ffyffetene hu*n*dreth In ffere [14—14] The hollye cross In-to [15] L. hand*es* [16—16] L. *with*out ware; R *adds*, ¶ finis, *and ends here.* [17] leaf 88.

The Lansdowne MS. 762 also contains, among a collection of short prophetical notes, the following of

THOMAS OF ERCELDOUNE.

leaf 49, *back.*

Thomas of Ashledoñ sayth the fader*is* of the moder*is* church / shall cause the Roses bothe to dye in his Avn*e* fonte ther / he was cristened.

leaf 50.

Thomas of Asheldoñ sayeth the egle of the / trewe brute shall see all inglond in peas & rest / both spirituall and tempo*r*all; and eu*e*ry estate of / in thaire degre and the maydens of englond*e* / bylde your howses of lyme and stone.

APPENDIX III.

AN ENGLISH PROPHECY

OF

GLADSMOOR, SANDISFORD, AND SEYTON AND THE SEYE,

PREDICTED OF 1553.

[*Sloane* 2578, *leaves* 38 *b*—41.]

The begynning*e* of warres & myschef in england as Bede saiethe is a*nno* dom*i*ni 1553. The first battell shalbe fowght betwin englishe men & the scottes w*ith* y^e^ frenchmen on y*er* company at Some*r*hill beside Newecastell (the battell shalbe sore[1]) the scottes & frenchemen shall ou*er*com, scape who that maye, vntill a newe yeare. ¶ The next yeare aft*er* this battell, shall Philip of Spayne com in w*ith* a greate hoste betwin Seyton & the seye, beside Westcheschester,[2] and at a Skyrmyshe there shalbe slaine 5000 on bothe p*ar*ties. Then shall thei mete w*ith* y*er* greate battelles at Gladismore we & they, & there shall o*ur* nobles fyght so greate a battell w*ith* them that it shalbe hard to saye who shall haue the bett*er*. on the morowe thei shall mete agayne at Snapes moore[3] therby wheare he shalbe slaine & all his men, and thende shalbe at [4]Sandisford downe, wheare y*er* shippes shall lye till y^e^ crowes buylde y*er* neastes in them. ¶ Then shall com owte of Denmark a Duke and he shall com*e* into England w*ith* 16 Lordes, w*ith* whose concent he shalbe crowned kinge in a towne of North*um*berland, and shall raign 3 monethes & odd dayes. he shall fight a battell at Snapes more,[3] wheare he shalbe slaine, & xx^m^ of his men drowned in the seye. ¶ Then comethe Pole owte of rome and his pow*er* shalbe so greate y*at* he shall not cease vntill he win to London and then shall he fight so soare a battell y*at* none shall knowe who shall haue y^e^ bett*er* and so on the morowe bi the mone light thei shall com*e* to London, and thei shall fight an other battell betwin Peter, John, Jamys Gylys, & charynge crosse, then at that battell shall thei wynne London & contynue there a while doinge y*er* will. Then shall a Cardynall y*at* neu*er* was worthy of that estate, com*e* to the tow*er* of London, and take one by the hand, & saye com*e* forthe ientle brother & though the poles haue bene so longe drye in england y*at* men myght wade ou*er* them in pynsons, w*hi*ch nowe ou*er*flowe all England. [5] ¶ Then shall come the frenche kinge at

[1] The words between ( ) are inserted in another hand. [2] Sic.
[3] "Sandes more" written over in another hand [4] fol. 39. [5] fol. 39, back.

wab*urn*e holte (or hoke)[1] 15 myles from norwiche, there shall he be lett in bi a false mayre and that shall he kepe for his lodging a while, then at his ret*urn*e he shalbe mett at a place callid the redd bank, y^e^ place is 30 miles from Westchest*er* wheare at y^e^ first assaye shalbe slaine ix^m^ welchmen, and y^e^ dowble nombre of enemyes, then on y^e^ morowe shall y^e^ str*ang*er desire a peace for 3 yeares moare, but y^e^ pease shall endure no lenger then ij maye[2] dayes when y^e^ dayes waxe somwhat longe, then shall mete bothe parties at Sandisforde, and y*er* shalbe so mortall a battell that xx^m^ enemyes shalbe dryven into the seye w*ith*out dent of swerd ¶ the*n* shall o*ur* noble kinge tow*ar*d London ryde, & at Stanesmore y*er* shall he mete & fight w*ith* y^e^ pole & y^e^ spiritualtie a greate battel, so y*at* y*er* shalbe slaine xxx^m^ p*re*stes & p*re*stes s*er*vaunt*es* w*hich* shall haue shaven crownes as y*er* maist*ers*, & made to beleve y*at* thei shall dye goddes serv*aunt*es then shall the kinge ryde to London & 23 Aldermen shall lease y*er* heddes & a besom [3]of equitie shall swepe all thinges cleane, holly churche shall tremble & quake, therfor lett them to y*er* pr*ayour*ȝ take. ¶ A pr*o*phet of portyngale saythe, Awake englishemen & guive hede, for a tyme shall com*e* when a kinge w*ith* a myter shall raigne ou*er* you & he shalbe a wulf of y^e^ seye, he shall holde in him y^e^ strengthe of ij bisshoppȝ, & the shadowe of a pope shall lye in him by y^e^ suffer*a*unce of a Lion, & he shall take his iour*n*ey north-w*ar*d, & shall com*e* againe into his contrey, & in the hem*m*e of his mantell shalbe lapped iij thing*es* hunger, pestilence, & sorowe. ¶ An heremyt of Fraunce saithe Woo be to you englishmen, drawe neare, for it shalbe said emonge you, wuld god I weare for 3 monethes a Foxe in a hole lyenge, a bird in the Aire Flyenge, or a fishe in y^e^ seye swymynge. ¶ Bede saythe, vnto a councell in wint*er* englishmen make haste, and from a Feaste in Som*er* Fle, fle, fle. ¶ An Abbott of the land said, guyve you hede englishmen when a pr*i*vie hatred shal be in m*er*lyn castell[4] betwin a larke, or a [5]rearemouse, and a Raven, w*h*ich shalbegyn*n*e in one daye, but shall not be endid in 3 yeares. but w*ith*in y*at* yeare shalbe a councell in winter and in som*er* folowinge shall y^e^ greate men of england be bidden to a feaste, amonge whom thei shall saye, woo, woo, woo, what shall we doo, whither shall we goo, but to y^e^ messenger of deathe. ¶ M. shall Raise vpo*n* you greate tribulac*i*on & sorowe, the kinge of y^e^ romans & grekes shall com vpo*n* you w*ith* a greate fury, and E. shall rise owte of his slepe like a lyve man, whom all me*n* thought to be deade. ¶ The trone of constance, & thom*as* w*ith* his tales all said, y*at* y^e^ saxons shuld chuse them a Corde y*at* shuld brynge them all vnder. A deade man shuld make betwin them a corde, & y*at* shuld be right myche wonder, that he y*at* deade is & buryed in sight, shuld rise againe & live in lande, thurgh y^e^ comfort of a yonge knight, y*at* fortune hathe chosen to hir husband, y^e^ wheale shall t*ur*ne to hym right, y*at* fortune hathe chosen to be hire [6]feere. ¶ When Father blithe the begg*er* can saye ij credes, & hathe libertye to walke w*ith* his wallet, and mother symkyn of the sowthe takethe againe hir beades, the*n* thowe p*re*ste take hede of thi pallett.

Finis.

[1] Added by another hand. [2] "Midsom*er*" is written over "maye." [3] fol. 40.
[4] "Salisbury castell" written over these words. [5] fol. 40, back. [6] fol. 41.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

ADDITIONS FOR *MEDITATIONS*.

NO. 60, ORIGINAL SERIES.

VARIOUS READINGS OF A MS. IN TRIN. COLL. CAMB. B. 14. 19.

BY THE REV. J. R. LUMBY, B.D.[1]

Line 16. . . . þei may lere.
„ 18. But þat þat is proved of cristis fay.
„ 38. þat in þis cene crist haþ wrouȝt,
„ 40. þe secounde his disciplis waischyng.
„ 46. To make redi his pask aȝenus he come.
„ 49. . . . as þou herd seie.
„ 54. . . . þei saten him bi.
„ 58. So trist so trewe as was Joon.
„ 73. . . . men han seen.
„ 74. . . . of Laterain
„ 75. An oþer manere þou understonde.
„ 80. To slepen on his brest Ioon þan liste.
„ 86. For as a seruaunt . . .
„ 92. Crist seide þese wordis wiþ sad chere.
„ 95. Forsoþe forsoþe I wole ȝou seie.
„ 101. *For* ye *this MS always spells* iȝe.
„ 105. Priueli Ioon to crist gan seie.
„ 127. Biholde and þenke þis in þi mynde.
„ 133. To an inner hous gunnen þanne tee.
So seyn þat þe houshold hanne see.
He dide hem sitten adoun in þat stide.
„ 166. Whanne he waischide . . .
„ 175. In stidfast praier . . .
„ 178. Into his blis þei wolen þec lede.
„ 180. Hou dereworþili aforn his ende
„ 181. *om.* with.
„ 183. *alþer* in one word. It is genitive plural of *all*, and probably is only written *divisim* here by accident.
„ 185. . . . he gan sowne.
„ 195. In memoraunce . . .
„ 203. . . . more cleer.

[1] Mr Lumby also notes that there is a prose version of the *Meditations* in the Bodleian MS. 789 (new number: 2643 in the ordinary catalogue), leaves 1-51, bk; and that the tract "To kunne deie" in the same volume is of worth for its dialect.

Line 207. From hevene he list . . .
„ 214. To ȝyve þee peyne . . .
„ 216. . . . quyk not deed.
„ 245. þe þridde he tauȝte hem bi monesting
To kepyng his comaunding
„ 264. þat schulen . . .
„ 267. þese wordis and oþere þat he hem tolde
kitten her hertis and waxen coolde.
„ 271. . . . wiþ manye siȝyng.
„ 277. þis sermoun at his brest he souke.
„ 283. Forþ þei wente . . .
„ 286. As chikenes crepten to þe dammes wyng
„ 291. Faste þei wenten þei camen anoon.
„ 295. *om.* yn.
„ 299. Schame . . .
„ 300. For he schamed not to die for þee
„ 305. He biddiþ . . .
„ 328. . . . have ȝolden a stounde.
„ 336. þei han me prisid my woo to make.
„ 347. . . . delven . . .
„ 356. He foond hem slepyng and summe he woke
Her iȝen weren slepyng . . .
„ 362. . . . and dide more
„ 372. . . . praie þi god abone.
„ 406. To my fadir in his sete.
„ 414. Al bisprongen . . .
„ 427. Summe bynden summe blenden him sum on him spit
Summe buffetiden him and summe seyn telle who þe smyt
Summe scornen him sum syngen on hym a song.
„ 436. þerfor þou schalt have deþ as riȝt
„ 438. Help þi silf if þou be boun.
„ 441. Summe drugge him summe drawe him fro see to see.
„ 450. þei wepen þei weilen her wristis þei wryngen.
„ 464. Be brouȝt
„ 473. Thenke man and rewe of her sekyng
„ 477. Boþe lorels and ech gadlynge.
„ 490. Aswoun sche fel doun in þe feeld.
þanne crist was torment in moost care.
„ 502. þo was maad frenschip þere firste was bate.
„ 505. þei crieden on him as foule on owle.
„ 516. þei beten him and renten hym wounde to wounde.
„ 520. Biholdiþ he . . .
„ 522. Til þei ben weeri þei moun no more.
„ 538. þe doyng of þe þridde our now wole I ryme.
„ 541. . . . a reehed þei took.
„ 543. þei setten hym openli in her clepyng

Line 546. þou modi man þi sauyour biholde
„ 548. And for oo word þou woldist men grame
Eft soone to pilat þei camen accusyng
And seiden saif sir Cesar we han no kyng.
„ 567. þei punchid him forþ þorou ilke a slowȝ
„ 573. þei hiȝen hym he goiþ wiþouten striif
„ 583. ... folowe þ a fer.
„ 585. A schort weie sche is goon to chese.
„ 599. For evere it seme þ aȝenus his wille.
„ 627. To þe cross forth þei drowen him defiyng.
„ 632. A schortere laddere biforn was set,
þere as þe feet schortere weren.
„ 637. Wiþout aȝen seiyng ...
„ 642. ... crucifieris hem bereiȝt.
„ 648. ... be merciful ...
„ 654. þat oon Jew ...
„ 655. þe oþere him drowen til veynes to brest.
„ 663. Eueri ioynt þanne brast atwynne.
„ 702. I praie þee somdeel hise peynes lisse.
„ 715. ... was nome.
„ 728. ... me takist.
„ 733. He taastiþ sumdeel his þreste to liþen.
„ 737. ȝit treuli man þirstide on rode.
„ 746. ... calle me to þee.
„ 760. ... I take.
„ 763. ... centurio gan torne.
„ 812. Whiche I bar wemles of mij bodi.
„ 817. ... grete sone ...
„ 823. To sle hem and caste her cors awei
þat noon schulde se hem on sabat dai
„ 835. ... scharpli sche ran.
„ 856. ... þorow merci ...
„ 859. þorou out his herte he preent him wiþ mood.
„ 888. If we goon hennes þis bodi worþ stole
„ 896. Joseph of Armathie ...
„ 934. ... for feyntise ...
„ 944. A grettir pris myȝte nevere be brouȝte.
„ 949. ... seide marie ...
„ 960. Prikid, brisid ...
„ 990. And greiþide hem faste þennis to goon.
„ 1007. But I hadde trist to his seying
Myn herte schulde aborst at his diing.
„ 1015. I must do nedis as þou me biddest.
„ 1023. ... now departid.
„ 1027. If þou risist up as þou me behiȝtist
Myn herte schal rise wiþ þe liȝtest
„ 1030. I am stoon deed for oones and ay

Line 1032. And kiþe þat þou art goddis sone.
„ 1034. Sche romyde . . .
„ 1047. Sche sai þe cros: Abide, sche seide
„ 1087. . . . maistras.
„ 1118. . . . he soukide it . . .
„ 1123. Fro fendis bounde to make þee free.

ADDITIONAL NOTES BY THE REV. W. W. SKEAT, M.A.

Line 328. Read 'a stounde,' two words. At any rate, it means 'at any time.'
„ 414. Read 'be-sprunge,' with a hyphen.
„ 513. Read 'vndyr-neme,' with a hyphen.
„ 570. Read 'a-sterte,' with a hyphen.
„ 577. Dele comma after 'owne.'
Lines 632, 633. The full stop should be at the end of l. 633, and the comma at the end of l. 632.
Line 918. Observe that here only *one* nail is used for fastening the feet. So in Piers the Plowman—'nailede hym with *thre* nayles,' C. xxi. 51.

In the Glossary, note the following corrections:—
Angred means afflicted, not made sorry, and refers to the infliction of pain. The use of *anger* in the sense of affliction, pain, is curious, yet common. See *anger* in Stratmann.
Astounde, at any time (for *a stounde*), 328.
Besprunge, besprinkled, 414. Wrongly entered as *Sprunge*.
Cleuyn, cleave, 616. *Cleuyn on* = cleave to, cling to.
Fode, a child, 939. *Omitted.*
Iuwyse, instrument of punishment, 577. It commonly means punishment only, as in Chaucer's Knightes Tale.
Knowlechyng, recognition, 424. To *knowleche* is to recognize, to acknowledge; not 'to *know*.'
Kyþe, make manifest, shew, 1032. Not 'to *know*.'
Myþe, meek, mild, 156. See *Methe* in Halliwell. (Certainly not *mighty*.)
Owne, own; not 'only.'
Real, royal, 640. So also in ll. 33, 34. (The usual meaning.)
Ryue, rife (in great numbers, or else quickly), 839.
Seche, to seek, 621. It simply means to seek, examine.
Soke, sucked, 1118. *Omitted.*
Too, 654. The too = thet oo, the one. (Very common.)
Vndyrneme, reprove, 513. See *Vnderneme* in Prompt. P... ...d cf. P. Pl. B. v. 115.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

[*To be added to* Meditations, *Original Series*, 1875, *No.* 60.]

NOTE

TO THE

"MEDITATIONS ON THE SUPPER OF OUR LORD AND THE HOURS OF THE PASSION."

Early English Text Society, 1875, Original Series, No. 60.

When Robert Manning's translation of the *Meditations of our Lord* was published in 1875, only two manuscript copies of the Poem were known to be in existence, one in the British Museum, the other in the Bodleian Library. On my return to England a month ago, Miss Toulmin Smith informed me that she had discovered another copy in a MS. volume belonging to the *Bedford Library*, and made arrangements for me to examine it to see whether this copy differed materially from that already published.

Leaves 1 to 175 inclusive of the MS. contain the *Cursor Mundi* in English as far as the Final Judgment. Into the body of the *Cursor* the copyist has worked the *Meditations* as an integral part of that poem. If the reader will turn to Dr Morris's edition of the *Cursor*, Part III, p. 855, he will find the Trinity MS. (l. 14914) reads—

> For to suffere peynes grym
> Monnes soule to haue to him
> Of þe passioun speke we here
> How he vs bouȝte ihesu dere
> Secundum euangelium

Where the Bedford MS. reads (leaf cxix, col. 2)—

Fforto Soffre paynis grim
Manis Soule to haue to hym
Here begynneth þe meditation of
þe pascion of Crist & of þe
Lamentation of oure Lady Saint
Mary þat Sche made for her
Son when Sche Se hym
torment among þe Iewis which
Was compiled of bonaventure
a gode clerk & a Cardinall of Rome
& þe meditacions of all þe houris of þe day.

After going through this new MS. of the *Meditations*, I do not think there is much cause for regret that we did not know of its existence earlier, as it is a much later copy [the MS. is dated on the back of leaf 216, "primo die Ianuare Anno dni M.cccc.xlij."] and very inferior to those in the British Museum and the Bodleian. It omits a large number of words, and transposes others, often for the worse, and leaves out lines 7 and 8, 165 and 166, 516 to 523 inclusive, 1041 and 1042, 1141 and 1142. The headings to the different meditations are also omitted.

On the other hand, we have two new lines which occur between ll. 652 and 653 of the printed edition. They are—

Beholde man þy lorde on þe rode
þere was no lym bote þat ran on blode

And the MS. probably gives more correct readings of the following lines than the Brit. Mus. MS. gives:—

214. So ȝiffe þe payne or endeles blis.
216. Is godson quik and not dede.
1101. þey schull in hell euermore a be lore
1102. Bote I hym to þis deth had I bore.

Lines 61-62, 251-252, 887-888, and 1093-1094 have been transposed. Some of the verbal differences may be noted here:—

In l. 50 we find "Seventyn & twey."

Ll. 63, 64. Her table was brode & ffoure quarter
þo maner of a chekyr

103. "wept ffast" for "ete faste"

108. Iudas Scariot þat is So bolde

150. Before his trayto*ur* ffete sitting
238. "Comforte" for "enformed"
268. Kitte her hertis & made he*m* bolde for "colde."
270. w*ith* handis wringi*n*g for "here hedys bowyng."
316. "Distempryd" for "dysturbled"
344. "day & night" for "gode and ry3t."
367. "while" for "þyrwhylys"
410. "valay of distres" for "valey of dyrknes"
414. "blode clere" for "blody coloure"
477. "of Iangeling" for "eche a gadlyng"
502. "Schenschipe . . . hate" for "frenshepe . . . debate"
567. "punchyd" for "punged."
578. "Iewis" for "þeues"
608. "þe cros" for "þyn herte"
655. "nailis" for "veynes"
718. "Iohn beholde þy modir" for "beholde þy modyr, broþer"
744. "Anguyschyd" for "angred"
756. "swetyng" for "shyittyng"
850. "I am his modir" for "hys sory modyr."
944. "wroght" for "bo3t" [Better]
958. "Kist his hede" for "lyfte hyt"
974. "Wiped" for "swaþed"
1123. "ffadirs" for "fendys"

With lines 1029-1030 of the printed poem the following from the Bedford MS. may be compared :—

3iff þou arise þe þrid day
Truly I am comfort ffor eu*er* & aye.

With the following extract from the MS. under examination I bring these few notes to a close :—

Se now þe man*er* of þe crucifying
Two laddirs be sett þe cros behynde
and two enemyes vp fast þay clymbe
W*ith* hamyrs & naylis scharpely swifft
A Schort ladder hy*m* pight

þer*e* as þe ffete Schorter were
Beholde þis Sight w*ith* rewly tere
Crist Ihes*u* his bodye vp stye
Be þe Schort laddir þe cros on hye
W*ith* oute nay he gan vp wende
And when he cam to þe ladder ende
Towards þe cros his bak he layde
And his riall armys displayed
His ffeyre handis he oute streght
And to þe crucifiers hem right
And to his ffadir he caste his yen
And sayde here I am ffadir myn
Vnto þis cros þ*o*u mekist me
My ffor manhede I offre to þe
My breth*ers* & Sist*ers* þ*o*u hast made hem
Ffor my loue fadir be merciabill to hem
All olde Syn*n*is þ*o*u hem ffor3effe
And graun*t* þy blis w*ith* vs to lyue
Derworthy fadir saue all man kyn
Lo here I am offred for her Syn.

Leaf cxxiiij, col. 2, and back. Lines 628 to 652

J. M. Cowper.

Watling Street, Canterbury,
Jan. 17, 1878.

Francis Thynne's

Emblemes and Epigrames.

BERLIN: ASHER & CO., 53 MOHRENSTRASSE.
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64

Emblemes and Epigrames.

Psal:
Quum defecerit virtus mea,
ne derelinquas me,
Domine.

[A.D. 1600, BY

FRANCIS THYNNE,

LANCASTER HERALD, AUTHOR OF "ANIMADVERSIONS ON SPEGHT'S EDITION OF CHAUCERS WORKES 1598," ETC.]

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., CAMB.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

MDCCCLXXVI.

Horat. Ode 8: lib: 4 carmin.[1]

Donarem pateras grataque com[m]odus,
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus;
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Graiorum; neque tu pessima munerum
Ferres, diuite me scilicet artium
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas[2];
Sed non hæc mihi vis; nec tibi talium
Res est, aut animus delitiarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus: carminæ possumus
Donare, &c.

[1] Ad C. Marcium Censorinum.
[2] The next two lines of the original are left out:
Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus,
Sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

FOREWORDS.

THIS Text owes its printing, not to its own poetical merits, but to its adding somewhat to our knowledge of Francis Thynne,—the Chaucer-commentator, the author of the *Animadversions* of 1599 on Speght's *Chaucer*,—of whom and whose works I have given such a full account in my re-edition of those *Animadversions* for the Society's Reprints[1].

The *Emblemes* and *Epigrames* are both dull and poor; but they contain the wife-worrid Thynne's opinions on wives—who 're always necessary evils, the best is bad; who 're good when they die of old age, better when they die after some time during your life, and best when they die at once (p. 59);—his lines on some of the friends of himself and his patron Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor, "in those yonger yeares when Lincolns Inn societie did linke vs all in one cheyne of Amitie"—Thomas Valence[2], p. 47; (Francis) Meringe[3], p. 61; Browne, p. 62;—a note of an old London inn, 'the Rose within Newgate', p. 75, where friends then gatherd and chatted; a few illustrations of Shakspere—'glasse vessells for banquettinge are dailie had in pryse', for Falstaff's 'Glasses, glasses is the only

[1] This re-edition is more than four times the size of our 1st edition, and contains the only known fragment of the *Pilgrims Tale*. Members can have it at half-price, 5*s*., with 6*d*. more for postage.

[2] See Notes, p. 101.

[3] "Among the Lincoln's Inn Admissions, the names of John Browne and Francis Meringe both appear in the list, 23 January, 4 Philip and Mary, A.D. 1558. There is also a Thomas Browne, admitted 13 Octr., 3 Eliz. A.D. 1561. I observe in the list of 3 Eliz. the name of William Goldbourne, admitted Febr. 15, with the names of John Browne and Thomas Egerton as his manucaptors."—Martin Doyle, Steward. The names of Waterhouse, p. 60; Stukelie, p. 71; Willford, p. 73; Garrett, p. 75; Humfrie Waldroun, p. 76; Burrell, p. 77; Eldrington, p. 94, do not seem to be in the Lincoln's Inn lists, so far as Mr Doyle's searches have extended.

drinking[1]', 2 *Hen. IV*, II. i. 151; 'Dictinian Diana', for Holofernes's 'Dictynna, goodman Dull', *Love's Lab. Lost*, IV. ii. 37;—an opinion, interesting for Bacon's case, of a Judge's friend, writing to the highest Judge in the land, showing that bribery of Judges was an openly recognizd matter[2] here in England; and lastly, a set of mentions of, or poems to, the English writers whom Francis Thynne honourd—Chaucer (though Lydgate's *Temple of Glass* is wrongly assignd to him on the authority of Sir John Thynne's MS still at Longleat[3]), p. 62, 71, 77, 3; Spenser (on 'Spencers Fayrie Queene'), p. 71; Gascoigne (his Steele Glasse), p. 62, l. 11; Arthur Golding, p. 77, l. 16; Camden (on Mr Camden's *Britania*), p. 93, 95; and Leland, p. 95. To me, an Egham man, the 'Gallopinge' poem on p. 80 is interesting, from its mention of Hounslow Heath, which I 've so often driven over, and where my father, riding many years ago, was accosted one evening by a highwayman, who was shot a few minutes after, by Lord Stowell.

The motive of Francis Thynne in presenting his autograph poems to his patron, Sir Thomas Egerton, was doubtless, gratitude, both in its ordinary meaning of 'thankfulness for past benefits', and in its extraordinary sense of 'a keen sense of future favours'. It is pretty clear from Thynne's 13th Embleame, 'Liberalitie', and his 61st, 'Benefitts', that he expected Egerton to give him something,—hard cash, no doubt—and that soon, for he adds the reminder,

> . . hee gives twice, that quicklie and with speed
> bestowes his guift to serve our present need.—l. 47-8.

In the Ivy poem, p. 82, l. 5, we get a glimpse of Francis Thynne's ivy-coverd 'howse in Clerkenwell Greene', then a pleasant suburban

[1] See the capital bit on this in Harrison's *Description of England*, p. 147 of my edition for the New Shakspere Society; and Stafford's *Conceipte*, p. 51, New Sh. Soc.

[2] Soe the old Iudge, once fullie fraughte
with guiftes and briberie,
Will not be easilie ledd by guiftes
to wrest the lawes awrye.
But hee that commeth new in place,
and thirsteth after gould,
Or his Iuditiall office buyes,
with him there is noe hould;
for hee that buies, is forct to sell;
and new corrupted Iudge
Takes all and more; and, for reward,
is made a sinfull drudge.

[3] See Mr Bradshaw's note in my edition of F. Thynne's *Animadversions*, p. 30.

village, in which he finally settl'd down, and where—of drink and gout, as is suppos'd,—he died in 1604. Whether his 71st Epigram, 'The Courte and Cuntrey', p. 88—91, represents his own case and opinions I cannot tell: its arguments are the regular stock ones of the time; and I can hardly think that he, living at Clerkenwell, and going in to the Heralds' College regularly to his work, could pretend to be a countryman as oppos'd to a Londoner.

The Text is printed from Thynne's autograph MS, belonging to Lord Ellesmere, who has been kind enough to lend it me to print, for which I thank him much. The italics in words are expansions of MS contractions; words wholly in italics are those written by Thynne in a larger hand than the rest of his lines.

My thanks are due, and are hereby tenderd, to Mr Martin Doyle, the Steward of Lincoln's Inn, for searching the early Admission-books for me; to Colonel Chester, for his identification of Thomas Valence; to Mr P. A. Daniel for his many kind hints and notes; and to Mr W. G. Stone for his Index and notes.

The Arboretum, Leamington,
Good Friday, April 14, 1876.

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To the right honorable his Singuler good Lord, Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight, Lord Keper of the greate Seale.

It hath byn, my verie good Lord, a thinge allwaies vsed (and therfore to be pardoned, since custome maketh one other nature, and the Lawe sayth, *Comunis error facit ius*) that as well the learned, throughe the height of their witts, as the vnlearned, through the desire to houlde the course of the worlde, haue delivered their conceites to the viewe of all menn, for as sayth *Perseus:*

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

A thinge trulie verefied in mee, whoe, like blinde Bayarde, as an owle amongst birdes, am com vppon the stage (in the troope of learned poems of manye divine conceites) playeng the part of the poet *Codrus Meuius* and *Bauius* mentioned by *Iuuenall*, *Virgill*, and *Horace*, for which yet I dare not crave pardon (that falt being inexcusable) because it was in my choice whether I would vtter my follies or not; and then willinglie comitting a fault (for it is soe much a fault as it is voluntarilie donn) I cannot with reason craue patience or pardonn therof, wherfore *I must abide the censure [* leaf 2, back]
and taxe of your lordships singuler Iudgement, although you maye Iustlie deale with me as *Silla* did with a badd poet, to whome writing an Epigram against *Scilla*, of boghed verses, some short and some longe, *Scylla* commanded a reward to be given to him, to thend he should never after compose anie more verses.

w*h*ich yet, yf your L*ordship* should vse towards mee, I would not (with Actius the poet) repent mee of these my harshe rimes, because I maye hope hereafter to wryte farr better; for your L*ordship* well knoweth that our witts, inventions, and writings, are compared to the frutes of trees w*h*ich at their first encreasing are hard, harshe and bitter, but in the end (by the comfort of the beneficiall sonne) are made softe, swete, and acceptable to the pallate. But yf it should not fortune mee hereafter to attayne a dellycate style, or more wittie invention, to satisfie yo*ur* L*ordships* expectance, Yet I hope you will take these in good part, following the example of *Lisander*, whoe did soe love and embrace Poetrie (even of the worst sort) that he allwaies had the badd Poet *Chyrill* with him in his warres, And with silver fylled the Capp of *Antiochus* whoe had written but
[* leaf 3] homelie verses *in his commendations: for w*h*ich cause I presume to consecrate to yo*ur* L*ordship* the naked (for soe I doe terme them, because they are not clothed with engraven pictures) emblemes and Epigrams, what soever they be, partlie drawen out of histories, and partlie out of Phisicall Philosophie, but tending to moralitie, and for the most part endinge in necessarie preceptes, and perswatione to vertue. w*h*ich I doubt not but yo*ur* Lordshipp will accepte in such sorte as maye be answerable to yo*ur* honorable curtesey, and my desire, wherof the firste is wont not to reiecte what before I haue offered vnto you, and the other is readie to merit the continuance of that w*h*ich your Lordship hath before vouchsafed vnto mee, soe that I cannot dispaire but that yo*ur* L*ordship* will take them in better parte then they deserve. And that the rather, because some of them are composed of thinges donn and sayed by such as were well knowne to yo*ur* Lordshipp, and to my self in those yonger yeares when Lincolns Inn societie did linke vs all in one cheyne of Amitie; and some of them

are of other persons yet living, which of your Lordship are both loved & liked. But yf all these causes should not move your Lordship vnto their likinge, yet this good would growe vnto you by *these follies, that they will give you cause of myrth, in notinge the lightnes and vayne conceites of the autor, which might have employed his endevours in more grave and beneficiall studies. [* leaf 3, back]

To discourse of the nature of Emblemes or Epigramms, what thinges be required to perfect them, and to what end they should be made, is nedeles to your Lordship, because *Paulus Iouius*, *Lucas Contiles*, *Cladius Minoes* vpon *Alciat*, & divers other menns labors intreating therof, are not vnknowen to you whose Iudgment and lerning hath peirced the depth of vniuersall knowledge; & therfore in vaine for mee to bring owles to *Athens*, or add water to the large Sea of your rare lerning, in superfluous itterating that wherof you are not Ignorant, beinge one whoe hath adorned your excellencie of lawe with bewtifull flowers of all [1]Philosophicall doctrine, as well divine as humane.

Thus, my good Lord, in all dutifull love commendinge these my slender poems (which may be equalled with Sir *Topas* ryme in *Chaucer*) vnto your good likinge, and comitting me to your honorable good favour and furtherance (to add oyle to the emptie lampe of my muse, for mayntenance of the light therof, which without the comfortable heate of your honorable patronage will soone be extinguished) I humblie take my leaue. from my howse in Clerkenwell Grene, the 20 of *December*[2] 1600.

Youre lordshippes in all dutye,

Francis Thynne

./·/ ·/·/·/·/

[1] *MS.* Pholosophicall

[2] The '20', 'December', and words after '1600', were filld in after the text was written, and in paler ink.

Emblemes. [leaf 4]

(1) Pietie and Impietie.

When false *Synon*, with tongue of guilefull tale,
had causd the monstrous woodden horse of *Greece*
to enter *Troy* wales, the bitter bale
of Priams state, flaminge in everie peece, 4
throughe raginge fiers, *Eneas*, full of pittie,
his sonne and father ledd forth of the Cittie. 6

He bare his aged Syre on shoulders stronge,— 7
oh sweete burdenn ! the w*hi*ch the sonne did crave,—
and in his hand, Aschainus ledd alonge.
oh Fathers love ! which never end maye haue. 10
his father, him self, his sonne, throughe *Grecian* foes
Eneas leades, when hee from *Troye* goes. 12

A lovinge deede of famous pietie, 13
when strength of youth releeveth feeble sprite;
a naturall deed of sonne his love and dutie,
to helpe his syre, w*hi*ch brought him into light; 16
for w*hi*ch this holie mann doth iustelie gaine
renowned fame, for ever to remayne. 18

But thow, oh wicked monster of beastlie minde, 19 [leaf 4, back]
Cruell and blodie *Nero*, the dregges of kinges,
contrarie to Nature, and fleshlie kinde,
(with greefe I doe abhorr to wright these thinges) 22
didst noe whit shame, thy mothers wombe to teare,
to see where shee did such a viper beare. 24

Wherfore to thee is left perpetuall shame,
to kill thy mother, to answere thy desire.
But to Eneas, doth growe eternall fame,
that sav'd his aged father from the fire :
hee, for reward, raisëd *Troy* walles againe;
thow, for reward, in beastlie sort wert slaine.

---

(2) Vertue should not be condempned for one smale imperfection.

The heavenlie pallas of Celestiall skye,
resoundes with pleasant notes of musicks skill;
the godds and goddesses, with mellodie,
to *Genius* doe sacrifice their fill.

They leave the Care they had for earthlie thinges;
they daintie feastes freequent with sweet delight,
[leaf 5] before whose eyes faire *Venus* freshlie springes,
in apt measure daunsing, with comelie sight.

Shee footes it soe, with crowne of flowers in hand,
that all the godds extoll her for the same;
but beinge prais'd by that moste sacred bande,
Momus beginns her daunsinge for to blame.

And findinge fault,—I knowe not well wherfore,
still redie, what best is, for to deface,—
affirmd the slipper which faire *Venus* wore,
with craaking noyse, her dauncinge did disgrace.

---

(3) Temperance abateth fleshlie Delightes.

Thow *Cithereane Venus*, I would knowe,
why thow, and *Cupid* houldinge of his bowe,

soe pensive bee, and over fier doe stande,
warming of thy feete, and warming of his hande? 4
Oh why? doth love and luste feele their decaye,
Yf *Ceres* and *Iacchus* be awaye?
Where Sobernes doth raigne amongst the wise,
there lust and hurtfull pleasures still doe frise. 8
They finde noe foode, nor anie warrs, can make [leaf 5, back]
against the modest w*hi*ch sparing diet take.
but if that wealth and dronkennes beare stroke,
they, wicked warres of Lecherie, provoke. 12

---

(4) Death and Cupid.

The hatefull *Death* Ioynd to the *God of loue*
in one Cabine setled themselves to sleepe;
both had their bowes and shaftes, their might to prove;
the one gaue mirth, the other forct to weepe. 4
Thus blinded love, and death at this time blinde,
by chance doe meete, by chance doe harbor finde. 6

But starting forth of this their former rest, 7
heedlesse, the one, the others weapons caught:
the goulden shaftes from *Cupid*, *Death* berefte;
the dartes of *Death*, dame *Venus* sonne had raughte. 10
thus contrarie to kinde, and their nature,
Cupid doth slea, and *Death* doth love procure. 12

Ould doating fooles, more fit for *Carons shipp*, 13
that feele the goute, to grave w*hi*ch take their waye,
doe fall in love and youthfull-like doe skippe,
deckinge their heads with garlands fresh and gaye. 16
Their yeares and daies they easelie doe forgett, [leaf 6]
and from their harte, colde sottishe sighes do fett. 18

But striplinges and yonge boyes that wounds receive
by yonge *Cupid*, then *Nestor*, yet more oulde,

against their kinde, their wished lift doe leave,
and vnto *Acheron* the waye doe houlde.
But *Cupid*, cease! and *Death*, thine owne stroke give!
Let yonge menn love, let ould menn cease to live.

---

(5) Art, the antidote against fortune.

On rolling ball doth fickle fortune stande;
on firme and setled square sitts *Mercurie*,
The god of Arts, with wisdomes rodd in hande:
w*hi*ch covertlie to vs doth signifie,
that fortunes power, vnconstant and still frayle,
against wisdome and art cannot prevaile.

ffor as the Sphere doth move continuallie,
and showes the course of fickle fortunes change,
soe doth the perfect square stand stedfastlie,
and never stirrs, though fortune liste to range.
[leaf 6, back] wherefore, Learne Artes, w*hi*ch allwaies stedfast prove;
therbye, hard happes of fortune to remove.

---

(6) Labour quencheth Lecherie.

Dictinian Diana, which
Of *Phœbus* borroweth lighte,
The glistring Queene of Woodes and groves,
and Ladie of the nighte,
Pursues the Hart—whose nimble feete
doe make him seeme to flie,—
with bowe and howndes, whose thundringe voice
doth Eccho in the Skye.
Yonge *Cupid* is not farr behinde,
but followeth on as as faste.
He shootes, but leaves no wound; in vaine
his fierie dartes are caste.

If Ignorant of cause thow bee,
why loue can take not holde
Of chast and travelinge Diane,
Of this thow maiste be bolde:
It is, for that shee not consumes
her golden time in vaine,
Nor Idle thoughts of wanton youth
doe harbor in her brayne;
ffor, flienge Canker of slothfull eise, [leaf 7]
in huntinge spends the daye,
Wastinge her time with those delights,
to beate fond thoughts awaie.
Whoe therfore wiselie seekes to shunn
the force of *Cupids* Ire
vse exercise, flie Idle thoughtes;
soe shalt thow quench his fire.

---

(7) Fortune.

There is a birde w*hi*ch takes the name
of Paradise the faire,
Which allwaies lives, beatinge the winde,
and flienge in the Ayre.
For envious nature him denies
the helpe of resting feete,
wherby hee forced is, in th'ayre
incessantlie to fleete.
Soe the vncertaine light and wilde
fowle fortune variable,
whoe onlie in vnconstancie
doth shewe herself most stable,
Doth never, in one pace or sorte, [leaf 7, back]
prove constant in her power,
But doubtfull, fleeting here and there,
still changing everie hower.

Wherefore the cunninge *Smirnians*
her Image carved out,
With feete cut from her leggs, and sette
on ball turninge aboute.
And for she could not setled stande,
they sayd, as doth appeare,
'Sweet *Fortune*, thow dost flie in th'ayre,
like birde depainted here.'

---

(8) Bryberie.

After his Fathers funerall,
when as Tiberius went
Vnto his howse, his tender harte
with pittie did relent;
For, seeinge of a wretched mann
with scabbs and sores opprest,
On whom the suckinge flies did feed,
not suffringe him to reste,
[leaf 8] Hee calld his servant, willinge him
to drive awaye with speed,
Those Cormorantes which eate his fleshe,
and forced him to bleede.
The mann obayed: but when he would
haue beate those flies awaye,
Thee wretched sowle did him forbid,
and mourninglie did saye:
"Yf that these gorged gnawinge flies,
full glutted with my bloode,
Were beaten from their place of praye,
newe troope, not half soe good,
Leane and greedie, with hungrie mawes,
would then renewe my paine,
and suck my blood even to the death,
not sparinge anie vayne.

Soe the old Iudge, once fullie fraughte
with guiftes and briberie,
Will not be easilie ledd by guiftes
to wrest the lawes awrye.
But hee that commeth newe in place,
and thirsteth after gould,
Or his Iuditiall office buyes,
with him there is noe hould;
for hee that buies, is forct to sell; [leaf 8, back]
and new corrupted Iudge
Takes all and more; and, for reward,
is made a sinfull drudge.

---

(9) Immortallitie of the Sowle.

In former age, the *Ethnikes*, false gods servinge,
this solempne Ceremonie vsed to their dedd,
That when the paled corps went to buryenge,
a lawrell Crowne they wreathed about his head.

The cause wherof being asked by *Adrian*,
the famous Emperour of the *Romaine* state,
Byas replied: 'because that then, ech man
whome death reduceth to that happie state,

'forsaken hath all worldlie wretchednes;
they feele noe greefe, or sorrowes heavie payne;
wherfore, since they attaine such blessednes,
this garland shewes the Crowne w*hi*ch they doe gayne.'

Then since those vertuous *Ethnickes*, with such Ioye
addornd the funeralls of deceased wighte,
Whose faithelesse sowles, feirce *Pluto* did destroye,— [leaf 9]
for vnto them was shut the gate of lighte,—

Why should we faithfull *Christ*ians bewaile
our loved frendes, and celebrate with greefe—
the manne deceased, with scaping Satans gayle,
leaves woe, and winns a place of sweete releefe,—

Since vnto vs is made assured promise
for to enioye the vision of gods sight,
and to ascend celestiall place of blisse,
our god to praise, in whome wee shall delight.

(10) Sotted loue.

Autoritie and *Loue* will scarce agree,
and in one place are neuer found to bee;
for decencie must serve to ech estate,
and ech must live according to his fate.
Nice *Sardanapalus, th'assirian Kinge,*
a mann effeminate in losse livinge,
doth fall in love, and loves so foolishlie
that hee forgetts his state and maiestie.
[leaf 9, back] For, leaving of the kingdomes needfull charge,
and Heroike deedes, his kingdome to enlarge,
(oh sottishe loue !) hee whollie followeth luste;
hee followes Venus; in her doth hee truste;
hee locks himself from other companie;
and farr abasing his Regalitie,
not like a valiant mann, but all from kinde,
in woemens workes doth cheefest comfort finde:
hee cardes, and spinnes with distaffe in his hande;
hee workes and sowes, fast wrapt in *Venus* bande.
Wherfore yf thow wilt gayne an honest name,
and deedes performe to winn eternall fame,
Let Wemenn never soe bewitch thy witt,
as thow be forc'd from thine owne kinde to flitt.

(11) Pride.

The morrall *Seneca*, whose penn
intreatinge matters graue,
I finde, amongst his learned workes,
this worthie tale to haue :—

There was a kinge of highe renowne,
which iustice did vpholde.
to him, three sonns did nature give,
of courage feirce and bould.
To eche, the choice of birdes hee gaue, [leaf 10]
wherbye that hee might learne,
the severall humors of their minde
and manners to discerne.
The eldest, of his haughtie harte,
the Eagle prowd did chuse.
the second, of fiers disposition,
the hawke would not refuse.
The yongest, of a myleder minde,
the vulgar thrushe did take;
On whome the kinge bestowd his crowne,
and him his heire did make.
Iudge what the kinge ment by this guifte,
for I maye not disclose it.
And thow perhapps maie be deceived
in thinkinge for to glose it.

(12) Patience.

The patient *Socrates*, true mirror of our life,
whoe for the godds did yeald his heavenlie breth,
twoe vnkinde wives did nourishe foolishlie,—
the first was blinde, the other had bleare eyes,—
of whome, good mann, he badlie was intreated.
Not once, nor twice, but allwaies when they raged, [leaf 10, back]
the one would beastlie spurne him like a dogg;
the other would belabour him with her fists;
all which hee bare with vertuous patience.
with bitter words, but being fiercelie baited,
hee was enforct to leave the vnquiet howse;
whoe, going forth, did rest him at the dore,

where long hee could not quiet sitt at ease,
but that these sprites, these furies fowle of hell,
did add more ill to former wickednes;
for as hee satt with calme and gentle minde,
they on his hed did lothed vrine cast,
and shrewdlie wett him to the tender skinne.
But hee, which made of this a Iestinge sport,
as well aquainted with such brain sick witts,
vsed not revenge, but smilinglie did saye,
that after thunder, Rayne did still descende;
for hee these wives did keepe, for to envre
his vertues rare, and patience to encrease.

---

(13) Liberalitie.

Why doe these virginns faire, the *Graces* three,
Ioues daughters, borne of *Eurinome* the brighte,
[leaf 11] On goddesse *Venus* waite in theire degree,
Since they from seed of heaven did take there lighte?
because from these the fruites of love proceed,
and loue is wonne by ech theire severall seed.

Their Rosiall faces, shap'd are after one,
as sister twinned, by reason ought to bee;
the twoe, allwaies the third doe looke vpon;
their youthfull age and bewtie doe agree:
Winged at feete they are; they naked stande,
ech halsing other with their cristall hande.

The first wherof, *Aglaia* is named,
and worthie place doth hould amongst the reste:
A peerlesse Ladie, in ech place well famed,
shining in honnor deepe harbored in her breste.
the next, *Thalia*, which meaneth, as some teache,
faire flower of youth, and elloquence of speach.

The third, which wee call the faire *Ephrosine*,
to her sisters in vertue not behinde,

doth signifie (as learned menn define)
the pleasant mirth and frute of frendlie minde. 22
thus these *Charites*, these faire graces three,
the forme of love, and guiftes, presents to mee. 24

But why are they naked, without attyre? 25 [leaf 11, back]
because they showe the playnesse of the harte,
quite naked of decyte, and free from hire;
for in all guiftes, this Is the chefest parte, 28
that what we give, be donne with meere goodwill,
with simple and pure minde, devoid of ill. 30

Or ells because vnthankfull menn by kinde, 31
whoe naked are of curtesie and love,
Will naught bestowe, to shewe a gratefull minde;
besides all which, as wee continuallie prove, 34
the graces coffers are emptie and naked found;
for thankfull menn, with wealth cannot abound. 36

Whye are they virginns fayer, freshe, and bright? 37
for that therby wee covertlie are tould,
that of the frendlie guiftes receyvd, (by righte)
perpetuall memorie wee are bound to hould; 40
for, freshe in thankfull minde, wee must conceive
the deepe record of favours wee receive. 42

Why winged are their feete like mercurie? 43
because that, whoe doth guiftes or thanks impart,
must not deferr the same, but spedilie
performe the frute of his well willinge harte; 46 [leaf 12]
ffor hee gives twice, that quicklie and with speed
bestowes his guift to serve our present need. 48

Soe lovinglie, why are they Ioind in one? 49
ech one, in armes embracing of her mate;
and allwaies twoe, the third looking vpon?
It shewes, that frendes must live without debate, 52
that guiftes receyved, be paid with vsurie,
and that true frendes fayle not in miserie. 54

(14) Vertue of Herbes.

Whilste prudent *Epidaure*, the learned leeche,
the sacred herbes in fertill soyle doth seche,
with stedfast eye caste on the vallies deepe,
a tall yonge ladd,—w*hi*ch kepte the fearfull sheepe,
adorned with crowne of herbes faire, freshe, and greene,
of straunge devise, most orient to be seene,—
This *Epidaure* beheld in greate despite,
with *Basiliske* to vse most cruell fighte;
which poysoning beaste, this manne (with *Mars* his blowe)
did prostrate on the ground, and overthrowe.
Then *Epidaure* (iudginge some vertue rare
within the garland w*hi*ch the heardman ware,)
[leaf 12, back] Drewe nere, and by faire wordes did frendlie crave,
that hee, of him this herbie Crowne might haue.
wherto the herdman yealded his consent,
and then a freshe to basiliske hee went,
with that feirce beaste, movinge new fight againe,
in w*hi*ch the sillie mann was easelie slaine.
w*hi*ch donne, the phisition begann to saye,
'within this bowe, most secret vertue laye;'
and with this garland freshe, in everie Ioynt
the bodie of deade herdmann did annoynt.
forthwith the mann (a thinge to all menn straunge)
began to live, and life for deathe did change.
Such vertues doth the power of god divine,
for our releife, to yearthlie herbes assigne;
wherbye wee maie from menn diseases take,
Recover health, and dangers great forsake.

---

(15) Wine.

ffayne wouldst thow know wherfore the god
last borne of Ioue his Thye,
Is winged on his hed, and whye
swifte *Pegase* standeth bye.

And why the horse of true honnor [leaf 13]
conioyned is to *Bacchus*,
The following verse, the springe and cause
therof shall here discusse.
When people with *Amicla* did
the grapes to *Bacchus* bringe,
She said, 'faire Bacchus, I see winges
from out the hedd to springe;
Oh *Bacchus*, thow haste quivering winges,
and heares that crowned bee
with greene Ivye; let *Gorgon horse*
allwaies associate thee.
ffor *Bacchus* doth increase the blood,
and force to vs it lendes;
To melancholie harts, both mirth
and cooller freshe it sends.
It raiseth vpp dull mindes from Earth,
to enterprise great thinges;
It comforteth the weake sinnowes,
and strength to witt it bringes.
This doth the swifte *Pegasine* horse,
conioynd with *Bacchus* tell,
But yet to vse wine moderatelie,
for soe shall witt excell.'

---

(16) Mann.

[leaf 13, back]

Behould, mann is the litle world,
as *Gretiane* gaue him name,
And as the ould *Philosophers*
did signifie the same.
ffor as the Sunn and Moone, bright lights,
doe shine in azured *Skye*,
Soe hath the mann two sparkling eyes
which vnder forehedd lie.

As goulden Sunn, with purple beames,
in morning freshe doth springe,
And going vnder *Thetis* bedd,
on world the shade doth bringe,
And soe doth rise and sett to vs,
as other plannetts all,
Soe mann by byrth doth rise and springe,
by death doth sett and fall.
The moving windes in skies that rowle,
both hott and colde are founde;
and in the mouth of breathing mann,
both colde and heate abound.
Our bones and members are the earth,
the ayre in Lunges doth swell,
[leaf 14] The mouth and brayne doe water holde,
the fire in hart doth dwell.
Thus mann is moyst, earthlie, and hott,
with water, earth, and fire,
Be three the noblest Elements,
which nature cann desire.
To infancie compared is
the spring, sweet, freshe, and gaye;
the pleasant sommer vnto Youth,
where strength and courage staie;
The ripenesse of manns firme estate
doth fruitfull Autumne holde;
As crooked Age well likned is
to winters frost and colde.

---

(17) Witt.

Nothing more smooth then artificiall glasse;
more brickle, yet there nothing maye be founde;
nothinge more white or fairer is on grounde
then congeald snowe, yet naught lesse firme can passe.
Soe, shining and fayre witts, in which abound

Invention, quick conceit, and answering,
three cheefest thinges, true praise deservinge,
haue their desert, and most doe run awrye, 8 [leaf 14, back]
Since finest white doth soonest take all staines,
and finest witts are ficklest of their braines,
whose self-conceit ruynes them vtterlie;
much like the Bees, whose honnie breedes their paines 12
by surfetting theron Immoderatelie,
for, from her sweete, coms her perplexitie.
Thus these rich witts, which fondlie deeme
they all menn doe exceede, 16
By trusting to themselves too much,
doe fayle themselves at neede.

---

(18) The subiect.

The statlie flower that faire rich *India* yeldes, 1
which goulden *Heliotropium* wee name,
the glorious *Marigolde* of fruitefull feildes,
the course of all his flowring time doth frame 4
after the light of *Phœbus* norishinge flame,
on which she waites with still attending eye,
windinge her self like sonne, circularlie. 7

Of which effect, the name she doth obtayne, 8
& *Heliotropium*, of sonne is calld.
ffor, when bright *Elios* with the fierie wayne, [leaf 15]
his fower feirce steedes in purple morne hath stalld, 11
Then this strange flower (with Sable night appalld)
spredds forth her golden lockes, but hides her face
when *Phebus* bedds, as fearing some disgrace 14

Thus doth this noble flower, her homage due, 15
paie to her Lord whome shee doth imitate,
Houldinge that waie which her doth still pursue;
whose pliant minde, to vs doth intimate, 18
that as this flower, by natures hidden fate

doth followe still the turning course of Sunn,
wherin she pleasures till her life be donne,
So pliant subiects follow still,
whilst rulinge Prince doth live,
The good or badd examples w*hi*ch
his customd actions give.

(19) Diligence obtayneth Riches.

The simple Cock, that with a hungrie minde,
on sluttishe dunghill scrapte, in stedfast hope,
for his releefe, some feeding grayne to finde,
being forct to seeke within that litle scope
[leaf 15, back] to hym assigned by fortunes luckye lott,
a pretious Iewell for his paine hee gott;
w*hi*ch, though to him smale profitt it did give,
vnskillfull what the price therof mighte bee,
yet did it shewe the godds, for to releeve
the needie soule whome wee in labour see
turmoyle with swetting face, for to sustaine
his pore estate with such a luckie gaine.

(20) Vsurie.

The wealthie mann with blessings great indued,
raising his mightie halls to looke alofte,
whome never yet hath povertie pursued;
yf that his greedie minde be sett to ofte
to search for gaine, to fill his hungrie hart,
some froward chance the godds to him impart.
ffor a rich vsurer, w*hi*ch hordes of gould
entombed from some in armed chest dyd keepe,
not well content such heaped wealth to hould,
but vnderminding earth, did often creepe
in dungeons deepe, and mines of silver bright,
to rake for that w*hi*ch was his harts delight.

But Iust *Pluto*, a Iudge of rightfull rede, 13 [leaf 16]
when as this mann had entred goulden Cave,
his due desert, that was for him decreed,
as Iuste revenge permitted him to haue, 16
for hee by clodd (er hee might that auoyde)
of fallinge earth, was suddenlie destroyd. 18

Thus doe the godds to such as they enrich, 19
when thanklesse persons allwaies will appeare;
for thoughe to daye they send never soe mich,
yet when they please, they can with frowning cheere 22
spoyle them from all, but moste where they doe see
vnsaciate mindes still griping for to bee. 24

(21) Myrtilus Sheilde.

The famous souldier, *Myrtilus* the Knighte,
whose conquering minde did never stoope to feare,
in manye conflictes the Garland Palme did beare,
as well on Land, as in the Maryne fighte, 4
such was his force, such was his warrlike might,
still savinge his life by his helpfull Sheilde,
both in the swelling Sea and bloodie feilde.
On Land his faithfull sheild did him defend 8 [leaf 16, back]
from dobled strokes of stronge revenging foes;
and in mercilesse Seas devouringe woes,
this sheild, from drowninge, him to shoare did sende,
and brought him safe vnto his Iourneis ende: 12
in all mishapps, at everie time of neede,
this worthie Sheild did allwaies stand in steede.
So, my good Lord, be you, I craue, to mee,
Mirtilus sheild, where soe my bodie bee. 16

(22) Vayne Ostentations.

Wee dailie see the fruitfull *Phœbus* fier, 1
how richlie it brings forth the wished harvest,

w*hi*ch plenteouslie augments the owners hier,
one hundred foulde contentinge his request,
with his full eares still bending to the ground,
wherin greate store of grayne in tyme is found.

But bragg amongst the corne aspires proudlie,
on emptie eare lookinge aboue the reste,
advancinge his highe creste presumptuouslie
even to the starrs, as though he were the beste,
whoe, beinge lighte, and fruitlesse of all grayne,
for want of waight, showes all pride is vayne.

[leaf 17] Soe hee whome litle learninge doth commende,
is puft alofte with pride of highe conceite,
and deemes his witt maye with Minerve contende,
and scoole *Mercurie* with some queinte deceit;
but whoe that braggs, and deemes himself most learned,
most voide of art, by wise men is discernde;
Since he is allwaies somwhat, himself that nothinge deemes;
and he is nothinge found to be, himself that somwhat seemes.

(23) Losse of hurtfull thinges is gayne.

Producinge earth inrich'd, makes rich againe
the toylinge laborer hopinge fruitfull gayne;
but yf neglect, it vnmanurde growe,
corruptinge weedes and harmefull plants do flowe.
with wrootinge groyne, with feirce and warlike bore,
turnes vp and betters that bad lande before,
destroyeng those vnprofitable springes,
to frutefull land w*hi*ch such annoyance bringes,
w*hi*ch is not losse, but bettringe to the feilde,
more holsome frute then redie for to yeilde.
wherfore from thee, yf taken bee the thinge
w*hi*ch needlesse is, and doth not profitt bringe,
[leaf 17, back] nor losse nor greife, let that be vnto thee,
for weedes pluck'd vp, hurt not the ground, wee see.

(24) Internall vertues are best.

Sweet tasting aple, w*hi*ch this faire virginn beares,
In cristall hand doth shine with pleasinge hewe,
for in th'externall forme, to eye appeares
a glistring cullor w*hi*ch[1] doth delight renewe;
but vnder that thinne Coate, fayre nature hides
more gratefull frute, w*hi*ch shee for mann provides.

Then thow, whome nature outwardlie hath graced
with comelie shape, externall forme to winne,
trust not therto; it wilbe soone defaced,
as of noe vse, like to the Aples skinn.
wherfore with vertue cloathe thy inwarde minde,
that th'outward shape therbye maye comfort fynde;
ffor what availes the gorgious showe
of Apples outward skynn,
Yf the internall frute conteyne
not pleasing taste therin?

[1] *MS.* with]

---

(25) Threates of the inferior to be contemned. [leaf 18]

The melitane dogge, bredd onlie for delight,
whose force is smale, though voice be lowde and shrill,
with often barkinge putts greate doggs to flighte,
incensd with rage, as though he would them kill.

Yet thoughe hee threaten with moste cruell voice,
leppinge and runninge in haste for to devoure
the bloodie mastife, it lies not in his choice,
as wanting both a naturall strength and power.

ffor those greate dogges w*hi*ch flie not thence for feare,
contempne his threates, scorning revenge to seeke,
knowing the force and strength w*hi*ch they do beare
is overmuch for him w*hi*ch is so weake.

Soe hee whom strength and wisdome doth adorne,
the brawles and anger of the weake doth scorne,

since all the power wherin they doe abound,
consiste in wordes, w*hi*ch vanishe with the sound.

[leaf 18, back]

(26) Philosophie.

Ioues sonne, the valiant *Hercules*,
whose worthye travayling peyne,
by his twelve labours, vnto him
immortall fame did geyne,
made this the best and last labour,
as glorie of them all,
That triple hedded *Cerberus*
hee made to bee his thrall,
The mightie cheyned porter of
The darke infernall hell,
where thinges obscure as dampned sprites
in darke oblivion dwell.
w*hi*ch inwardlie to vs vnfoulds
Philosophies triple kinde,
wherin doth rest the triple good
of our celestiall minde.
ffor as three hedds of *Cerberus*
doe from one boddie growe,
Soe from abstruse Philosophie,
three severall springs doe flowe:
Divine, humane, and naturall,
wherin consist the parts
[leaf 19] of heavenlie and terene creatures,
and of all learned artes,
w*hi*ch are not conquered without
great paynes of daye and night,
as *Hercules* by painfull toyle
brought *Cerberus* to light,
That sharpe labour beinge the last,
as cheefest and the best,
therin, all former labours of
the bodie for to reste.

(27) Societie.

The purple Rose w*hi*ch first *Damasco* brédd, 1
adornd with cullor gratefull to the sight,
hath in it self a fragrant smells delight,
wherbye two sences of the mann is fedd. 4
thoughe other things to such faire shewe haue right,
yet maye they not equall this Rosie flower,
whose dayntie smell therin hath cheefest power. 7

Soe two faire dowries w*hi*ch mann doth enioye— 8
true perfecte love, and suer fidelitie—
firmelie preserve humane societie, [leaf 19, back]
their frends assisting in ech hard annoye, 11
when want of ech brings noe securitie;
both w*hi*ch, this damaske rose doth well vnfoulde,
as honest hart, w*hi*ch fayth and love doth houlde. 14

ffor as the rose, depriv'd of pleasing smell, 15
retayning yet the cullor for the eye,
or havinge smell, wanting righte bewtie,
is not a rose, for both in that must dwell, 18
or ells it cannot other flowers defie,—
soe our societie, without love and fayth
is never perfect, as true reason sayth;
ffor where is perfect love, there trustie fayth is found,
and where assured trust doth dwell, there love must
needs abound. 23

---

(28)

Counsell and vertue subdue deceipfull Persons.

The valiant knight whome *Perseus* wife did love, 1
whome she exilde for hee would not consent,
which tooke his name, as the effect doth prove,
of *Bellerus*, a prince to mischeife bent, 4
whose wicked deedes the *Corinthes* did susteyne
whilste over them his tyrannie did Raigne;—

[leaf 20] ffor when his *Heroike* hand had *Beller* slayne,
he called was *Bellepheron* the worthie,
whose chefest glorie and fame *which* he did gayne,
was, when he slue *Chimera* valiantlie,
The *Lician* monster, that people *which* destroyed,
and the Sea coastes on everie side annoyed.

ffor *Bellepheron*, this *Chimer* (as he fledd)
pursued on *Pegasus*, the horse of fame,
(*which* of *Medusas slater* first was bredd,
for vertuous deedes doe breed immortall fame),
and him, with force of minde and warlike hand
did slea, for naught maye strength and witt withstand.

Soe you, my Lord, borne vp on *Pegas* wynge,
doe fill the Earth and ayre with worthie prayse;
your rare exploytes, *which* of your vertue springes,
on *Fames* horse are spredd abroad allwaies,
since you haue slayne, by great advice and skill,
those *English Chimers which* this land did fill.

---

(29) Pleasures to be eschewed.

ffonde *Paris*, in vnbridled age doth chuse
the life *which* seldom sorteth to good ende;
[leaf 20, back] ffor in yonge yeares, whoe vertue doth refuse,
and doth on fading pleasures still attende,
can neither witt, nor wealth, nor honnor, gayne,
nor happie life in worldlie cares attayne.

He chose *Venus*, *which* 'madnes' is expounded,
and 'wanton life of pleasures' doth expresse;
he left *Pallas*, on *which* is rightlie grounded
the contemplation of all perfectnes;
he scorn'd *Iuno*, *which* 'wealth' doth signifie,
with thactive life meane that to multiplie.
Then shonne delight, yf riches thow doe craue,
Or perfect wisdome thow do seeke to haue.

(30) Vnitinge of Contraries make sound Iudgement.

Comforting *Ceres* Ioynd with hopps of bitter taste,
and faire waters, by art produce sweet liquors at the last,
not much inferior to *Bacchus* pleasant wyne,
as Emulus vnto that Ioyce w*hi*ch art doth well refine ; 4
for the sharpe taste of hopps, the water and the corne
doe mittigate, and make that sweet, w*hi*ch bitter was
before : 6
w*hi*ch doth vs teach the waye, ech cause to handle well,
and howe in knotted difficults a Iudgement right to tell; [leaf 21]
for Ioyning contraries in peyse of equall weighte, 9
comparinge the effects of both, the truth appeareth straite,
So addinge hard to softe, and bitter to the sweete,
compounds a meane between them both, for Iudgment
allwaies meet. 12

---

(31) Reuenge.

Dianiane dogge, with blinde furie inflamed, 1
fearinge the hurled stone w*hi*ch him offended,
w*i*th sharpe and threatning teeth whollie inraged,
doth bite the stone, on that to be revenged, 4
Iudginge noe other thinge but that dead stone,
of that his hurt, to bee the cause alone. 6

w*hi*ch fonde revenge doth others mirth provoke, 7
vnto himself much greatur hurte increasinge,
for gůiltlesse stone cann never feele the stroke,
allthough the dogg cease not his cruell bitinge. 10
wherbye wee learne, not rashe reveng to take,
of that w*hi*ch of it self noe hurt doth make ;
ffor not the stone, but flinginge hande,
the iust revenge doth crave, 14
and actors, not the instruments,
due punishement should haue,

[leaf 21, back] Since to our selves more further paynes
of greife wee shall procure,
yf rashe revenge, on guiltlesse cause,
wee striue to put in vre.

---

(32) Peace.

Pluto, the god of worldlie wealth,
which vnder yearth doth houlde
his goulden limittes and his bounds,
with manie hills of goulde,
there governs at his cursed will,
and goulden guiftes greate store,
with heaped Riches doth possesse
a thowsand fould and more.
vnder whose feete, *Bellona* lies,
still thirstinge after warrs,
a furious spoyler, and the cause
of all tumultuous Iarrs.
But fayre sweet *Peace* doth lead *Pluto*,
and draweth him with right hand,
And in lefte hand, *Amalthea*,
the fruitfull horne, doth stande;
ffor all thinges doe then flowe at large;
Bacchus and *Ceres* raigne;
[leaf 22] Then *Halcyon* daies, then quiet rest,
their triumphes doth retaine.
Then blodie *Mars*, cast to the grounde,
to peace doth yeald his sword;
but perfect peace descends from him
Which was his fathers worde,
And first appeasd the Angrie god
when hee, the loste mankinde
with peacefull concord, to our good,
for evermore did bynde.

(33) Pouertie.

As fishe *Remora* staies the Shipp,
  w*hi*ch ells with prosperous wynde
Would sayle vnto the port of rest,
  sweete comfort for to finde,
Soe hated povertie, with greife
  of fortunes hard disgrace,
The Labors of the vertuous minde
  doth vtterlie deface:
ffor none soe noble vertue doth dwell in anie wight,
but want obscures it, forcing him to silence w*i*th dispight.

---

(34) Syluer worlde.

[leaf 22, back]

The sacred Crowne adorning curled hayre,
and christall hand welding the kinglie mace,
the mounting Eagle w*hi*ch *Ganimede* did beare,
are ensignes of the mightie Ioue his grace.
All w*hi*ch doe shewe the sylver world fore past,
when Cuntrey Swayne prepared the happie soyle,
and with his seede the Earth did overcaste,
which yoked oxe did teare vp with his toyle.
Before w*hi*ch tyme the fertyle earth gaue out
her blessed frute, thoughe she vntilled laye,
And *Saturne* grave, the world did rule about,
the goulden age w*hi*ch did to vs bewraye;
But when that *Ioue* begann his Silver raigne,
and had expelde his father from his lande,
the feildes were tylld with greate & sweating payne,
and Wearied Oxe and horse, did mourning stand.

---

(35) Enuye.

The mightie *Ioue* from highest heaven did sende
the fayer *Phœbus*, these gratefull newes to tell

to wicked virginns, in vice which did excell,
this greate favour that hee to them would lende,
[leaf 23] That for herself, what anie one did crave
of him, her fellowe, duble that should haue.

fforthwith, the monster vilde of all mankinde,
which gnawes her harte, and teares our worthie fame,
stepte forth and said, '*Apollo*, graunt this same,
that I one eye maye loose! for soe I finde
my fellowe shall loose her twoe eyes and sight.'
all which she spake through envie and despight.

Thus fretting envie, Ioyeng in our payne,
pininge her self when good to vs doth growe,
and fatting fast when hurte or losse doth flowe,
in all mischeif findinge her chefest gayne,
of her own hurte, nothing doth force at all,
yf double that vnto her neighbour fall.

---

(36) Our terme or limit of life not remoueable.

ffrom neck it hath the humane shape,
the rest a piller stone:
Thus *Terminus* the god is made,
of all the godds alone;
[leaf 23, back] Whome, when the ruler of the starrs
beheld with scornefull face,
Hee willd him to depart the feilde,
and leaue to him the place.
But *Terminus*, all confident,
did bouldlie to him saye,
'I yeald to none': the septred Ioue
could not drive him awaye.
Hee standeth fixte, not to be moved,
whome wee cannot intreate
with price, nor prayer, with wordes, nor giftes,
nor yet with angrie threate.

Soe are the fixed bonds which god
doth limit to our daies,
not to be changed or removed,
to lengthe them anie waies.

---

(37) God slowlie punisheth.

What doth the waightie millstone meane,
not turned by the wynde?
Of heavenly god it signifies
the nature and the kynde.

The father of celestiall sprites, [leaf 24]
of mortall menn the Kinge,
His thunder bolts doth rarelie shoote,
or lightnings downe doth flinge.

With slowe and stealinge pace, the wrath
of god doth on vs fall,
As one which gentlie doth expect
that wee for mercye call.

But when continnued patience
doth breake his former bande,
His anger is to furie turnd,
he strikes with heavie hande;

and with iust doblinge of the payne,
the grevous punishment
doth recompence the long delaye,
vnlesse wee doe repent.

ffor as millstone, once forct to turne
by rage of boystrous winde,
without regard, eche subiect thinge
doth into powder grynde,—

Soe clemencie of god, once broke
by our continuall sinne,
Doth vs torment with greater yre,
our sowles therbye to winne.

[leaf 24, back]

(38) Dull witts.

The cheife of gods, the mightie *Ioue*,
conceived in his brayne,
And in newe sort did beare a childe,
yf Poets trulye fayne.

But when that wonderfull burthen,
to worlde he could not leaue,
The fierie god, the lame *Vulcan*,
with Axe his hed did cleave.

Then Armed *Pallas* lepped forth,
true wisdome by her kinde,
for not of fleshe doth wisdome growe,
but of the precious minde;

ffor triple power of heavenlie minde,
w*hi*ch in the brayne doth dwell,
doth make vs like the triple god,
in wisdome to excell.

Some kinde of men there are, whose witt
soe pore wee often see,
As, but with payne and longe dayes toyle,
naughte will engendered bee;

ffrom whome their wisdome must be drawen
(since they want learned speeche)
[leaf 25] As *Pallas* was from *Ioue* his hedd,
as doth this Embleme teache.

---

(39) The wretched not to be Doblie greiued.

The birde of *Ioue*, the Eagle of flight most free,
with manye bites, the naked hart doth teare,
of wretch *Prometheus*, hanging on the tree,
w*hi*ch for our skill doth this good lesson beare:
In this sorte not to vexe with doble greefe
A wretched mann deprived of releefe,

But rather showld, with words of myledest kinde,
a plaister give, to cure his greevous wound;
for to the same, sweet pittie doth vs bynde,
Since in godds nature dailie that is found,
and his preeceptes, in tables graven in stone,
gives vs in charge, the wretched to be none.

ffor hee whose tender hart with pittie dighte
vnto the sicke doth reache his helpinge ayde,
and partner of the waight of burdened wighte
doth ease his payne when hee is overlayed,
Amongst the heavenlie Saints shall firmelie gayne [leaf 25, back]
A memorable name, still to remayne.

---

(40) Noe impuritie in heauen.

The blinded boye, which with his peircinge darts
and tender stroke, the heavenlie godds did wound,
felt greate delight to scorche their pliant harts,
since fellowe like amongst them he was found;
but when both sexes of gods did feele such blowe,
oft times greate warrs amongst themselvs did growe.

Then prudent *Ioue*, seinge that fyerie broyle
to rise by weapons which *Cupido* bare,
fearinge the godds would one annother spoyle,
the bowes and shaftes from *Cupids* backe he tare;
and with greate reason, for that boyes disgrace,
did throwe him downe from out that sacred place;

ffor the first father which hath made the skye
must keepe the heavenlie feilds most cleane & pure;
Soe *Lucifer*, the prowde, clyming on hye,
was caste from heaven, in hell for to indure;
for naught vncleane, as sacred letters tell,
in this most holie Cittie once may dwell.

[leaf 26] ## (41) Honor and rewarde nourisheth artes.

Shewe mee, sweete muse, why thow and all the rest
w*hi*ch heavenlie spheres doe guide with harmonie,
were fostred vp with milke from Christall brest
of *Euphemen* distillinge plenteouslie.

Our nurce, her name doth well the same vnfold,
yf wiselie thow the sence therof dost knowe,
for *Euphemen*, none other thinge doth hould,
but this w*hi*ch from that greekishe man doth flowe.

Since *Euphemen* doth onelie signifie
good fame, good name, a good report & prayse,
true honour, due reward, and perfect glorie,
w*hi*ch nourishe Artes, and learned men allwaies.
ffor without that, who, learning would applie,
or weare himself with paine & miserie?

---

(42) Eloquence.

Some Learned menn affirme by abstruce skill
that *Proteus*, god and author of eche thinge,
[leaf 26, back] who into severall formes, at his owne will,
oft turnd him self, as did occasion springe,
exprest a man, w*hi*ch fullie could expounde
ech severall thinge w*hi*ch was in nature founde.

Some sayed he was a man of pretious witt,
and greatlie skilld in kinglie government;
for they w*hi*ch at the Helme of state doth sitt,
must see wherto their subiects most are bent,
and turne him self into eche severall minde,
yf calmed realme he wishe, or hope to finde.

But I this *Proteus* severall formes doe deeme,
the force of Eloquence for to vnfould;
for as he oft did make his shape to seeme
a beast, a fowle, greene earth, or water cowlde,

Soe devyne Eloquence, mens mindes doth change,
Even as it lists, to like of thinges most straunge.

(43) Art cannot take awaye the vice of nature.

The healthfull bathe w*hi*ch daielie wee doe see
to cure the sores and fleshe of lothsome skinn,
cann never make the Negro white to bee,
or clense the harlot from her loathed sinne,
ffor such defaults as nature dothe committ [leaf 27]
in the outward shape w*hi*ch she doth vs impart,
or such defaults as growe by minde or witt
cannot be cured by anie outward art;
ffor though a time wee bridle natures strength,
She will break forth, and houlde her course at length.

(44) Fortune.

As goulden Sonne doth worke from out the Skye
divers effectes, and those exceedinge straunge,
Soe wandringe fortune, by incertaintie,
workes her effectes with sundrie kindes of change.

ffor somm she doth oppresse with miserie,
ffrom dunghill, raysinge some to heapes of gould
Some she castes downe from great nobilitie,
and makes a clowne a noble place to hould.

Shee gives Kingdomes, shee takes them backe againe,
her wheele still turnes, not havinge anie staye;
she subvertes all, even as she please to fayne;
and as with ball, soe with the world doth playe.
In honnors Chaire, then see that thow sitt faste,
Least with her checke shee mate thee at the laste.

(45) Ganymede.

[leaf 27, back] Yea, impure mindes whom vncleane lusts defile
against the rightfull course of natures kinde,
*wh*ich perverslie y*ou*r pleasant witts beguile,
*wi*th Ioue his loue, w*hi*ch Ganymede did finde,
deme that sweet fayre w*hi*ch forct the godds to love,
was sacred, and noe common lust did prove.

w*hi*ch Ganimede his name doth well expresse;
for that, a prudent mann, doth signifie,
who doth his minde to Heavenlie things addresse,
and flies to Heaven by livinge vertuouslie,
then w*hi*ch, on earth, nought cann be fairer founde,
causinge goddes love to vs for to abounde.
Then with true wisdome see
godds favour thow deserve,
In goulden cupp, with heavenlie drinke
of Nectar, him to serve.

---

(46) Eloquent wisdome.

The talking byrd, w*hi*ch gloriously is cladd
By natures guise in robe of *Emeraud* greene,
[leaf 28] And *Tyryan* feathers gorgious to be seene,
with humane tongue and voice w*hi*ch art doth add,
of eloquent mann the worthie Tipe is hadd,
Such one as Tullie sayes he never found,
thoughe in sweet speech learn'd oratours abounde.

The Sea *Tortoys*, his howse w*hi*ch beares on back,
foure footed, shell clothed, and of fearefull sounde,
short hedded, Snake necked, without bowells fownde,
of hideous sight, and w*hi*ch warm blood doth lack,
whose Armor naught can peirce, of pase most slack,
true wisdomes signe doth vnto vs present,
And stayed minde to perfect wisdome bent.

Our Parrot then, vpon this Tortoys plac'de,
to vs doth note, by *Egiptian* misterie,
the sound effect of wisdomes veritie,
with *Mercuries* flowing tongue most swetelie grac'd,
w*hi*ch Ioynd in one, can never be defac'd;
wherof a truer mirror none maye knowe
then you, in whome such famous guiftes doe flowe:
Then live in hapie health,
since *Mercuries* worthie Arte,
And learn'd *Mineruas* skill,
doth harbour in your harte.

---

(47) Poetrye.

[leaf 28, back]

The artificiall Scale composd of gould,
the shyning mettall to *Phebus* consecrate,
doth fayre imprint the figure he doth hould
in plyant waxe, to secrecie dedicate;
that wax, transforming to his forme aright,
a gladsome pleasure to a Curious sight.

And golden Poet fedd with *Appollos* muse,
by his *Emphatick* verse of heavenlie kinde,
such charming power in reader doth infuse,
and grave such passions in his pliant mynde,
that he is metamorphos'd with delight
into the autors secret thoughts and sprighte;
ffor why, such enargye and life
doth in learn'd verse abound,
That sence, and witt, and hart, it doth
both ravishe and confounde.

---

(48) Ensignes of the Clergye.

Thow doest demaund of me,
why this right hand doth houlde

the slipperie Ele, w*hi*ch turnes himself
in circle manifoulde ;
[leaf 29] And whye the guelye arme
in midst of Sheild is placed,
Of Asured cullour, whose bright shine
the firmament hath graced.
The blewishe Scuttchion doth present
the vawted Skye,
Deenotinge that the spirituall man
should love the things on hye.
The reddishe cullor doth declare
the modest shame
which in his countenance should dwell,
a vertuous life to frame.
The Ele prest with the hand,
doth teach him to refrayne
His lipps and tongue from vttring wordes
deceiptfull, false, or vayne.
This must the learned Clarke
allwaies record in mynde,
yf of Saluation, care he haue,
or comfort hope to finde ;
ffor as the slipprye Ele
not prest, doth slide awaye,
So doth the slipprye tongue, the thoughts
of inward minde bewraye.
[leaf 29, back] The white cullor of Ele
declares that all his deedes
Should be white, pure, and Innocent,
w*hi*ch from his hart proceedes.
Thus yf he frame his life,
imbraced still is hee
Of godd and of the world, to w*hi*ch
he shall example bee.

(49) Flatterers.

There is a kinde of men, whome hell hath bredd,
Deceit hath nourc'd, and doble speech hath fedd;
naked of vertue, and impudent of face,
abhord of all, exilde from everie place,
ffalse flatterers nam'd, themselves w*h*ich change
to every fashion, though never soe strange.
These doth the fishe *Polipus* represent,
in his conditions w*h*ich be impudent,
Turning his cullor to everie kinde of Hue,
of everie obiect offerd to his viewe,
wherbye he maye, with bayt of cloked change,
deceyve the fishe w*h*ich in the deepe do range,
Therbye more lightlie for to winn his praye, [leaf 30]
to gorge his gluttenous mawe with foode allwaye.
Soe the false Parisites themselves doe wynde
to divers formes, as tyme and place they fynde,
Changinge themselves to ech mans severall vayne,
foode, wealth, or clothinge, therbye to attayne,
Deceyvinge such as in them put their trust,
paynelesse to serve their Hungrye mawe & lust,
and without labour to releeve their need,
worse then the Crowes on carrion w*h*ich doe feed,
for they, dead bodies onlie doe devoure,
when these, the livinge doe consume ech hower.

(50) Our betters or enemies not to be prouoked with wordes.

Strymonian Cranes, w*h*ich by their ayerie flight
preserv'd the wise *Deucalion* from the flood,
are taught by natures beneficiall lighte
to seek helping art for their better good;
for w*h*ich, when they crosse frozen *Taurus* hill,
ech one, a stone doth carrie in his bill,

wherby they stopp the lowde voice of their crye,
leaste when they passe that huge and ragged mounteyne,
[leaf 30, back] The Queene of birdes, their foe, should them discrie,
and their voyce make them praye to Iove his swayne;
but having overgone that dangerous place,
they leave those stones, and forth direct their pace.

Soe men, whome art and nature doth adorne,
should silent be, for feare of followinge hate,
and not with wordes, their betters for to scorne,
or ells their foes by tongue to Irritate.
for gentle speech, or silence, at the length
doth swage or keepe vs from our Ennemies strength,
which over pas'd, wee maie with courage bould
keepe on the course of life wee meane to hould.

(51) Wisdome and Strength are to be Ioyned.

Doe tell, rude verse, why that pure virginn fayre,
borne of *Ioues* brayne by helpe of *Vulcans* skill,
came armed forth into the Shining ayre,
not borne of Humane fleshe by natures will,
but whole begott of heavenlie seede and light,
being *Pallas* and *Minerua* call'd by right.
[leaf 31] It shewes that wisdome doth from good discend,
not borne of fleshe, nor bredd of Earthlie kinde.
that shee came armed forth, it doth pretende
that wisdome without strength is but a wynde;
and strength without wisdome, subversion brings,
but Ioyn'd in one, doe conquer hardest thinges.

(52) The meane.

The *Daulian Philomell*, whose warblinge voice
descants the musick of natures sweete delight,
in her self notes soe greatlie doth reioyce,
that with the same she putts her life to flight,

soe swetelie yealdes this nightingale her sprite;
And vegitive plantes, watered with the meane,
doe springe; but overmuch, doe wither cleane.

Soe the excesse in everie Earthlie thinge,
and the extreame in everie fadinge kinde,
vncured hurt vnto it self doth bringe,
and extreame greife vnloked for doth finde;
ffor learned *Flaccus* putts vs still in minde
that witt is follie, and right iniustice named,
and vertue vice, beyond the meane once framed.

---

(53) Not to climbe ouer highe.

[leaf 31, back]

Bellerephon, which ruld without offence,
whome fretting envie could not make to yealde,
nor *Pretus* wife to incest could incense,
nor triple monster force to flie the feilde,

Did once ascend to his immortall fame,
the horse of honnor stabled in the skye;
but not of power, that vntam'd beaste to tame,
hedlonge is throwne to ground most worthilie.

Then thow which doste highe dignities attayne,
and clothed art with honnors purple gowne,
aspire not higher, least to thy bitter payne,
with extreame shame thow hedlonge tumble downe,
By fall, pervertinge former good
for which thow hast byn praysed,
And blemishing those worthie partes
which thee to honnor raysed.

---

(54) Monument of a harlott.

Whose tombe is this? whose bones doth this contayne?
the *Ephereian Lais* here doth lie,
whose peerelesse bewtie, wanton *Greece* did stayne [leaf 32]
with her highe prys'd excessive Lecherie;

but wo, alas! sham'd not their destinie
to cut her fatall thred w*hi*ch was soe faire,
to whome to *Corinth* all men did repayre. 7

No, she was with crooked age foreworne, 8
her frowinced face her bewtie had defac'd,
And like a woman w*hi*ch weare all forlorne,
and that of *Venus* nowe noe more was grac'd, 11
her christall glasse on *Venus* wall she placed,
as lothinge in that mirror for to prye,
her wrinkled eyes and cheekes for to espie. 14

Vppon whose curious tombe, engraven by skill, 15
did stand a feirce and cruell Lyonesse,
w*hi*ch did the simple Ram, even at her will,
hould by the Loynes with clawes of bludinesse; 18
w*hi*ch vnto vs this morrall did expresse,
that by the Loynes she still did hould and keepe
her fonde lovers, as Lyonesse doth the Sheepe. 21

[leaf 32, back]

(55) Earthlie mindes.

The statelie Stagg, whose hornes threaten the skye, 1
is sencelesse dombe, not hearinge anie sounde
of hungrie dogg*es* that seekes him eagerlie,
or hunters voice w*hi*ch doth in woodes rebounde, 4
whilst hee with grynding teeth feedes on the ground,
except he first his hed from Earth erect,
wherby the hearinge sence maye them detect. 7

Soe mortall men, full fraught with worldlie toyes, 8
whose earthlie mynde, howsd in such brutish wight,
(beastlie feeding on fleshlie fadinge Ioyes,)
cannot conceive the words of heavenlie spright, 11
nor heare the gladsome voice of heavens delight,
Leaste to the skye his hanging hed he raise,
from earth of Sinn, and sowles corrupting waies. 14

(56) The olde Testament.

The Oke, bearing a corne, *Ioues* sacred tree,
w*hi*ch, to wise *Greekes*, the *Oracles* did lend;
the Ayerye spredding beech, whose arms wee see,
frise clothed frut vnto the world doth sende;
In former Ages, and Earths infancie, [leaf 33]
when eche Creature to natures lawe did bend,
with their swete nourishing mast fedd plenteouslie
our Auncient Syres, of other food deprived;
But wee, through Goddesse *Ceres* helpe revived,
comforting corne for Sustenance obteyne,
A pleasant foode, more exellent by kinde.
Soe nowe these trees noe needfull vse doe gayne,
but that to shade and buildinges they are sign'd,
w*hi*ch Moses lawe to vs doth signifie,
that was but mast, as stifneckd Iewes maye finde,
and shaddowes of the followinge veritie;
for nowe the immortall sonne of deitie,
Our *Sauiour Christ*, the autor of all good,
with rare bountie doth give abundantlie
his heavenlie corne to bee our dailie food;
wherbye wee leaue that mast and Iewish meate,
and hould that elder lawe confirm'd by blood
of beastes, and w*hi*ch but shaddowes doth repeate,
as figures onelie of Christes healthfull lore,
w*hi*ch is the perfect meate, whose signe the Iewes did eate before.

---

(57) Sophistrie. [leaf 33, back]

Saturns daughter, and *Ioue* his Iealious wife,
Queene of Riches, pleasure of this life,
the angrie *Iuno* by her queint device,
self loving *Syrens* falslye did intyce
in songe with the sweete muses to contend.
these *Syrens* were, as autors doe pretend,

faire virgings, w*hi*ch in squamous fishe did end,
and fishe with virgins faces forth did send:
Wemen lacking natures feete of righte,
and fethered fowles wanting winges for flight,
w*hi*ch, though nature denye soe to combyne,
yet were they such as wee do here defyne,
conteyned in the holie number three,
whose names, significant are knowen to bee:
Parthenos virginn, with sweete *Ligia*,
and the most daintie white *Leucosia*,
who doth in false bewitching tunes excell,
wherby they sacred muses did compell
with them to singe, victorious crowne to gayne;
w*hi*ch learned muses did at first disdayne,
all though at length they yealded full consent,
and to their witlesse challeng did relent;
[leaf 34] when with their shrill and most celestiall sound,
those prowde *Syrens* they easilie did confound,
by iustice lawe; for whoe maye well compare
the muses musick naturall and rare,
to the deceitfull Captious *Syrens* skill,
with w*hi*ch they all lascivious eares doe fill?
The muses then, full victors in the feilde,
vnplum'd those Syrens whome they forct to yeald,
and from them all their glorious fethers take,
wherof triumphant crownes they dulie make;
w*hi*ch *mithologians* thus doe moralize:
the muses, note the doctrine of the wise,
and perfect wisdome, w*hi*ch victoriouslie
triumphes on crag'd deceitfull Sophistrie,
w*hi*ch by false *Syrens* we doe signifie.
for what ells doe their fethers notifie,
but foolishe words, wanting true reasons ground,
w*hi*ch light, like fethers toste in wynde, are founde?
these doth true wisdome overthrowe in Scorne,
and with faire crowne therof, her hedd adorne.

(58) Ingratitude.

The stam'ringe Cuckooe, whose lewd voice doth greeve 1
the daintie eares with her fowle note dismay'd,
In the *Currucas* neste doth her releeve, [leaf 34, back]
Suckinge the Egges w*hi*ch that heysuge hath laid; 4
in lue wherof, her owne egg she doth leave,
wherbye she doth the gentle bird deceyve. 6

W*hi*ch that simple heysuge findinge in place 7
(pore sillie foole, not knowinge of this guile),
doth lovinglie nourishe with moothers grace,
hatchinge those Egges that did her bed defile, 10
by dailie food them fostring, as they were
of her owne kinde, and her true forme did beare. 12

But these vile bastards, as they growe in strength, 13
and fethered are with winges of trecherie,
their nource and moother doe assault at length,
with thankles mouth tearing her cruellie, 16
till peecemeale they devoure ech severall part,
and suck the blood of their dames loving hart. 18

Soe, wicked menn, the bastards of mankinde, 19
whome neither love nor reasonn cann alure,
whome others great rewards, to them should bynde,
because their life is nourished by their cure, 22
Acteons curres, and thanklesse menn doe prove,
wounding their patrons whome they ought to loue. 24

---

(59) Children in youth to be framed. [leaf 35]

In yongest yeares, when will and strength doe want, 1
doe frame the child like to the growinge plant,
w*hi*ch yonge and tender thow maist wrye and bende
vnto what forme thy fancie shall intende; 4
but once a tree, and growen to height of strength,
noe force cann make him bowe or bend at length. 6

(60) Of the same.

As tender whelpe, whome natures skill hath taught
by her instinct to hunt and chuse the game,
to his perfection never yet is broughte,
nor for to doe his maisters will can frame,
till first his tutor, crosse his necke doe tye
a litle bat, to frame his whelpe therbye.

ffor that Invres and teacheth him, to beare
the Yoke in youth, w*hi*ch age would not Indure,
and doth compell him to obedient feare,
w*hi*ch in his age he never should procure.
in youth then, hange about the child his neck
the staffe of feare, his stubbornes to check;
Soe he shall learne, in age for to obaye,
[leaf 35, back] In youth that first was taught the readie waye.

---

(61) Benefitts.

The silver Moone, *Diana* Virgine bright,
on mortall creatours powred her moystening light,
wherwith she doth adorne the Sable nighte,
whose sleepinge mantle dimms the peircinge sight;
w*hi*ch gladsome shine she takes abundantlie
fro*m* her beloved spowse, who favourablie
doth spredd his goulden beames most liberallie
on that faire *Phebee* full of curtesie.
Thus, like the liberall moone, wee should bestowe
the bennefitts w*hi*ch from highe *Ioue* doe flowe
vnto vs mortall creatures here belowe,
vpon our neighbours, whome wee needie knowe,
ffor soe the beneficiall heavens
doe teach vs by their kynde,
whose comfortable vertues, wee
doe by their influence finde.

(62) Prodigalitie.

[leaf 36]

The craftie ffox, with longe and bushye tayle,
doth allwaies clense and sweepe the durtie soyle,
wherat the mockinge Ape begann to Rayle,
for that his heavie tayle was clogging toyle
and in his chase did put him oft to foyle,
when he was quick, and nimblie, clym'd ech tree,
as being taylesse, lighter for to bee.

But scoffers must rescoffed be againe;
for subtile fox, with answer soone replied,
and rightlie said it was noe heavie payne
to beare those thinges which nature did provide,
our open shame, and fowle mishapes, to hyde;
for better was, to cover secretlie
the hinder partes, then shewe them lothsomlie.

Thus did the foxe the truer cause defende,
since much better are superfluities
which vs adorne, and profitt doe pretende,
then want of thinges to hide deformities.
So prodigall men, with their extremities,
ffarr better are in spending lavishlie,
then he that wants to serve necessitie.
And witlesse vnthriftes, which [leaf 36, back]
superfluouslie do spende,
Doe much more good then such
as hordinge do attende.

---

(63) To mr Thomas Valence.

My Valence, to thy learned vewe
this skillesse vers I sende,
the fruit of my well wishing hart,
and guifte of faythfull frende;
doe take it with like lovinge minde,
to aunswer my desart,

whome frowninge fortune hath denied
a better to imparte.
The frutefull bough of sacred Olive,
the braunch of peacefull tree,
the leaves of oylie healthful frute
that allwaies greene wilbe;
Which never lose their naturall shewe,
whose leaves doe never fall,
ffor w*hi*ch the *Romans* in lesse triumphes
were crowned therwithall,
[leaf 87] As were the troopes of valiant knightes,
because this holie tree,
To warlike *Pallas* consecrate
ys allwaies found to bee;
vpon w*hi*ch sacred florishinge bough
I offer to thine eyes
A gentle Swarme of Wittie Bees
and honnie bearinge flies,
By w*hi*ch, as former learned menn
did vnto vs present,
Prosperitie of dailie health,
and minde to quiet bent;
So by the same I wishe to thee
like health and quiet minde,
with good successe, wherby thow mayest
perpetuall comfort finde;
Like Olive never to decaye,
but allwaies freshe to springe,
In peace of minde, in peace of tyme,
Eternall peace to bringe;
ffor yf we warr within our selves,
distract with everie thought,
Desired health doth still decaye,
Sicknes is dailie wrought.
[leaf 87, back] Then to this peace and quiet rest
is Ioyn'd sweete nutriment,

ffor whoe delights in bitter foode,
to shorter life is bent;
ffor that our Auncient fathers ment,
by addinge to this tree
Dedalan bees, bright *Phebus* babes,
which good phisitions bee.
Since from the Olive, oyle distills,
the Bees sweet honie give,
both which, the weake and feble parts
with comfort do releeve.
'And who, longe life,' saies *Democrite*,
'would winne for payne and toyle,
must moyst his inward parts with honnie,
and outward parts with oyle.'
So shall continuall prosperous health,
longe life for vs obtayne,
which as before, soe nowe to thee,
I freindlie wishe againe.

---

(64) Strangers more freindlie to vs then our owne kinde and kindred.

[leaf 38]

My loved frend, and lovinge therwithall,
the same even nowe which former tymes did finde,
against true freindshipps bande, howe maye it fall
that I should shewe my self soe farr vnkinde,
as to lett slipp our frendship out of minde?
wherfore this Embleme, which I frendlie ment,
take with like love as I the same present.

The pretie youth, *Telemachus* the fayre,
the pledge most deere to *Vlisses* eloquent,
and chaste *Penelope*, which with despaire
did feed her hungrie sutors hote intent,
and never would to theire desire relent,
did fall from crooked shore, sitting at ease,
into the raveninge wombe of raging Seas.

ffforthwith, full fraught with love and pietie,
the *Arionian Dolphins* were at hand,
whose gentle barks receyv'd him lovinglie,
and from the deepe restored him to land,
Savinge his life; wherbye wee vnderstand,
That straungers to our kinde and to our bloode,
then our owne kinde and kinn, do vs more good,
[leaf 38, back] And that th' vntamed Seas
breed fishe of better kinde,
Then pleasant Earth doth yealde
vs menn of lovinge minde.

[*Leaf* 39 *is blank, both sides.*]

[Epigrams.]

Epigramms. [leaf 40]

(1) The Armes of England.

The sacred Lyon of *Iudeas* princelie lyne,
*wh*ich weldes the scepter of the glorious skye,
of *Iesses* roote the flowers most divine,
whose heavenlie smell feedes our mortallitie,
protect (moste worthie Queene) from all annoye
Thy Realme, thy Lyons, and thy flowers of Ioye.

(2) Crisopeia.

My dolefull muse, bewayle in mournefull rimes,
with sighinge penn, with Inke of deepe lament,
the bitter galls of our vnhappie times,
and pore estate of those to vertue bent;
for he whome vertue hath to honnor raised,
treades downe all those *wh*ich are for vertue praised.

O Sea of sorrowe! wherin wee sayle with greife,
O gulfe of greife! wherin wee drowne with payne,
since vertue cannot finde her due releeife,
but to faire *Crisopeia* shee retayne,
whoe sotts him soe with her bewitchinge sight, [leaf 40, back]
that but she speake, vertue doth loose her right.

Ye noble mindes, reiect your worthie partes,
let valour sleepe, your Heroike deedes will fayle;
ye sacred witts with your celestiall artes,
despise ech muse, science will not prevaile;
ffor neither *Mars*, nor sweet *Mineruas* quill,
cann reape reward in his longe practised skill.

Then woe to vertue! woe our miscreant daies! 19
thrice woe to them whome vertue doth adorne!
faire *Crisopeia* with her goulden Rayes,
ech wight of worth doth taunt with bitinge scorne, 22
for vertue looseth what she well deserveth,
hee onelie gaines, who *Crisopeia* serueth. 24

without her bewtie, none maie favour praye; 25
without her meane, all labour is in vaine;
vertue, stand back, vnles shee make the waie;
valour and learninge, give place vnto her trayne. 28
thus, muse, far well thow seest thy fatall ende,
faire *Crisopeia* will not bee thy frende. 30

[leaf 41]

(3) Vpon the armed Statue of Venus.

ffayre *Venus*, tell whye dost thow Armor beare, 1
and cloggs thy self with heavie Coate of Steele;
thow art not *Mars*, thoughe his attire thow weare,
nor warlick broyles thow ever yet didst feele; 4
sweet speech, good lookes, allurements of delight,
are weapons servinge better for thy fight. 6

In vaine, therfore, thus feircelie art thow armed, 7
for natures harnesse best beseemes thy kinde;
with blowdie weapons why shouldest thow be charmed,
wherin small comfort thow dost ever finde? 10
for naked and vnarm'd, with bewties sheilde
thow madest the god of battell for to yeilde. 12

---

(4) Sundrie and strange effectes of wyne.

The drunken menn, whome gluttonie doth fill
with wynes excesse, doe sundrie passions houlde:
the one lookes highe, and will not be controlde;
one other singes with loftie voice and shrill; 4

one other mournes, shedding teares manifolde ;
with blasphemie, some one his sowle doth kill. 6

Somme one, with stretched hands to god doth praye ; [leaf 41, back]
one, as his humor is, seekes peace to make ; 8
one other, noe man for his frend doth take ;
one nimblie dances, or ells doth skipp and playe ;
somme, verses write, for their swete Ladies sake,
and summ for hast doe often loose their waye. 12

Summ cannot speake, sum stammer at ech worde, 13
summ whoope and hallowe, and braye with open throte ;
summ, filthie talke doe vse in bawdries note ;
one doth dispute till hee laye vnder borde ; 16
mongst brambells summ runn, till they teare there coate,
summ frett and fume, and naught but blowes afford. 18

One falls to Lecherous actes, like beaste, past shame ;
annother cannot hould himself from sleepe ;
summ other rowles his eyes like mased sheepe ;
summ finde greate faultes, and others moe doe blame ; 22
somme, for his life cannot his counsell keepe,
and somm backbite all others with defame. 24

One, as he goeth, endenteth with his feete ; 25
one gapes and yawnes, stretchinge his slothfull arme ;
one thinkes he is a witch, and straight doth charme ;
one other scoffes at ech whome he doth meete ; 28
one other spues out right, but thinkes noe harme ; [leaf 42]
and some therebye with death and sicknes meete. 30

which severall force, in wyne is never founde, 31
for simplie of it self it works noe ill,
but shewes what humors doth the person fill,
and what conceites doe in his braines abounde 34
yf hee doe gorge it in at his owne will,
vntemperatlie his sences for to wounde.
Then yf thy self thow wilt not once bewraye,
Shonn wynes excesse, which takes thy witts awaye. 38

(5) Contemninge.

Whoe doeth contempne the worlds fond vanitie,
whoe doth contempne that fleshly part of his,
whoe doth contempne no man in miserie,
and doth contempne that hee contempned is:
by these contemptes shall make himself regarded,
and at the last with heavenlie Ioyes rewarded.

whoe doth contempne religion and her sawes,
whoe doth contempne correction of his will,
whoe doth contempne the prince, the crowne, the lawes,
[leaf 42, back] and doth contempne the helpe of learned skill:
by these contemptes, to his reproche doth gaine
hate, shame, and greife, with everlastinge payne.

---

(6) What maketh menn forgett themselues.

Alluring bewtie, with her cristall face,
the heate of youth enflaminge loftie minde,
the favour of the people, and their grace,
the greate presumption of the strength wee find,
the store of wealth, the pride of hawtie harte,
and swelling skill of learning and of arte,

The Princes love (protecting of our will),
the stubborne furie of disturbed brayne,
eager desire for to revenge our will,
and fretting envie with scornefull disdaine,
makes vs forgett our selves, and takes awaye
sweet reasons vse, our onelie helpe & staye.

---

(7) Thinges not to be recalled.

The stone once cast out of the hand or slinge,
the tyme once past consuming everie thinge,
[leaf 43] the foolishe wordes which throughe the lipps doe flie,
the broken *Hymen* of virginitie,

by witt, by art, by pleasure, or by paine,
cannot returne, or ells be calld againe.
then well foresee, before thy hand doe ought,
spend not the goulden tyme on things of naught,
premeditate before thow speake in haste,
doe keepe thy bodie allwaies cleane and chaste;
Soe shalt thow live free from the worlds distresse,
and in thy self thy self full well possesse.

(8) The vnapt not to be forced to learninge.

To *Salamanca* yf thow send an Asse,
to *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, *Paris*, or dowaye, [Douai]
or that by travell to farthest lands hee passe,
or in the princes Court longe tyme doe staye:
yf, when he went, he were an Asse, noe art
will make him horse, for felde, for waie, for cart.

Then spare your cost, yf nature give not witt,
to send your sonns vnto the learned scooles,
for to the same, yf nature make not fitt,
doe what you cann, they still shall prove but fooles;
then tourne ech witt to that which nature will, [leaf 43, back]
els fondlie thow thy sonne and cost dost spill.

(9) The waye to gett and keepe frendes.

ffyne witts, much art, sweet tongues, and flatterie,
doe gaine and keepe vs frendes, as some men saye;
but these are vaine, as proofe doth testifie,
without large giftes, which makes the readie waye;
for though that *Homer* come with learned hande,
yf naught he give, without dores maie he stande.

This then must be the surest grounde, I finde,
to winn and hould such frends as wee desire:

first give thow much, be plyant to their minde,
take naught of others, fewe thinges doe thow require,
w*hi*ch if with heed thow wiselie dost retayne,
a heape of frends thow worthilie shalt gayne.

Wee all doe love to take, as *Ioue* doth teach,
w*hi*ch dailie guiftes and sacrifice doth crave;
Nonn loue to give, but such as cannot reach
the full effect of that w*hi*ch they would haue;
trust *Ouid* then, whoe spake what he did knowe:
it shewes great witt, large giftes for to bestowe.

[leaf 44]

(10) Of Stumblinge.

The prowde horse that treades with statelie pace,
and champes his foming mouth on goulden bitt,
adorn'd with curious trapping and pleasant grace,
of his braue looke his humor for to fitt,
with his fower feet, when hee doth prance and playe,
stumbles and falls in Iourneyeng of the waye.

What marvayle then, though worldlie men and proude,
adorn'd with sacred reason of the minde,
In whome the heavens and earth themselves doe shrowd,
with his twoo feet, as nature hath assign'd,
In Iournyeng to the place of heavenlie Ioye,
doth fall and stumble, through the worlds annoye!

---

(11) First guestes at a feaste.

The buzzinge flye w*hi*ch falls in everie thinge,
the meger dogg that hopes to gorge his mawe,
the wandring mynstrell, redie for to singe,
the roaging beggar living without lawe,
the Parasite smell-feast, w*hi*ch newes doth bringe,
and cares not whome his flattring tongue doth stinge,
[leaf 44, back] allthough vnbidd, like vnto shameles beastes,
with hast come first vnto all solempne feastes.

(12) When a wife is badd, worse, and worst. When she is good, better, and beste.

My frend, yf that my Iudgement do not fayle,
as one well taught by longe experience skill,
thy wife allwaies is but a needefull ill,
and beste is bad, thoughe faire she beare her saile,
but vs'd not well, she worser is to thee,
but worst of all when best she seemes to bee.

Thy wife is good when shee forsakes this light,
and yealdes by force to natures destinie,
she better is (thowe livinge) yf she die,
but best when shee doth soonest take her flight,
for soe to thee thine ease shee doth restore,
which soonest hadd, doth comforte thee the more.

---

(13) A Puritane.

Dame *Lais* is a puritane by religion,
Impure in her deedes, though puer in her talke,
And therefore a puritane by condition,
or pluritane, which after manie doth walke;
for pruritie of wemenn, by lecherous direction,
seekes pluritie of men to worke satisfaction.

---

(14) Of heauie and light.

Philosophers were fooles, that taught of ould
that naught cann worke his natures contrarie,
Since experience (best proofe) hath them controld,
that heavie makes light, and light makes heavie;
for a light purse makes a heavie harte, wee finde,
and heavie purse doth make light hart and minde.

(15) Waterhowse.

With milder sport, and not with bitter speech,
licence me here with thee somewhat to playe.
doe take it well, I frendlie thee beesech,
I thinke but mirth what soe my penn bewraye,
not meaning the t'offend in anie waye,
vpon thy name, allthough my penn do straye.
for since with *Bacchus* Iuice thine inward part
is dailie moystened, for thine owne delighte,
[leaf 45, back] and that the blood of Earth revives thy hart,
clensinge thy sowles howse both daie and night,
thow rather 'wynehowse,' for thy livelie spright,
then 'waterhowse,' shouldst termed be of right.

---

(16) A preist which knewe not anie letter.

Good zealous preist, thy hart more than thy skill,
thy zeale more than thy learning or thy witt,
the sacred eares of mightie *Ioue* must fill,
or ells for god thow wilt be nothing fitt.
Of holie Pawle, yet thow the heavenlie voice
cannst ringe alowd, and sound this sentence true,
'the Letter kills,' wherby thow maiest reioyce,
that of one Letter the forme thow never knewe.
ffor least that this deade letter should thee kill,
thow didst beware the letters for to learne,
and that aptlie, since of godds holie will
the quickning spirrit thow never couldst deserne.

[leaf 46]

(17) The hedd and the tayle.

Great was the glorious fame, most worthie knight,
stout *Perseus*, when with thy warlike knife
thow strakest of the monsters hedd, in sighte
of vglie *Gorgon*, then bereav'd of life;
but farr more famous should haue byn thy glorie
yf thow hadst cutt of the tayles of the Clergie.

(18) Cause of a deere yeare.

Thow fondlie askest me, as though I were a god,
what causeth this continued dearth, and plague of Iove his rod.
yf I the truth maie tell, although it purchase blame,
I will not spare to speake my thought, but yet to thy defame:
Th'inseasonable yeare, this dearth doth not procure,
nor the discurtesie of heaven, w*hi*ch thus wee doe Indure,
nor *Saturns* cursed starr, nor barraynesse of land,
nor want of heedie carefullnes of things wee haue in hand,
nor *Ioue* his iust anger powr'd out on mortall wightes
for these our manie heaped sinns, and for the fleshe delights;
but thow dost plague vs all, and force vs for to die,
through murdring death, and famins rage, by thy extremitie;
for since the greedie mawes of thee, thy sonns and kinne,
cann never well be satisfied with that they dailie winn,
but that they horde, they scrape and gripe all that they [leaf 46, back]
maie,
to sett them selves in highe estate by everie manns decaye,
devouring all the paynes w*hi*ch others doe imploye,
howe maie it chuse, but derth and want, all others must destroye?

---

(19) Pinkes.

ffreind *Meering*, I deeme you smell verie sweete,
that are soe full of Pinkes from hedd to the feete;
Yet if everie Pinke of yo*u*r hatt, doblet, and hose
were decked with a garden Pinke to savo*u*r your nose,
You might stand for a maye game, what so you do thinke;
for thoughe the flowers were sweet, yo*u*r follie wold stinke.

(20) Shoinge.

Good Browne, thow doest complaine with heavie cheere,
the Shomaker shoes thee not to thy minde.
the fault is not his, as it maie appeare,
that with straite shoes thy foote hee doth bynde,
for hee makes them small like thy foote in ech thinge,
since, in shooing thee, hee must shooe a goslinge.

---

(21) Glasses.

[leaf 47] The sundrie sort of glasses which art doth put in vre
for our delights, in severall kindes, swecte pleasures doe procure:
the daintie Ladies, loue in lookinge glasse to prye;
the glasse perspective, is desyrd of learnd Pholosophie;
greate states, their windowes deck with glasse, for their delight;
the searchinge Chimists, for their art, haue glasses strange of sight;
the burning glasse is made, a thinge of rare devise;
and glasse vessells for banquettinge are dailie had in pryse;
besides, there is of glasse a temple faire and brighte,
which learned Chaucer builded hath with penn of heavenlie spright;
And gascoigne, for his sport, hath made a glasse in verse,
wher wee maie see our owne defaults, which there he doth reherse;
but all these curious glasses, or anie of like kinde,
or other strange proportion which art or wealth maie finde,
Cannot content my frende; hee hath them in disdayne,
hee them reiects as frivolous, he houlds them all in vayne,
for, of all sorts of glasse which give forth anie shine,
my frend loves, euerie hower, to haue a venice glasse of wyne.

(22) One assured he was elected.

Thow greatlie bragst how that thow art
assur'd thow art elected:
Chaunge but one letter, and thow saiest true, [leaf 47, back]
because thow art eiected.
ffor, knocking at the heavenlie gate,
to enter as right heire,
Thow art repulsd as bastard childe,
and driven to deepe despaire.

(23) Cham.

In all the course of thy vnhappie yeares,
noe kinde of vertue in thy life appeares;
ffor thow art *Cham*, or ells *Chamms* wicked brother:
he did deride his father; and thow thy mother;
his curse was greate; and soe will fall to thee,
that scoffes at her w*hi*ch still should honnored bee.

(24) Fayth.

Our Saviour *Christ*, with words of greife complayned,
that when he came to Iudge the world by fyer,
that fayth should not be found to his desire,
soe greatlie should the Christian fayth be strayned.
but if he nowe the same would come to finde,
he should see faythes more then stande with his minde;
ffor greater and more faiths in yearth, [leaf 48]
with menn did not abounde,
Soe contrarie, soe confident,
soe pleasant to bee founde.

(25) Cuttinge of tyme.

The Curious gardiner, with his cruell Shires
doth cutt the wholsome tyme, and her sweet flowers;
w*hi*ch hee doth cutt soe longe, till tyme at length
cuts of his life by doome of heavenlie powres,

for tyme, in tyme cutts him with full despight,
that first by tyme cutt tyme from his delight.

(26) A tench and a wench.

A Catholike and a Protestant
were frendlie sett at meate,
for both whose dinner was prepared,
both fyshe and fleshe to eate.
They both, as did their conscience bidd,
feed on the severall dishe:
The Protestant vpon the fleshe,
the Papist on the fishe.
[leaf 48, back] At length the Catholike complaind,
our wantoun times to bee
disordered in everie thinge,
as dailie hee did see:
'ffor nowe our Protestants,' (said hee,)
'which newe Religion take,
Twixt Pigg and Pike, twixt Carpe and Capon,
not anie difference make.'
To whome the other replied: 'wee make
such difference of their kinde
As Papists doe twixt tench and wench,
to serve their wantoun minde.'

(27) Whoe are happie.

Antomedon the *Greeke Poet* doth tell,
and rightlie, yf the same be wayed well,
that firste he happie mann is sayed to bee,
which oweth nought, and is from borrowinge free;
Next, hee whome wedlocks fetters doth not strayne;
the third, whome childrens cares did never payne.
but if he bee soe madd to take a wife,
to ridd himself from his most quiet life,
yf shee be rich, and therwith soone to die,
hee happie is, to gaine her wealth therbye.

(28) Linguistes.

[leaf 49]

Twoe gentlemen at meate by enterchaunge
of frendlie speech, the tyme to entertayne,
a womann did commend for vertues straunge,
as one that too much learning did attaine,
being a greate linguist, whych praise doth gaine;
for of the tongues shee nothinge was to seeke,
since she was skill'd in Hebrew and in Greeke.
The other said, "marveyle not much
that they such cuninge take,
ffor nature, by a speciall grace,
great linguists doth them make."

---

(29) Drinkinge.

The first delightinge draught
doth well thy Pallat please;
The second doth thy hart comfort,
and thy could stomake ease.

The third doth make the pleasant wyne
well knowne vnto thy skill;
The fourth encreaseth suddaine mirth,
and pleasure doth distill.

[leaf 49, back]

The fifte the braine doth heate,
throwout in everie parte;
The sixte doth make the[e] verie learn'd
and cunninge in ech art.

The seaventh makes the[e] like [a] horse
that runnes without a rayne;
The eight, thy sences doth confound,
and takes awaye thy brayne.

The ninth doth make the[e] like
a swyne to fyle the place;
The tenth doth make thee worse then madd,
and hated with disgrace.

Then flye excesse of wyne,
*wh*ich is not worthie blame,
ffor thow, not that, doste cause this ill,
to thy perpetuall shame.

(30) Enuye.

Thow monster of mankinde, obscurer of good name,
thow hated childe of pride, and autor of thy shame,
whose heares are stinging snakes, whose face is pale & wann,
*w*ith scornfull eyes and browes, disdaining eu*e*rie mann,
*w*ith canker taynted tethe, and poysoned tongue of spight,
with vile detracting lipps, defaming eu*e*rie wighte,
[leaf 50] with breth of Sulphures smell, fedd with revenges desire,
*w*ith brests defyld *w*ith gall, and hart of flaminge Ire,
whose nayles are harpies clawes, and bodie leane and spare,
*wh*ich never smiles, beinge still opprest *w*ith greife & care,
whose frettinge pynes thy hart, and eates thy flesh awaie,
still feeding on thy self, till thow dost cleane decaye
like burning *Aetna* monte, *wh*ich *w*ith his stinking fumes
feedes on it self, and *w*ith his flame it self consumes.
thy force ech sowle doth feele, thoughe, to thy better paine,
except the mann deiect, whome fortune doth disdaine.

(31) Mann must provide for bodie and sowle.

The fairest Creature *wh*ich the heavenlie hand
created, hath the cheefest thinge hee made,

the Lord of Ayre, of Earth, of sea, and Land,
and of ech earthlie thinge *which* once must fade, 4
composed is of bodie form'd of claye,
and sowle divine *which* never shall decaye. 6

His sacred minde, sprung from celestiall seede, 7
doth him forwarne to lifte the same on hie.
his earthlie bodie, *which* elements doth feede,
makes him to thinke on thinges, and that be worldlie.
Thus sowle and bodie, vnited by their kinde, [leaf 50, back]
makes mann both heaven and earth allwaies to mind.

But soe to minde them both, as not excesse 13
in either, fall contrarie to their due,
for all extreames, the vice doth still expresse,
the (meane) is that *which* wee ought to pursue; 16
then, since god wilbe serv'd with both together,
vse well the one, to helpe and serve the other. 18

---

(32) Mongers.

A messe of mongers on *Holborne hill*, 1
the dolefull waie vnto the hatefull place,
where malefactors, much against their will,
cutt of their times with shame and fowle disgrace, 4
were frendlie mett, ech other faire greetinge,
asking what craft ech vsed for his livinge. 6

One said he was of the ffellmongers trade; 7
one other, that he Ironmonger was;
the thirde, that hee was costardmongers Iade;
the fourth, that he was a ffishmongers asse; 10
to whome a fifte, as by them he did walke,
with listening eare enclining to their talke, 12

did saye, "exclude me not, I craue, from out the rest, [leaf 51]
for of your trade I am the Quintessence, 14
since I am a monger good as the best,
and of my fleshe and purse, of Lardge dispence." 16

"what monger maiest thow bee," did one replie,
"vnknowne as yett to all this companie?"
fforthwith the mann, as pertest of them all,
sayed hee a whoremonger was knowne to bee;
"I will not loose my place in mongers hall,
being prentise once, although I now be free."
then all shooke hands, as nere of kinde to other,
biddinge him wellcome as their loving brother;
whoe, to confirme this knott of knaverie,
vnto the taverne hasted spedilie.

(33) Tyme.

An Auncient knight of ffee and of renowne,
with his Ladie to dinner sate him downe:
they sett; the hungrie knight did bid his mann
some pottage sett, with which the knight begann;
but eatinge fast and over greedilie,
a little herbe did take his course awrye,
[leaf 51, back] which made him coffe, that chok'd he was, he said.
Yet the good Ladie, therwith not dismayed,
"Sir, it is tyme, it is but tyme," replied.
the payned knight, the more, for anger, cried
that chok'd he was; but his Ladie, that ment
but well, saied "it is but tyme, sir, be content!"
whereat the knight the more did coffe and strayne,
ffor Anger of her speech then of the payne;
for where her wordes the herbe tyme did intend,
hee them mistooke, and deem'd shee sought his ende,
since wronglie hee conceiv'd therbye that shee
thought it but tyme that he should choked bee.

(34) Receipts and expenses.

A tutor, gluttinous and prodigall,
was by the Iudge assigned to a pupill,
who in excesse and ryot spendinge all,
with daintie fare his hungrie mawe did fill.

The Iudge, offended with this lewde expence,
wilde the tutor a good accompt to make;
but he replied, without all reverence,
"there is naught left, and this count must you take."

The Angrie Iudge perceyvinge this deceipt, [leaf 52]
would knowe what he receyu'd and howe twas spent:
the tutor, gaaping, said, "her's the receyte
and her's th'expence," notinge his hinder vente.

---

(35) Counterfetts deuoure the whole world.

The kinge deuoures the husbandman;
fond youths do spoyle the kinge;
The vsurer consumes those youthes.
the preist decaye doth bringe
To vsurers; and whores consume
the preist with filthie lust;
The bawd eates vp the gayninge whore
who putteth her in truste;
The taverner beggars the bawde;
and next is swallowed vpp
The taverner, by Parasites
which hange vpon the cupp.
The needie Parasites in th'end
are spoyled by lothed lyce;
The Ape, mann counterfetter, eates
those vermyn at a trice.
So that the beastlie, mocking Ape,
which mowes at everie thinge,
By circulation doth consume [leaf 52, back]
the kingedome and the kinge.

---

(36) That one thinge Produceth annother.

The frutefull peace begetts desired plentie;
desired plentie brings forth lothsome pride;

the lothsom pride makes men by warr to die;
longe warrs cause wofull povertie ech tyde,
and povertie makes frutefull peace to springe:
thus the worlds wheele is turn'd in everie thinge.

The fruitfull earth gives forth sustayning grasse;
sustayning grasse doth feed the norishing beasts;
the nourishing beaste, into manns flesh doth passe;
and glotinous mann, that feedes with daintie feaste,
dissolved is to frutefull yearth in hast;
for what feede vs, one vs doth feed at last.

Thus runns about by dailie circulation
ech earthlie thinge create by heavenlie hand;
for ones curruption is others generation,
as natures lawe hath linked with her band;
then happie thow, if sowle in true degree
doe end in god, from whome it came to thee.

[leaf 52]

(37) A longe nose.

A knight that should with curtesie
a ladie entertayne,
at her longe nose begann to scoffe
with words of some disdaine,
and said, 'yf your longe nose were not
a bulwarke of defence
To gard your lipps, they should be kiss'd
before wee parted hence.'
'why, sir,' quoth shee, 'spare not therfore,
yf nose such hindrance bee,
you maie, where hindred nose doth want,
with ease freelie kisse mee.'
The scoffing knight thus retaunted,
in furie flange awaye,
But with replyeng scoffe before,
he thus to her did saye:

'Madame, it greatlie forceth not,
for sweetnes of your breth,
Whether I kisse your lipps above,
or ells your hipps beneath.'

(38) Spencers Fayrie Queene.

[leaf 53, back]

Renowmed Spencer, whose heavenlie sprite
ecclipseth the sonne of former poetrie,
in whome the muses harbor with delighte,
gracinge thy verse with Immortalitie,
Crowning thy fayrie Queene with deitie,
the famous *Chaucer* yealds his Lawrell crowne
vnto thy sugred penn, for thy renowne.

Noe cankred envie cann thy fame deface,
nor eatinge tyme consume thy sacred vayne;
noe carpinge zoilus cann thy verse disgrace,
nor scoffinge Momus taunt the with disdaine,
since thy rare worke eternall praise doth gayne;
then live thou still, for still thy verse shall live,
to vnborne poets, which light and life will give.

(39) Martine.

Menn say thow art call'd the Rich Martine,
in Latiane speech who art Martinus nam'de;
but wholie they mistake thie name, I wynne,
if to thy gaine the same be dulie fram'd,
for Martinus thow shouldst be termed right,
in hording gould which hast soe greate delight.

(40) Vsurers.

[leaf 54]

Stukelie the vsurer is dead, and bid vs all farwell,
who hath a Iourney for to ride vnto the court of hell;
yf anie would his letters send to Plutoes divelishe grace,
hee wilbe messenger therfore, and beare them to that
place;

but yf he anie answer crave, of letters sent from hence,
he must some other post provide, which maie returne from thence,
for *Stukelie* once arived there, cannot come back againe,
since *Pluto*, for his needfull vse, doth meane him to retaine. 8

(41) Grace.

A man of lewd living all vertue sett at naught,
was rested by Sergiant at mace, and vnto prison brought,
who beinge sett at large, the *Bishop* would him trye,
and him to common pennance put, for dedes of Lecherie. 4
his aged mother, greved of her sonns open shame,
with gentle speech of moothers loue, his lewd follies did blame,
and said 'that want of grace did force him soe to fall;
wherfore hee dailie, on his knees, for needfull grace must call.' 8
her scoffinge sonne, which scorn'd his mother with disdaine,
said 'hee would rather hang, than seeke for anie grace againe;
for seriaunt grace his mace, his purse had sucked drie,
and the Archbishopps reverend grace had sham'd him penlie; 12
[leaf 54, back] And therefore since these twoo before, him did deface,
he soe, past grace, bequeath[d] them both vnto the divells grace.' 14

(42) Cardinge.

Kate is a good huswife, as all men saye,
for shee doth nought but card all the longe daie,
whoe in continuall carding hath such delight,
that, besides the daie, she will card in the night. 4

ffor cardinge, to her is but a pleasant playe,
and when she playes she is cardinge allwaies.
Yet by her carding she hath little winninge,
for of her carding never com[e]th spinninge;
Soe she is a huswife, but noe good huswife, I trowe,
for of good huswifes cardinge, spinning doth growe.

(43) Reelinge.

Iohn, thy wife, to live doth take great payne,
a good huswifes name therbye to gaine;
for she spinnes and Reeles as fast as shee maye,
but cheeflie in reelinge spending the daye;
for, once haue shee sett the pott at her hedd,
she never lins reelinge till shee goe to bedd.

(44) A Rose.

[leaf 55]

Willford, thow lovest a pleasant Rose verie well,
both for the faier cullor and the sweete smell,
for thow canst not bee without a rose in thy bedd,
to colle the, and to laye her arme vnder thy hedd.
Yet is not thy *Rose*, flower of Carnation hue,
nor p*er*fect white, nor redd, but yellowishe and blewe,
and therfore most meete to serve in the night,
for other Roses would shame her if she were in the light.

(45) Sowinge.

Sweete flowers growe when gardeners sowes the seed;
the plowman sowes the graine wherby wee live;
and man sowes that wheron mankinde doth breed,
soe that their sowing, his like doth allwaies give.

But weemen sowe farr different from these kindes,
both workes and wordes w*hi*ch send forth paine and greefe,
for with there words they vex their husbands mindes,
w*i*th needle sowinge, not gayninge their releife.

They sowe discorde, with tongue of false report;
their needle sowinge, doth breed but more expence;
they sowe deceyt, and make therof a sport;
their needle workes are but a showes pretence.
[leaf 55, back] Then lett not wemenn sowe, yf thow bee quiet bent,
for of their doble sowing, growes naught but discontent.

(46) Woodcocks.

He is as wise as a Woodcock, all wee doe see,
because everie woodcock is as wise as hee,
which wee knowe to be true, and that the rather,
for that Alderman woodcock was his father:
A thinge of greate worth, that woodcocks are made
the governours of Citties and the Marchants trade.
Then woodcock on his side, by birth and by witt,
makes him as wise as a woodcock his birth for to fitt;
for if naught ells causd him a woodcock to bee,
yet since he is borne a woodcock in everie degree,
he cannot degenerate from woodcocks kinde,
and therfore as wise as a woodcock you shall him finde.

(47) Kissinge.

Three pleasant gentlemen vpon the waye
did meete three maides that went them forth to playe;
the menn of ech other would gladlie knowe,
which of the maides he would kisse in the rowe.
the maydes, like goselinges, after other went,
noe whit mindinge the menn nor their intent.
But of the menn, the first amongst the rest,
[leaf 56] that with his fellowes scoffinglie would Iest,
said 'hee would kisse the pretie maide before,'
not meaning for to meddle with anie more.
the other said, 'yf he might haue his wishe,
the browne wench in the middle he would kisse;'

the third, as liked best vnto his minde,
said 'hee would kisse the blobcheckt wench behinde.'
Nowe, fellow *Garrett*, of the would I crave,
w*hi*ch of these three the sweetest kisse should haue;
for the wenches breath, formost of the three,
smelled verie ranke in the highest degree.

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(48) White heares.

At the Rose within newgate, ther frendlie did meete,
fower of my ould frends, ech other for to greete:
one had a black beard, but white was his hedd;
one other, white hedd, with a beard w*hi*ch was redd;
the third had yellowish hedd, but his beard somewhat white;
the yongest had silver berde, and hedd agreeing righte.
thus sett at their cupps, they thought to devise
howe these severall white heares in them did arise.
the black berd and white hedd begann for to saye,
'his hedd was elder then his berde by twentie winters daye,
ffor where nature by age doth soonest decaye, [leaf 56, back]
graye heares spring vp, w*hi*ch age doe displaye.'
the other white hedd with the reddishe beard, tould,
'that his hedd was not white because he was ould,
but for that he had more labored, by studie his brayne,
then his teeth by eatinge, his hedd white heares did gayne.'
the third, with yellowish hedd and beard somwhat white,
Philosopher-like, this cause did recite,
'I see it perfect true, for soe you agree,
that what is labored most will weakest bee;
and what of mann is most weake by kinde,
soonest graye haires in that part you shall finde;
then vsinge my teeth more than my witt, by right,
my berde then my witt, must needes be more white.'

the last, with a ieste to knitt vp the game,
this reason for himself begann for to frame,
'hornes and hoore hares comm not by age, menn tell,
and that by my self I haue tried verie well,
for havinge both agreeing together,
Cares gaue the one, and my wife gaue the tother.'

(49) Cutters.

'Iack, I here thow hast leaft thine ould trade;
thow wilt noe more become a ripiers Iade.'
[leaf 57] 'In fayth, good Will, thow sayest true,
for I haue left mine ould occupation for a newe,
for I cann braue it in the streetes with the rest,
beinge a right cutter, as good as the best.'
'A cutter! what cutter, I praye the, maye that bee?
a cutter of Queene hithe, or a garment cutter, tell mee,
A Swashebuckler cutter, or one of the cutthrotes,
or a garden cutter, or a false cutter of groates?
Or art thow such a cutter as ostelers and tapsters be,
or a woode cutter, a stone cutter, or a heare cutter, letts see?'
noe, in faith, Will, for better or worse,
I am none of these, but a plaine cutpurse;
a life of such pleasinge, that I never feele payne
till the rope and the gallowes doe hinder my gaine.'

(50) The deceased Pretor.

Thy vertue, not thy vice; faith, not dissembling speech; thy goodnes, not thy flowings goods, made thee this honor reach.

(51) To Humfrie Waldronn.

Yf reasons worthie minde prescribe this reede,
and Iustice bidd ech one with Iust desart

for to requite with like, the frendlie deede,
in outward shewe and inward faithfull harte,
then must I yeald vnto your gentle heste, [leaf 57, back]
and streyne my quill to answere your request.

Wherin with slender phrase I gentlie craue
your skillfull muse to pardon skillesse write,
and rather waie the honnest minde I haue,
then simple quill which rashelie doth recite
what Idle brayne hath fondlie found at large,
which I present, our freindshipp to discharge.

A ffoolishe *Cherill* I maye seeme to bee,
that shame not to present vnto thy sight
Sir Topas ridinge rime not meet for thee,
Nor Gouldings learned vewe, that famous wight,
whose hawtie verse, with sugredd words well knitt,
bereaves the same of *Chawcers* flowing witt.
Then frendlie take in gree this frendlie verse I frame,
and thinke, to his *Perithous*, that *Thesius* writes the same.

(52) Fortune.

Blinde ffortune, with her fonde and sencelesse sence,
regarding nought the worth of anie wight,
which heedleslie her riches doth dispence,
not forcinge whether shee doth wronge or right,
Enricht by suche as vices do adorne,
The good reiectinge with most bitter skorne, [leaf 58]
Which growes, for that noe perfect good she knowes,
beinge onelie fedd with vaine and outward showes.

(53) To his freind Burrell.

The loathed povertie still shall thee feede
yf poore thow be in anie time of life,
By byrth, or fortune, or for want of heede,
for vnto such, rewards are nothinge rife,

since, in this thanklesse age, none wealth attaine,
but such as riches haue, and giue for gaine.
Then must thy hard and woefull state
of shamefast povertie
Embrace patience, since vnto thee
welth will not multiplie.

(54) Issues.

The Ioyfull mother brings forth manie faire yssues,
the learned lawyer brings his cause to good yssues,
the skilld Phisition makes for goute runninge yssues,
the faulting Iuror is amerc'd in much yssues;
the large expences are counted needles yssues;
but yet, of all the yssues wee haue in anie kinde,
none is more badd then yssuing from our land, wee finde,
for soe our witt and wealth from vs soone yssues then,
w*hi*ch lost and brought to naught, w'are scorned of all menn:
[leaf 58, back] Such yssue they obteyne, their birth right w*hi*ch doe sell,
on w*hi*ch yssue the verdit hath condempned mee right well.

(55) Mariage.

Deepe witted menn, b'experience haue contrived,
that mariage good and quiet is ech hower,
where the mans heringe organs are deprived
of their right vse and sound receyving power,
and where is seeled vp the womans percing sights
that shee maie not behould her husbands sweet delights.

ffor since nature hath made that sex most fraile,
and subiect to tormentinge Ielousie,
vpon ech guiltles signe they will not fayle,
their loving husbands to suspect falselie;
yet if she could not see, but were by nature blinde,
such fonde conceites she would not harbor in her minde.

And if suspected mann were dombe to heere
the Iealous brawles of his vnquiet wife,
ech would embrace and hould the other deere,
wherbye they might obtayne a quiet life,
without which rare effects, swete mariage is a hell,
but linked with these guiftes, doth Paradice excell.

(56) Sweete mouthes.

[leaf 59]

A noble Earle, to vertue allwaies bent,
with rich and scoffinge knight on hunting went:
the Buck was rows'd, the hounds vncopled bee,
who with swifte course, to flie did seeme to mee,
and eger of the game, in their full crie
with dobled voice lowd ecchoed in the skie,
whose pleasant musick did the eares delight
of Earle and all the rest, except the knight,
that pleasured more in purchasing and gayne
than hawkes or hounds, or in such toyes vaine.
of whome the Earle demanded curteouslie,
when ended was the hounds long solempne crie,
'yf those faire doggs, with their reioicing voice,
had not sweete mouthes as hounds of rarest choice;'
wherto the knight gaue answere scoffinglie,
'hee did not knowe till hee the same should trie,
for anie of them he never kissed there,
and soe knewe not how sweet that there mouthes were.'
wherat good Earle, which tooke it in disdaine,
from moved chollar hardlie could refraine,
but said 'if that you kist them not before,
you maie with ease kisse them behinde the more.'

(57) Fooles.

[leaf 59, back]

Hee was not wise, his witt hath him deceyved,
that would bee wise, and not a foole be deemed,

but I, w*hi*ch haue the truth by witt conceyved,
doe holde it best a foole to bee estemed,
the cause wherof by reason is perceyved,
ffor wisdome knowes, of fooles is endlesse number,
that in their follie foolishlie doe slumber.

Then is it best to be of that consort
and sweete societie w*hi*ch moste doe hould;
the fewest menn to wisdome doe resort,
and leste in number soonest are contrould;
soe least are least estem'd in everie sort;
then must the wise, w*hi*ch is the lesser number,
be compted those w*hi*ch all the world doe cumber.

Greate ffranchises the fooles are knowen to haue,
because they swaye in all the greatest part:
the wise stand back, forc't of the fooles to crave,
thoughe fooles cannot Iudge of their good deserte,
yet must those fooles their vertuous life deprave,
for they stand warme, are fedd and cloth'd of beste,
when wise menn begg, or are with famin prest.

[leaf 60]

(58) Gallopinge.

ffrom windsore ridinge, to the statelie towne,
the seate of ffamous kings and Inglands pryde,
in hast, I mett, in midst of Hunslowe downe,
a gentle youth w*hi*ch postinglie did ride,
a frend of mine, whome I forc'd there to staie,
to knowe the cause hee ridd soe fast awaye.

Whoe said, "muse not, I frendlie the require,
to see mee gallop with soe light a hedd,
since I farr lighter am in this retyre,
then when to *London* I my Iourney spedd;
ffor when I went, my creed 12 partes did holde,
but one is lost, soe I more light and bould,
the twelfe is gone, eleaven I keepe in store,
Christ went not vnto hell: what would you more?"

(59) Churches.

The Auncient *Saxons* did full Christianlie,
to shewe their fervent zeale and zealous love,
erect most statelie churches plenteouslie,
as holie place ordain'd for god above.
But nowe *le monde reuerse*, the world turn'd upside downe,
our *Scismatikes* will haue noe church in Cittie or in towne.
Noe Church! alas! what doe I saye? I lye; [leaf 60, back]
they sett vpp churches twentie for their one,
for everie private howse spirituallie
must bee their church, for other will they none,
Excepte the open felds, or ells false Ethnicks groves of trees,
where sencelesse as the sencelesse woods they flock like swarms of bees;
there sowe they *Satans* damning seedes, of w*hi*ch dissention springs,
(tearing Christes vndivided coate), w*hi*ch all to ruyne bringes.

(60) Menn before Adame.

Good *Moses* (w*hi*ch didst write by sprite of God),
some makes thy witt as watrye as thy name;
thy art, to serpents w*hi*ch did turne thy rodd,
thy sacred quill, w*hi*ch newborne world did frame,
are nothinge worth; thy Iudgements are but lame;
ffor the *Italian* redie witt doth sett the vnto schoole,
and *Francis George*, in his scriptures problemes, makes the a foole.

Thow couldst not see, (w*hi*ch everie thinge didst see,
of newspronge world Create by Ioue his hand,)
that before Adame, (calld first mann by thee,)
were manie menn (w*hi*ch by thy words is skande),

for some Italians thy words so vnderstand,
And *Francis George* doth, *Talmude* like,
by thy penn thee confound,
[leaf 61] Provinge that manne *Androgenon*
was first made out of grownde:
But lett those wranglinge witts, that seeme
to teach godds heavenlie sprite,
Beware his scourging rodd deprive
them not of sence and light.

(61) Iuye.

Thow Bacchus plant, which allwaies greene dost springe,
Poets reward, and glorie of their penn,
the touchstone of wyne which to the sprite doth bringe
a quickning force to rouse the witt of menn,
why dost thow clyme my howse so spreddinglie,
and yeald thy sacredd budds soe frutefullie?
In vaine thow doest ascend these rurall tyles
which profound *Virgill* never yet behelde,
nor wantonn *Ouid*, whose rare penn compyles
strange changed shapes which abstruse science yeald,
nor wittie *Flaccus* did hange his harpe here,
nor doth *Tibullus* gold in this appere.
ffor in this cottage rurall muse doth reste;
here dwelleth *Cherill*, and *Topas* the knighte;
[leaf 61, back] pore oten ryme is onelie here exprest,
noe helicon verse or muse of rare delight;
but since thow hast this rusticke wall adorned,
doe florishe longe, all though my verse be scorned.

(62) Iestinge.

Three things there be which maie susteyne noe Ieste
or foolishe blemishe of our Idle braine:

the honest fame wherwith our life is blest;
our godlie faith, for that maye bide noe stayne
of heresie, or false religions bayne;
Next, watrishe eye, wherof ech litle gall
doth hurte the sight and dangers th'ye withall.

(63) Honor.

The glorious Queene, honor, desir'd of all,
wherto ambitious mindes greatlie aspires,
still gapinge, that on them her rayes maye fall
with glorious stiles to answer their desires,
which hautie hart by price and prayse requires,
is seldome found, as grave ancients devise,
of such as gredilie wold to honnor rise.

ffor shee enquires of those shee never sawe,
she followeth them that from her faste doe flye,
she honnors such from her *which* doe withdrawe, [leaf 62]
she loveth all that naught esteemes her glorie,
she calls for them that scorns her vanitie,
she trusteth those whome she did never knowe,
and such rewards in whome hidd vertues flowe.

This contemplative Philosophers tould
With all their skill, vnknowinge her true kinde;
for other course doth this faire Ladie hould,
since to her glitteringe bowres newe stepps are signed,
whertoe nowe none the redie waye cann finde,
but suche as enter with a keye of gould
by false faire shewes or flatteries manifold.

(64) Temperance.

The heroike vertues Cardinall,
wherof the learned write,
Doe from right kinde degenerate,
and with themselves do fighte.

If heavenlie temperance doe not
their Rygor moderate,
As the true arbitrer and the
true stickler of their bate.

[leaf 62, back] ffor Iustice without temperance
shadowes revenginge Ire,
And fortitude without the same
is rashe vnquenched fyre.

Soe wisdome wanting the due force
of temperance, wee trye,
Egregious follie to be deem'de,
and cosoninge subtiltie.

when hee w*hi*ch hath true temperance,
all vertues doth embrace,
Is wise, is iust, is valiant,
and honnored in ech place.

Since this faire Queene, dame Temperance,
attended is allwaies
with rare and honnorable maydes
deserving worthie prayse;

ffor lawded virgin modestie,
and blushefull shamefastnes,
And holie abstinence, the nourse
of all true godlines,

Pure honestie, wise frugallness,
and right sobrietie,
The Angellike continencie,
and fames eternitie,

[leaf 63] Doe dailie followe Temperance,
as handmaides ever preste,
And worthie members of that Queene,
for to performe her heste,

Whoe, for their Ladies liverie,
her ensigne and her worde,
To shewe how her wise actions
doe with her speech accord.

This famous sentence beare vppon
their sleeves embrodred still
(*Not to much*), w*hi*ch wise *Pitacus*
fram'd to her sacred will.

(65) Doinge nothinge.

A Crabbed Cobler, and his slothfull wife,
w*hi*ch would not labour for to gett her meate,
from words to blowes did often fall at strife;
but as the husband did her feircelie beate,
this question shee did oftentimes repeate:
'why doe you thus torment me in my life,
Since I haue nothinge said, nor nothinge donne?'
but he, continuinge still as he begun,
Said, 'for that cause onelie he made his blowes soe rife.'

(66) Astrologers.

[leaf 63, back]

Malevolent *Saturne*, vnhappie starr,
hath loste the vse of ferce and cruell sight,
Ne cann from stone a childe discerne from farre;
the shamefaste moone cann w*i*th her bashefull light
see naught but what is pure and virgin bright;
the thundringe *Ioue*, w*i*th loue doth onelie minde
his white Europa, though a mortall wight;
the warlike *Mars*, to coole his youthfull kinde,
doth *Venus* halse; and lustfull *Venus*, *Mars* doth bynde.

The Lawrell *Phebus*, with his glittering hedd,
the glorious god that rules in fyerie chaire,
doth onelie thinke on *Daphnes* plesante bedd;
to *Herseus* love, doth *Mercurie* repaire,
the wittie sonne of Maya the faire:

thus all the plannetts are employd in skye;
wherbye thow maist (Astrologer) dispaire,
by their aspectes or workinge power, to trye
whoe doth the Cuckold make, and thy hed hornifie. 18

(67) The herbe *filius ante Patrem.*

[leaf 64] A vertuous Ladie, skilfull herbaliste,
in *Chimick* art whoe takes noe meane delight,
whome modestie with good report hath bliste,
and wifelie dutie hath adorned righte, 4
of gentleman (that learned would bee deem'd,
as by his *tria verba* he had seem'de,)
Demanded 'if the herbe most rare of sight,
and of all Artistes greatlie esteem'de, 8
which *filius ante patrem* they doe hight,
were to him knowne': who said, with courage bould,
his deepe insight in herbes for to vnfould,
'it is, madame, well knowne to everie wight, 12
to be sonne of *Antipater*, as learned men doe houlde.'

(68) Monstrous Childe.

Did Learned *Ouid* live, with poetrie divine,
his Metamorphosis he would a newe refyne,
and add this prodigie, as vncouth as the reste, 3
of his transformed shapes which there he hath expreste;
ffor here, though bodies were to other forms not chang'd,
[leaf 64, back] Yet is this followinge truth as farr from nature strang'd,
That the celestiall saints which doe adorne the skye, 7
should from the heavens discend, and children multiplie;
for why sainte Peters sonne, a thinge to fewe men
knowne,
maintaind a child which he supposd to bee his owne,
yet others had more righte to her by kindlie knott;
soe easilie one others child falls to our lott. 12
This is a thinge vnvsd, a Saint a sonne to haue,
and hee deformed, not shap'd as heavenlie bodies crave,

whoe, though of heavenlie seed, yet was he foule beguylde,
that fondlie nourished as his, one others childe,
exceedinge anie chyld which natures course doth give,
for lightlie she could beare the tallest mann on live;
soe bigg her bone in bredth, soe monstrous shee did seeme,
that ech, noe childe, but perfect woman, did her deeme.
Thus nature changinge kinde,
these monsters forth doth sende,
Saint Peters sonne, a woman childe,
which could with menn contende.

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(69) A godly mann.

He is a godlie mann, that doth with tongue and minde
and sincere hart, the heavenlie god
adore in his true kinde,
That liberall is to pore, that Iustice doth maintaine, [leaf 65]
And beinge chosen for a Iudge,
takes noe reward for gayne;
That is not mov'd with loue, or doth for anger hate,
And as infectinge poysonn, shunns
fonde scouldinge and debate;
That hath a good foresight in what he takes in hand,
that rashelie nothinge doth attempte
which reason maie withstande;
That chooseth honnest frends, for to converse with all,
whose sage and true advise maye helpe
in dangers when they fall;
That vtters with his tongue, but what his hart conceives,
And doth envie that wicked speech,
which other menn deceyves;—
This is a godlie mann; but I thinke none is found,
In whome these sacred vertues doe
in their full power abounde.

(70) Kindred.

Why kneele you heere, faire Ladies, thus amased,
before *Apollo*, as though you sacrificed?
These litle babes within your armes thus foulded,
in weepinge sort soe piteouslie disguised?
[leaf 65, back] what secret greife of fortunes evill change
hath happened you? declare, and bee not straunge.

Wee here lament noe fortune of mishapp,
wee crave noe goodes from godds for to discende,
ne doe wee wishe our Ennemies to entrapp,
nor seeke revenge of such as vs offende,
but of most fowle incest wee feele false fame,
and craue *Apollo* to rid vs from the same.

ffor these two babes which here thow dost behould,
are our owne sonns by fleshlie generation;
they are brothers to our husbands, of this be bould,
and vncles to ech other by procreation;
their mothers and grandmothers thow shalt vs finde
in lawfull mariage and course of honnest kinde.

which wee beseech Apollo for to shewe,
who leavinge that to earthlie menn of skill,
wee thee desire, yf ought therof thou knowe,
the same to tell accordinge to our will;
Soe shall wee sound thy worth and learned name,
Since thow shalt cleere vs from incestuous shame.

[leaf 66]

(71) The Courte and Cuntrey.

My yonge and youthfull yeares,
that once drewe forth my life
In pleasant game of ffancies trayne,
where pleasures all were rife,
Haue nowe forsaken quite
their ould and wonted trade;
My strength is gone, my mirth is past,
my wantonn daies doe fade.

ffor where I often vsed,
amongst the Courtlie sort,
In Idle play, through bewties hue,
with loving talke to sport,
Nowe am I shakenn of,
My faltring tongue doth staye,
Vntimelie thoughts of such mishapp
hath worne such toyes awaye,
And I must rest at home,
lock'd from my pleasures paste;
They scorne me nowe whome I disdaind:
this is my fall at laste.
ffrom Court to cart I flye,
a longe but easie leppe;
I liste noe more with glosinge speech [leaf 66, back]
on fortunes wheele to stepp.
She did advance me once,
to throwe me downe againe,
But through her spite and my good happ
more quiet I attaine.
The little shrubbs that growe
hard by the tender grasse,
Abide the force of blusteringe winde,
when greater trees doe crashe.
The lowe and meane estate
is surest thinge, I finde;
The Courtlie life vnstedfast is,
more fleeting than the winde.
There spend they all they haue,
and more, if need require;
They gape for this, they watch for that,
they followe ech desire.
They frowne vpon their frends,
and fawne vpon there foes;
They envie all the favored,
they scorne the mann in woes;

They presse vpon the prince,
they glose for hope of gayne;
[leaf 67] they hate the wise, they ride the fooles,
they laughe and loue in vaine.
They seeke with greatest shewe
for to maintaine their route;
They pinche and spare, they carke and muse,
to bringe the same about.
Thus, vnder all this shewe
and troope of goulden sights,
They doe possesse vnrestfull daies
and thowsand woefull nights.
ffore loe, this goulden miserie,
as I doe finde, is naught,
But highe disdaine Ioynd with distresse
and manie mourning thought.
Wheras my Cuntrye life,
w*hi*ch nowe I take in hand,
Bringes quiet rest, a carelesse minde,
it needes noe lustie band.
Wee envie noe estate,
wee loue the porest sorte;
We lavishe not Ill gotten goods,
wee keepe a meaner port.
Wee spend as reason bidds,
wee entertaine our frend
[leaf 67, back] In honnest state; and when you lack,
then must wee seeme to lend;
w*hi*ch is farr better case,
at neede allwaies to haue,
Then for to spend without a reine,
and then haue need to craue.
Our garments are not gaye,
our garners haue the more;
wee seeke noe statelie halls, nor hante
the Princes Court therfore,

But live in pore estate,
more quiet in our brest
Then those whome dailie service doth
procure soe much vnrest.
Wee passe the silent night
with his vnbroken sleepe;
Wee ease our heavie minde with mirth;
of loue wee take noe keepe.
I therfore flie the presse
and troope of Courtlie trayne
And scorne their pride that scorne my fall,
to rest from restles payne.
I leaue the Courtlie life
to those that skillesse are,
And hedlonge runn by others harms, [leaf 68]
that soone will not beware.
My cottage doth content
my well contented minde;
My wantoun yowth is gone, and nowe
grave thoughts in hedd I finde.
Thus well I tried haue,
that my mishappe hath wrought,
More quiet state for my behoofe
then I had ever thoughte.
In happie tyme, therefore,
I banishd such a life,
where no thinge certaine maie be found,
where all things are but strife.
Thus, carefull Court, farwell!
and wellcome Cuntrie state,
where thow shalt live at quiet rest
from all envyenge hate.

(72) The number 1, 2, 3, 4.

One simple thinge cann nothinge worke,
yt maie not stand, but fall.
Twoe maie both much and great things doe;
but three maie compasse all.

[leaf 68, back] And fower, I trulie finde to bee
perfection of ech thinge,
ffor in the same conteyned is
what heaven and earth maye bringe.

Woe, then, to him that is alone,
Kinge *Dauids* sonne cold saye,
for yf he fall, he wanteth helpe
to raise him or to staye.

But where twoe things doe meete in one,
as nature help'd by art,
There mann maye prove miraculous,
through his celestiall part.

But rightlie yf these worthie two
themselves from Center spred
To three kinds of Philosophie,
newe Creatures maie be bred.

ffor if divine Philosophie,
the naturall and morrall,
ffrom Center spred themselves abrode
and then in Center fall,

There wilbe vnion of these three,
Sol, *lune*, and *Mercurie*;
ffor in the heaven and Earth three things
the truth do testifie:

[leaf 69] All w*hi*ch Saint Iohn did trulie knowe,
and therefore rightlie tould
That three is one, and one is three,
w*hi*ch fewe menn cann vnfould.

But if with all this secrett three
the number fower be placed,
In *Tetragramaton* I finde
the worke shall well be graced. 36

Add therefore one to three and fower,[1] [[1] ? to 2, 3, 4 = 9]
makinge the number tenn,
In w*hi*ch enclosed is the skill
fast lock'd from common menn. 40

Take this my sweete conceyt in worth,
though worthlesse vnto thee,
whose sacred witt, with abstruse skill
is fraught in ech degree. 44

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(73) [2]Mr Camdens Britania. [[2] ? MS. K or another letter I can't read.]

The holie licor (whose mysteries divine 1
to *Venus* Squire consecrate are seene)
needes not the Poets braunch (touchstone of wyne),
the Clyming Ivye allwaies freshe and greene, 4
In Sommers scorchinge heate and winters could,
to make that wyne the better to be sould. 6

And learned *Camden*, with his searching witt, 7 [leaf 69, back]
whose deepe studie, by travells carefull payne,
hath from errors and mace[3] of *Dedalus* pitt, [[3] maze]
(for Cuntries loue,) drawne vnto light agayne 10
worthye Antiquities, wherof before
none sayed the like, or shall doe anie more. 12

This *Philopolites* needeth not, I saye, 13
My rough pensill to portrait his desart;
but as good wyne commends it self allwaie
without the Ivye signe, soe in noe part 16
he needes noe prayse, synce that his learned quill
with flowing style his prayses doth distill. 18

ffor by his guide the *Roman* names doe live, 19
and ancient things consum'd by cancred byte

of ould Iniurious tyme, he doth revive,
in *Latiane* tongue, a worke w*h*ich breedes delight
and Cuntries good, to such as will embrace
soe rare a gemm not found in other place.

His deepe conceit I highlie doe admire,
his strange Invention I knowe not howe to praise,
the truth of things whereto he doth aspire
is past my reach to shewe by anie waies;
[leaf 70] what will you more? breifelie, this thing I teach,
hee hath donne that w*h*ich noe mann ells could reach.

Buy then this worke! doe read and reade againe!
esteeme the mann, as hee doth merrit well!
requite with thanks the frute of Endlesse payne
represse envye! in vaine! since I knowe well,
to seeke a knott in rushe thow maist contend,
and teare with spite what thow canst not amende.

(74) Solomons witt.

ffreind *Eldrington*, thow art as wise
As *Salomon*, menn saye,
ffor thow art like to him in witt,
in earnest and in playe.

But what is like, is not the same,
as all menn well doe finde:
Soe thow hast not *Solomons* witt
in all points of his minde.

Yet in one thinge thow dost the height
of his rare witt expresse,
In chaunge of *Venus* sweete delights
and Lecheries excesse.

[leaf 70, back] In other thinges thow art not hee,
noe more then is an Ape,
Whoe is like thee in Peevishe witt
and in deformed shape.

Thus must I playe with thy fyne witt,
to answere thy fonde Ieste,
That scoffes at everie meaner witt,
which wisemenn doe detest.

(75) Leylandes rightefull ghost.

What *Endore* phytonesse, what envious hart,
what fourth furie, what rage of witlesse braine
Doth vex my sprite against his due desart,
and force me causelesse, wronglie to complaine?
one guiltlesse hand, which doth mye fame retaine,
all thoughe detractinge penn with deepe despite
cannot behould the beames of Englands lighte.

My name, my fame, my labors, and my penn,
my indisgested worke of highe conceit,
came not to be obscur'd in thanklesse *Denne*,
ffor he (whome skillesse malice through deceit
sekes to entrapp with hooke of scorning beyt)
doth gratefullie receyve my buryed name, [leaf 71]
which otherwise had perished to my shame.

By him I live, by him the world doth knowe,
by him the heauens and humane Lawes doe finde
that he hath, farr beyond my broken shewe,
his Cuntries glorie in one worke combinde,
with gratious style, and sprite of heavenlie minde,
which both to mine and his immortall praise,
in spite of spite, will honnored bee allwaies.

And therefore, in most humble sort, doe sue
that Learn'd *Camden* his right guerdon maye haue,
and that those coniuringe words maie finde ther due,
which vex my sprite, and raise me from my grave,
whoe never deem'd his learning to deprave
ffor I confesse, he rarelie doth compleate
that famous worke which I could not entreate.

(76) Quiet and Rest.

As wearie bodie doth restore his strength *with* rest,
as fertill soyle sometimes vntild doth prove the best,
As laboringe beastes, the ox, the horse, must quiet haue,
as toylinge daie, the restefull night doth dulie crave,
[leaf 71, back] As bowe still bent, in time is weake
and looseth strength,
As Sommers flowers in Winters rootes
doe reste at length,—
Soe must the rulinge minde, the seate
where reasone reynes,
with quiet recreate it self
from former paynes.
ffor what wants interchanged rest
will weare awaye,
And restles paines, both witt and wealth,
doth soone decaye.
Then cease, thow wearie muse, allwaies
to beate thy brayne
And weare thy paynefull hand,
w*hi*ch never reaped gaine;
Since all thy sweating toyle finds but
such hard event
As damned *Sisiphus*,
most bitter punishement,
Wherbye thy goulden tyme
thow thriftelesse dost consume,
Like *Gebers Cooke*, to waste thy wealth
in Ayerye fume.

Finis.

NOTES.

p. 2. *Chyrill.* "He (Lysander) always kept the Spartan poet Choerilus in his retinue, that he might be ready to add lustre to his actions by the powers of verse. And when Antilochus had written some stanzas in his praise, he was so delighted that he gave him his hat full of silver." Lysander, Langhorne's *Plutarch.*—S. See note on p. 77, l. 13, p. 104.

p. 6, l. 4. *Genius.* A Roman kept holiday and sacrificed to his genius or guardian spirit on important occasions such as birthdays. Hence the phrase "indulgere genio," to enjoy oneself.—S.

p. 7 (3), l. 6. *Ceres.* "It is an old and well-known sentence, 'Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus' (love grows cool without bread and wine)." Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Love Melancholy, Numb. V., Subsect. 1.—S.

p. 16, l. 8. *Basiliske.* "To come now unto the Basiliske, whom all other serpents do flie from and are affraid of: albeit he killeth them with his very breath and smel that passeth from him; yea, and (by report) if he do but set his eie on a man it is enough to take away his life."—Holland's *Pliny*, tom. II., p. 356, ed. 1635. "bred it is in the province Cyrenaica, and is not above twelve fingers bredth long: a white spot like a starre it carrieth on the head, and sets it out like a coronet or diadem: if he but hisse once, no other serpents dare come neere: hee creepeth not winding and crawling byas as other serpents doe, with one part of the body driving, the other forward, but goeth upright and aloft from the ground with one halfe part of his body: he killeth all trees and shrubs not onely that he toucheth, but also that hee breatheth upon: as for grasse and herbes, those he sindgeth and burneth up, yea, and breaketh stones in sunder; so venimous and deadly he is. It is received for a truth, that one of them on a time was killed with a launce by an horsman from his horse-back, but the poison was so strong that went from his body along the staffe, as it killed both horse and man: and yet a silly weazle hath a deadly power to kill this monstrous serpent, as pernicious as it is [for many kings have been desirous to see the experience thereof, and the manner how he is killed]. See how Nature hath delighted to match every thing in the world with a concurrent. The manner is, to cast these weazles into the hole and cranies where they lye, (and easie they be to know by the stinking sent of the place about them:) they are not so soone within, but they overcome them with their strong smell, but they die themselves withall;

and so Nature for her pleasure hath the combat dispatched." *Ibid.* tom. I., p. 206-7.—S.

p. 23, No. 25, l. 1. *The Melitane Dogge.* "A Melitean Dog, or a little Dog for a Ladies Lap."—*Minshue*, 1626.

"A little pretty dog which women use to play with: a Fisting[1] hound. *Melitæus canis.*"—*Gouldman's Lat. Dict.*, 1669.

"An animal once peculiar to *Malta*, is the small dog with a long silken coat, mentioned by Pliny, which Buffon calls *bichon;* but this race of dogs is now extinct."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

"The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me."—*Lear*, III. 6.
. . . . . "as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog."—*Othello*, II. 3.

Probably the dogs referred to in the above two passages may have been of the Maltese breed; as also may have been the "Jewel" Proteus sent to Sylvia, and which was stolen from Launce by the hangman-boys.—P. A. DANIEL.

Strabo of the *Melitæan* Dogs.

"There is a Town in *Pachynus*, a Promontory of *Sicily* (called *Melita*[2]), from whence are transported many fine little Dogs called, *Melitæi Canes;* they were accounted the Jewels[3] of Women; but now [A.D. 1607] the said Town is possessed by Fishermen, and there is no such reckoning made of those tender little Dogs,—for these are not bigger then common Ferrets, or Weasils,—yet are they not small in understanding, nor mutable in their love to men: for which cause they are also nourished tenderly for pleasure; whereupon came the proverb, *Militæa Catella*, for one nourished for pleasure; and *Canis digna throno*, because Princes hold them in their hands, sitting upon their estate.[4]

Ælianus. "Theodorus, the tumbler and dancer, had one of these, which loved him so well, that at his death he leaped into the fire after *Blondus.* his body. Now a dayes, they have found another breed of little Dogs in all Nations, beside the *Melitæan* Dogs, either made so by art, as inclosing their bodies in the earth when they are Whelps,—so as they cannot grow great, by reason of the place,—or else, lessening and impayring their growth, by some kind of meat or nourishment. These are called in *Germany*,

The art of making of little Dogs.

[1] ? One to be handled. But the term may be susceptible of a less cleanly interpretation. See the extract on page 100—"*which some frumpingly term Fysting Hound.*"—P. A. D.

[2] Melita is no doubt Malta, the island south of Pachynus.

[3] Compare Proteus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv., "*Launce.* Marry, Sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me. *Pro.* And what says she to my little *jewel?*"

[4] See, in Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages," Vol. 2, the portrait of Constancia Duchess of Lancaster, wife of John of Gaunt, with one of these little dogs in her lap: from an Illuminated MS. in the Brit. Museum, date about 1525.—P. A. D.

Bracken Schosshundle and *Gutschenhundle;* the *Italians*, *Bottolo*[1]; other Nations have no common name for this kind that I know. Martial made this Distichon of a little French Dog; for about *Lions* in *France* there are store of this kinde, and are sold very dear; sometimes for ten Crowns, and sometimes for more.

Delicias parvæ si vis audire catellæ,
Narranti brevis est pagina tota mihi.

They are not above a foot, or half a foot long; and alway the lesser the more delicate and precious. Their head like the head of a Mouse, but greater, their snowt sharp, their ears like the ears of a Cony, short legs, little feet, long tail, and white colour, and the hairs about the shoulders longer then ordinary, is most commended. They are of pleasant disposition, and will leap and bite without pinching, and bark prettily; and some of them are taught to stand upright, holding up their fore legs like hands; other to fetch and carry in their mouths, that which is cast unto them.

"There be some wanton women which admit them to their beds, and bring up their young ones in their own bosomes, for they are so tender, that they seldom bring above one at a time, but they lose their life. It was reported that when *Grego* in *Syracuse* was to go from home among other Gossips, she gave her maid charge of two things: one, that she should look to her childe when it cryed; the other, that she should keep the little Dog within doors."—Topsell's *Hist. of Four-footed Beasts* (1607), p. 128, ed. 1658.

Ib. p. 135; from "the Treatise of English Dogs, first of all written in *Latin* by that famous Doctor in Physick *John Cay*[2], and since translated by A[braham] F[leming]," printed in 1576, blk. lr., 4to., 30 leaves.

"Of the delicate, neat, and prety kind of *DOGS* called the *SPANIEL GENTLE, or the COMFORTER;* in Latin, *Melitæus*, or *Fotor.*

"There is, besides those which we have already delivered, another sort of Gentle Dogs in this our *English* soil, but exempted from the order of the residue: the Dogs of this kind doth *Callimachus* call *Melitæos*, of the Island *Melita*, in the sea of Sicily (which at this day is named *Malta*) an Island indeed, famous and renowned with couragious and puissant Souldiers, valiantly fighting under the banner of Christ their unconquerable Captain) where this kind of Dogs had their principal beginning. These dogs are little, prety, proper, and fine, and sought for to satisfie the delicateness of dainty dames and wanton

[1] *Bottolo*, a whelpe, a puppie, a sheapheards cur, a filthie dog. Also as *Bottarissa* [a kinde of lampreie or eele-poute].—*Florio*, 1598. *Fuldarello*, a little prettie dogge, a playing dogge, a puppie sitting vpon a womans cotes.—*Ib.*

[2] Dr John Caius, born 6 Oct. 1510, at Norwich, died 29 July 1573. Physician to Edw. VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. Gonville Hall, Cambridge, enlarged by him, now known as Caius College. His real name was Kaye or Key, which he latinized. Supposed by some, without much probability, to be the Dr Caius of the "Merry Wives of Windsor."—P. A. D.

womens wils, instruments of folly for them to play and dally withal, to trifle away the treasure of time, to withdraw their mindes from more commendable exercises, and to content their corrupted concupiscences with vain disport (a silly shift to shun irksome idleness). These puppies, the smaller they be, the more pleasure they provoke, as more meet play-fellowes for minsing mistresses to bear in their bosomes, to keep company withal in their Chambers, to succour with sleep in bed, and nourish with meat at bord, to lay in their laps, and lick their lips as they ride in their Waggons: and good reason it should be so, for courseness with fineness hath no fellowship, but featness with neatness hath neighbourhood enough. That plausible proverb verified upon a Tyrant, namely, that he loved his Sow better then his Son, may well be applyed to these kind of people, who delight more in Dogs that are deprived of all possibility of reason, then they do in children that be Capeable of wisdom and judgement. But this abuse peradventure reigneth where there hath been long lack of issue, or else where barrenness is the best blossom of beauty."—*Ib.* p. 135.

(Page 140.) "A start to *out-landish DOGS* in this conclusion, not impertinent to the Authors purpose.

"Use and custome hath entertained other Dogs of an Out-landish kind, but a few, and the same being of a pretty bigness, I mean Island[1] Dogs, curled and rough all over, which by reason of the length of their hair, make shew neither of face nor of body: And yet these Curs, forsooth, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and many times in the room of the Spaniel gentle or comforter. The nature of men is so moved, nay, rather maryed to novelties without all reason, wit, judgement, or perseverance, *Eromen allotrias*, paroromen suggencis

Out-landish toys we take with delight,
Things of our own Nation we have in despight.

Which fault remaineth not in us concerning Dogs only, but for Artificers also. And why? it is manifest that we disdain and contemn our own Work-men, be they never so skilful, be they never so cunning, be they never so excellent. A beggerly Beast brought out of barbarous borders, from the uttermost Countreys Northward, &c., we stare at, we gaze at, we muse, we marvail at, like an Ass of *Cumanum*, like *Thales* with the brazen shanks, like the man in the Moon.

[1] Iceland dogs, like our Skye terriers now.—F. "*Pistol.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland! (*Island* Ff. *Iseland* Qq.)—*Henry V.*, II. i. 44. See notes on this passage in Var. ed. 1821."—P. A. D.

Sir O. Smallshanks [to his intended]:

You shall have jewels,
A baboon, a parrot, and an *Iceland dog.*—*Ram Alley*, iii. 1.

—would I might be
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a footstool,
So I might have my belly full of that
Her *Island cur* refuses.—Massinger, *Ph. Picture*, V. 1.

"The which default *Hippocrates* marked when he was alive, as evidently appeareth in the beginning of his Book *Peri Agmon*, so entituled and named.

"And we in our work entituled *De Ephemera Britannica*,[1] to the people of *England* have more plentifully expressed. In this kinde, look which is most blockish, and yet most waspish, the same is most esteemed; and not among Citizens only, and jolly Gentlemen, but among lusty Lords also, and Noblemen."

(Page 142, Jn. Cay, transl. by Abr. Fleming). "Now leaving the surview of hunting and hawking Dogs, it remaineth that we run over the residue, whereof some be called fine Dogs, some course, other some, Mungrels or Rascals. The first is Spaniel gentle, called *Canis Melitæus*, because it is a kinde of dog accepted among Gentils, Nobles, Lords, Ladies, &c., who make much of them, vouchsafing to admit them so far into their company, that they will not only lull them in their laps, but kiss them with their lips, and make them their pretty play-fellows. Such a one was Gorgons little puppy mentioned by *Theocritus* in *Syracuse*, who, taking his journey, straightly charged and commanded his Maid to see to his Dog as charily and warily as to his childe: To call him in always, that he wandred not abroad, as well as to rock the babe asleep, crying in the Cradle. This Pupperly and pleasant Cur, (which some frumpingly tearm Fysting Hound) serves in a manner to no good use, except (as we have made former relation) to succour and strengthen qualing and qualming stomachs, to bewray bawdery, and filthy abhominable lewdness (which a little Dog of this kinde did in *Sicilia*) as *Ælianus* in his 7 Book of Beasts, and 27 Chapter, recordeth." p. 142.

p. 26, l. 15. *Medusas slater.* When Perseus cut off the head of the Gorgon Medusa, Pegasus sprang from the headless trunk.—S.

p. 27. *Revenge.* "Also an hound is wrathfull and malicious, so that for to awreak himselfe, he biteth oft the stone that is throwen to him; and biteth the stone with great madnesse, that he breaketh his own teeth, and grieueth not the stone, but his owne teeth full sore." 1582. *Batman vppon Bartholome, his Booke* De Proprietatibus Rerum, *Newly corrected*, &c., leaf 355, back, col. 2.

p. 27. *Revenge.* "Where-in they resemble angry Dogges, which byte the stone, not him that throweth it." Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 223, Arber's ed.—S.

p. 28, l. 16. *the fruitfull horne.* The horn of the goat Amaltheia who suckled the infant Zeus, called cornucopia, the horn of plenty.—S.

p. 28 (32), l. 19. *Halcyon daies.* "This very bird so notable is little bigger than a sparrow: for the more part of her pennage, blew, intermingled yet among with white and purple feathers, having a thin smal neck and long withall.—It is a very great chance to see one of these Halcyones, & never are they seen but about the setting of the star Virgiliæ, [i. the Broodhen] or els neere Mid-summer or Mid-winter:

[1] This work ought to be Englisht and reprinted.

for otherwhiles they will flie about a ship, but soone are they gone again and hidden. They lay and sit about Mid-winter when daies be shortest: & the time whiles they are broody, is called the Halcyon daies, for during that season the sea is calme and navigable, especially in the coast of Sicilie." Holland's *Pliny*, tom. I., p. 287.—S.

p. 29, l. 1. *Remora.* "¶ Also, kinde of fish hath diuersitie of shape, and of disposition, both in quality & in quantitie. For there is some kinde of great huge fish, with great bodies & huge, as it were mountaines and hills, as Isi[dore] saith: such was the whale that swallowed *Ionas* the Prophet; his wombe was so great that it might be called hell: for the Prophet saith: 'In that wombe of hell he heard me.' And ther be some fish so small, & *that* vnneth they be taken with hooks, as Isi[dore] saith .li. 12. *Afforus* is a little fish; & for littleness, it may not be taken with hooks: and there it is said *that Enchirius* is a fish vnneth halfe a foote long, and hath that name, of *Herendo*, cleauing: for though he be full little of body, nevertheles he is most of vertue: for he cleaueth to *the* ship, & holdeth it still steadfastly in the sea, as though the ship were on grounde therein. Though windes blowe, and waues arise strongly, and woode stormes, that ships may not moone neyther passe. And that Fish holdeth not still the shippe by any craft, but onely by cleauing to *the* ship. Latines call this fish *Moron.* For by strength he maketh the ship to stand, as it is said.

"(Addition. As touching this strange fish, whose smalnesse, *with* his vertue of staieng ships, doth passe mans reason: the Grecians cal *Ethneis*, of the Latines *Remora*, because she doth stay ships. *Opianus* and *Aelian* write, that he delighteth most in *the* high seas: he is of length a cubit, that is, halfe a yard, of a browne coulour, like vnto an Eele: diuerse opinions are of this fish, but all authours agree *that*, for a manifest truth, such a kind ther is, whereof one of these Fishes stayed the Galley of *Caius Cæsar. Plinie* merualling, sayth: 'Oh straunge and wonderfull thing! that, all the windes blowing, and the most furious tempests raging, notwithstanding the violence of the same, yet doth this small Fish holde steadie the ship whereto he is fastened, so greate is the secrete of nature, by the ordinaunce of God.' Moreouer, by trauailing the coastes of *America*, the later trauailers reporte to haue felt the strength and vertue of the same kinde of fish.)"—1582. Batman vppon Bartholome, his Booke *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, lf. 199, col. 2.

p. 29, (33), l. 1. *Remora.* "But to returne again unto our Stay-Ship Echeneis: Trebius Niger saith it is a foot long, and five fingers thicke, and that oftentimes it stayeth a ship." Holland's *Pliny*, tom. I., p. 249. Pliny says that it stopped Caligula's galley once who "fumed and fared as an Emperour taking great indignation that so small a thing as it should hold him back perforce—notwithstanding there were no fewer than foure hundred lusty men in his galley that laboured at the ore all that ever they could to the contrary—it resembled for all the world a snaile of the greatest making." *Ib.* tom. II., p. 426.—S.

p. 30 (36), l. 9. *Terminus.* "When the temple of Jupiter was to be built on the Capitoline hill, the other deities allowed their shrines to be removed to make room, but Terminus the boundary god refused to yield." Ovid, *Fasti*, II., 667-70.—S.

p. 33 (40), l. 17. Rev. xxi. 27.—S.

p. 39, l. 6. *Crane carrying a stone in its bill.* Mr P. A. Daniel refers to Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 216, 416, of Arber's reprint. "What I haue done, was onely to keep my selfe from sleepe, as the Crane doth the stone in hir foote; and I would also, with the same Crane, I had been silent, *holding a stone in my mouth.*"—p. 216. "The tongue of a louer should be like the poynt in the Diall, which, though it go, none can see it going, or a young tree, which, though it growe, none can see it growing; hauing alwayes *the stone in their mouth which the Cranes vse when they flye ouer mountaines, least they make a noyse.*"—p. 416.

p. 40 (52), l. 1. Daulis in Phocis was the scene of the murder of Itys, for which crime Philomela was turned into a nightingale.—S.

p. 41 (53), l. 8. "Bellerophon tried to ascend to heaven on the back of Pegasus, but the winged horse threw him." *Pind. Isth.* 6.—S.

p. 47. *Mr Thomas Valence*, one of the Lincoln's-Inn friends of Lord Chancellor Egerton and Francis Thynne. Mr Martin Doyle, the Steward of Lincoln's Inn, has kindly searcht the entry-books of the Inn for me, and says: "I find the name of 'Thomas Vallence' (so spelt) as admitted of the Society on the 4th of March, 2 Eliz. [A.D. 1560]. The entry is on p. 256 of the Black Book No. 4. His manucaptors were Thomas Wotton and Thomas Morgan.

"In the Admission Book No. 1, on p. 4, and again on p. 45, there is the signature of 'Thomas Valence' written with one *l* only."

In Stow's Survey of London (ed. Strype), vol. i., p. 734, under the heading *Monuments*, in the Parish Church of St Dunstan's in the West, is

"In obitum Thomæ Valentis, Lincolniensis Hospitii Socii. Qui obiit 23 die Decemb. Anno 1601, ætatis 78.

A small monument in the east end of the Chancel, north.

Hoc tumulo Thomæ requiescunt ossa Valentis,
Et parvum corpus parvula terra tegit:
Sed mens, quæ melior pars est, expersque sepulchri,
Infima despiciens, sidera celsa colit."

Colonel Chester—my kind helper about Wm Thynne's will, &c.—adds: "This monument also called Valence 'Esquire,' and gave his arms, *viz.* Chequy or and sable, on a chief gules 3 leopards faces fleure or. According to the parish register of St Dunstan, he died at his rooms in Lincoln's Inn, 'lying over the gate.'

"I may add that he was the author of some Latin verses prefixed to Cooper's *Thesaurus*, fol. 1573.

"I have his will—that of Thomas Valence, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq.—dated 14th Sep. 1600, and proved 31 Dec. 1601, by his 'loving good Cousin' John Williams, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and his 'trusty servant' James Marshall of Furnival's Inn, Gent. The only bequest in it is one of 20*s.* to his servant Allan Gilpin; but he explains

that he had the same day disposed of his estate by a deed of gift, and cites the Indenture tripartite, as between him of the 1st part, his said executors of the 2nd part, and Percival Willoughby of Middleton, co. Warwick, John Southcott of Bulwer, co. Essex, Thomas Denne of Adesham, co. Kent, and Richard Carey of London, Esq., of the 3rd part; and he intimates that his estate is to be disposed of according to the directions therein.

"This Indenture will probably be found among the Rolls in Chancery."

p. 48, l. 15. In the lesser triumph called an ovation the successful general wore the *Corona ovalis*, a crown of myrtle instead of the laurel wreath. There seems to be no authority for an olive crown, but the olive branch was a symbol of peace.—S.

p. 53 (1), l. 1. For the lion as the symbol of Judah, see Gen. xlix. 9.—S.

p. 53 (1), l. 6. The lions in the royal arms and the fleur de lys.—S.

p. 58, l. 17. *trust Ovid.* Thynne perhaps refers to *Art. Amat.* III., 653-6.—S.

p. 62, l. 9. Chaucer's *Hous of Fame.*

> "But as I slept, me mette I was
> Withyn a temple ymade of glas."—S.

p. 62, l. 11. *a glasse in verse.* A satire on contemporary manners, &c., entitled the Steele Glas, published 1576, written by George Gascoigne, ob. 1577.—S.

p. 67 (32), l. 1. "Of all places they [criminals] hold Holborne hill an unfortunate place to ride up. It seems they goe that way unwillingly, for they are drawne. They cannot misse their way to their Journeys end, they are so guarded and guided."—London and the Countrey Carbonadoed and Quartred into severall Characters, by D. Lupton, 1632.—S.

p. 70 (37). A free translation of an epigram by Sir Thomas More, which will be found in Cayley's *Memoirs of Sir Thomas More*, vol. II., p. 325. Thynne has added the retort of the discourteous knight.—S.

p. 72 (42), l. 3. *carding*, playing at cards. Compare the possible sense of 'carded' in 1 *Hen. IV.*, III. ii. 62, "carded his state," and Ritson's note thereon:—"*By carding his state*, the king means that his predecessor set his consequence to hazard, played it away (as a man loses his fortune) at *cards*." This is a much disputed passage; see notes in Variorum Sh., ed. 1821.—P. A. D.

p. 77, l. 13. *Cherill.* "*Cherillus*, one no very good Poet, had for every verse well made, a Phillips noble of gold," etc.—Puttenham, Arber's reprint, p. 32.—P. A. D.

'Cherilus, who wrote a poem on the victory of the Athenians over Xerxes, and on the exploits of Alexander the Great. Only 7 of his verses were approved; and for these he received 7 pieces of gold: for every other verse, a buffet.'—B. N.

p. 77, l. 16. *Gouldings learned vewe.* Arthur Golding, a con-

temporary of Thynne, translated Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, &c., &c., into English. Puttenham (*The Arte of English Poesie*, Arber's ed., p. 75), after mentioning Dr Phaer's Virgil, says, "Since him followed Maister Arthure Golding, who with no lesse commendation turned into English meetre the Metamorphosis of Ovide."

Webbe (*Discourse of English Poetrie*, Arber's ed., p. 51), after criticizing Phaer's Virgil, says, "Master Golding—hath equally deserved commendations for the beautifying of the English speeche."—S.

p. 80, ll. 11—14. The Apostles creed is divided into twelve articles. The youth perhaps means: One twelfth of my creed I have ceased to believe in, He descended into Hell, for if Christ never saw London he never saw hell.—S.

p. 81 (60), l. 7. *Francis George.* A Venetian, the author of a book entitled *Problemata in Sacram Scripturam*, Paris, 1574, the work probably referred to here.

"A Venetian monk, Francis Georgius, published a scheme of blended Cabbalistic and Platonic, or Neo-Platonic philosophy, in 1525." *Hallam's Literature of Europe.*—S.

p. 82 (61), l. 15. *oten ryme.* Pastoral poetry. *Avena*, an oaten straw, was used poetically for the shepherd's reed pipe.—S.

p. 85, l. 43. *Pittacus.* One of the seven wise men of Greece. The maxim is first found in Theognis.—S.

p. 86 (67), l. 6. The *tria verba* were the three words used by the Roman prætor in a civil action, *Do*, *Dico*, *Addico*, the first in granting permission to try the case, the second in giving judgment, the third in assigning the disputed property to one of the litigants. Their application here is not very obvious, but perhaps the gentleman satirized was wont to lay down the law upon all matters under discussion with the solemnity of a Judge.—S.

p. 88 (71). *The Courte and Cuntrey.* Compare the interesting tracts reprinted by Mr W. C. Hazlitt in his Roxburghe-Library *Inedited Tracts*, 1868:—1. 'The English Courtier and the Countrey-gentleman: A pleasaunt and learned Disputation betweene them both: very profitable and necessarie to be read of all Nobilitie and Gentlemen. Wherein is discoursed, what order of lyfe best beseemeth a Gentleman, (as well for education, as the course of his whole life) to make him a person fytte for the publique seruice of his Prince and Countrey'. London, Richard Iones, 1586;—

2. Nicholas Breton's 'The Court and Country, or A Briefe Discourse betweene the Courtier and Country-man; of the Manner, Nature, and Condition of their liues. Dialogue-wise set downe betwixt a Courtier and Country-man. Conteyning many Delectable and Pithy Sayings, worthy Observation. Also, necessary Notes for a Courtier'. London, G. Eld. 1618.

p. 92, l. 9. Ecclesiastes iv. 10.—S.

p. 93, l. 3, 4. *Ivye.* 'Good wine needs no bush.' The 'Ivy-bush' was—I believe is still—the sign of many a tavern.—P. A. D.

p. 95 (75). In 1594 Ralph Brook, or Brooksmouth, York Herald, published a book entitled, "A Discoverie of certain errors published in print in the much commended Britannia,' in which, besides pointing out errors in the Britannia, he asserted that Camden had obtained much of his material from Leland. Leland had been commissioned by Henry VIII. to make collections for a history and topography of England and Wales, but at his death his unpublished MSS. were dispersed. Thynne here admits that Camden was indebted to these MSS., but urges that by his use of them he rescued Leland's work from oblivion.

"This *Ralph Brooksmouth* as he had wrote a very virulent Book against *Camden*, entitled, *A Discovery of Errors*, and endeavouring therein to charge his *Britannia* with many Errors, especially in Matters of Genealogy and Heraldry; and that since Queen *Elizabeth* had made him *Clarentieux:* So *Camden* modestly, but learnedly, answered that angry Man, and vindicated what he had writ; and set his Answer at the End of an Edition of his *Britannia*, *Anno* .1600. This *Herald* wrote yet another Piece against *Clarencieux*, pretending to a Second Discovery of Errors in his *Britannia*, and in Justification of what he had published before; and that he had stolen from *Leland:* Therein he hath these Words, (the very MS. was very obligingly shewn me by *John Anstis*, Esq; *Garter* King at Arms) viz.:

"His new coated *Britannia*, made and digested of industrious Labours of *John Leyland*, that great Scholar, and painful Searcher of *England's* Antiquities,—as may appear both by the said *Leylands* Six Volumes, written with his own Hand, yet extant in Custody of Mr *Osborne* of the *Exchequer;* as also by the said *Leyland's New-Year's Gift*, dedicated to the same King, annexed to the End of my late *Discovery:* Which Six Books or Volumes were copied out by *John Stow*, and by him sold to this *Learned Man* [*Camden*] for an Annuity of Eight Pounds *per Annum;* which he did pay unto the said *Stowe*, during his Life; as the said *John Stowe* himself, before his Death, confessed to divers Persons of Credit; lamenting the Wrong done to *Leyland*, both by that Learned Man; and also by one *Harrison* of *Wyndesore*, who likewise had robbed *Leyland* of the Islands adjacent to this Realm of *England;* setting them in *Hollingshed*, as his own Travels and Collection, &c. These Lines, reflecting unworthily upon *Stow*, as well as *Camden*, are easily answered; since both do freely acknowledge when they have made use of *Leyland*, by setting his Name in their Margins."

Life of Stow by Strype, prefixed to his edition of Stowe's Survey, p. x—xi.—S.

p. 96, l. 27. "Geber, a native of Harran in Mesopotamia, lived in the 9th century. He wrote several works on the philosopher's stone." D'Herbelot, sub voce *Giaber.*—S.

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Pegase, Pegas, dissyllables, 16 (15), 4; 26/19.
Pegasus, 26 (28), 14.
Pegasine horse, 17/25.
Penelope, 49/10.
Perithous, 77/20.
Perseus, 1, Persius the satirist.
Perseus. *See* Pretus.
Perseus, 60 (17), 2.
Peter, St, 86 (68), 9, 23.
peyse, *sb.* 27 (30), 9, poise, balance.
Phebee, 46 (61), 8, the moon.
Phœbus or Phebus, 8 (6), 2; 19/5, 14; 29 (35), 2; 37 (47), 2; 49/47; 85/10.
Phœbus fier, 21 (22), 1, the sun.
Philopolites, 93/13, loving one's fellow-citizens.
Pitacus, 85/43; 105.
pluritane, a, 59 (13), 4.
Pluto, 11/15; 21 (20), 13; 28/1, 13; 71 (40), 3, 8.
Polipus, 39/7, a fish.
port, 90/68, bearing, behaviour.
portrait, *v. a.* 93/14, portray. "I labour to *pourtraict* in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight."—Preface to the *Fairie Queene.*
presse, *sb.* 91/89, crowd.
preste, *adj.* 84/34, ready.
Pretus, 25 (28), 1; 41 (53), 3.
Priam, 5/4.
Prometheus, 32 (39), 3.
Protestant, a, 64 (26), 1.
Proteus, 34 (42), 2, 13.

quintessence, 67 (32), 14. "Essentia Quinta [with Chymists], quintessence, i. e. the 5th essence, a medicine made of the most powerfully working and acting particles of its ingredients."—*Bailey's Dict.*, Vol. II.

raughte, *p. p.* 7 (4), 10, seized. See *Hen. VI.*, pt. 2, II. iii. 43.
rede, *sb.* 21 (20), 13, counsel.
Remora, 29 (33), 1; 102, a fish.
retayne, *v. n.* 53/10, be a follower of. "To *Reteyne* to one, attingere ad aliquem."—*Levins.*
ride, *v. a.* 90/47, deride.
ridinge rime, 77/15.
ripier, *sb.* 76 (49), 2, a hawker of fish. Spelman says the name is derived from the basket in which the fish is brought to market, anglice, a ripp.
roaging beggar, the, 58 (11), 4.
Romans, the, 48/15.
Rose, the, within Newgate, 75/1, a tavern.
rosiall faces, 14/7.

Salamanca, 57 (8), 1.
Sardanapalus, 12/5.
Satan, 81/13.
Satans gayle [jail], 11/19.
Saturn, 29/11; 43 (57), 1; 85 (66), 1.
Saturns cursed starr, 61/7.
sawes, *sb.* 56 (5), 7, sayings.
Saxons, the, 81 (59), 1.
Scilla, Scylla, or Silla, 1, Sulla.
Scismatikes referred to, 81 (59), 6.
seche, *v. a.* 16 (14), 2, seek.
Seneca, 12 (11), 1.
Sisiphus, 96/23.
sister twinned, *adj.* 14/8.
shadowes, *v. n.* 84/10, forebodes?
shamefastnes, 84/26, modesty.

skande, *p. p.* 81 (60), 11, understood.
slater, *sb.* 26/15, slaughter.
Smirnians, the, 10 (7), 17.
Socrates, 13/1.
Sol, *sb.* 92/26, gold.
Solomon, 94/2, 7.
Spencer, 71 (38), 1.
springes, *sb.* 22 (23), 7, weeds.
sprite, 81 (60), 1, inspiration.
sprite, 95/3, ghost.
squamous, *adj.* 44/7, scaly.
stickler, *sb.* 84/8. A stickler interposed between combatants, who had fought long enough, with a stick. The word occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, V. viii. 18.
Strymonian cranes, 39 (50), 1.
Stukelie, 71 (40), 1, 7.
Synon, 5/1.
Syrens, the, 43 (57), 4, 6, 24, 27, 30, 37.

Talmud, the, referred to, 82 (60), 13.
Taurus hill, 39 (50), 5.
Telemachus, 49/8.
terene, *adj.* 24/23, earthly.
Terminus, 30 (36), 3, 9; 103.
Tetragramaton, 93/35. The four letters of the name Jehovah in Hebrew.
Thalia, 14 (13), 17.
Thesius, 77/20.
Thetis bedd, 18/11, the sea.
th'ye, 83 (62), 7, the eye.
Tiberius, 10/2.
Tibullus, 82 (61), 12.
Topas, Sir, 3, 77/15; 82 (61), 14.
Troy, 5/3, 12, 29.
Tullie, 36 (46), 6.

Ulisses, 49/9.
ure, *sb.* 28 (31), 20; 62 (21), 1, use.

Valence, Mr Thomas, 47 (63), 1; 103.
vawted, *adj.* 38/10, vaulted.
vegitive, *adj.* 42 (52), 6, vegetable.
Venus, 6/7, 15; 7 (4), 10; 12/12; 14/3; 26 (29), 7; 54 (3), 1; 85 (66), 9; 94/11.
Venus bande, 12/18, Venus's fetters.
Venus squire, 93/2, Bacchus.
vilde, *p. p.* 30 (35), 7, reviled.
Virgill, 1, 82/8.
Vulcan, 32/7; 41 (51), 2.

wales, 5/3, walls.
Will, 76/3, 13.
Willford, 73 (44), 1.
Windsore, 80/1.
wynne, *v. n.* 71 (39), 3, ween, think.

Zoilus, 71/10.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

Be Domes Dæge.

65

Be Domes Dæge,

De Die Judicii,

AN OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF THE LATIN POEM ASCRIBED TO BEDE.

EDITED (WITH OTHER SHORT POEMS) FROM THE UNIQUE MS. IN THE LIBRARY OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

BY

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PREFACE.

THE poems contained in this volume form part of a MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, now numbered CCI., but marked in the old Catalogue and in Wanley as S. 18. The portion of the MS. here printed commences at page 161, and is written in a different hand from that part of the volume which precedes it. A complete list of the contents of this valuable MS. is given in Wanley's Catalogue, pp. 137 seqq., and need not be repeated.

The first two pieces here printed have never been put forth before, with the exception of the few lines given in Wanley, some of which were copied into Conybeare's Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry (p. lxxx of the introductory Catalogue), but with the mistakes which are in Wanley exactly repeated. Prof. Conybeare had evidently never seen the MS., or he would have given the lines as they are now printed.

In sending forth these texts the sole aim of the Editor has been to put into the reader's hands as complete a representation of the words of the MS. as a printed text can furnish. Either in the text or in the margin the reader will find every letter of the original supplied to him.

Very few notes have been added, but a copious index verborum is appended. This seemed likely to be of more service than notes.

The first of these five poems is an Old English version of what is variously represented as Bede's, or as Alcuin's Latin poem, "De Die Judicii." The Latin text which is herewith printed is taken from the collection of writings attributed to

Bede, and appended to the genuine works of that father published in Migne's Patrologia. But a large portion of the same poem will be found among the works ascribed to Alcuin. In Frobenius' edition of Alcuin, 1777, it is given, with sixteen lines of introduction, at page 616, vol. iii., among the Addenda et Supplenda. The Old English version is of course much later than the date of either of these writers.

The second poem, which the editor has entitled Lár, follows in the MS. immediately after the first, and appears to be an exhortation designed to supplement the former poem.

Wanley has printed the other three poems *in extenso*, and they have been published by Grein among the specimens in his Bibliothek. A few errors which occur in Wanley, and which in some places Grein has emended conjecturally, have been corrected in the present reprint of the poems, and to the whole a rendering in modern English, as literal as was possible, has been supplied.

It will be seen that the poems are defective in many places, as shown by the faulty alliteration in some lines, and here and there by the absence of half a line or more at a time, especially in that curious medley, the Oratio Poetica. The Editor leaves to others the labour of conjectural emendations. He has to thank many friends for suggestions while the sheets have been going through the press, and the authorities of Corpus Christi College for the kindness with which they arranged that he might have access to the MS. To one of their number, the Rev. W. M. Snell, he is also indebted for a careful final reading of the printed text with the MS.

CAMBRIDGE,
Feby. 1876.

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Þę Domęs Dæge.

INCIPIUNT VERSUS BEDÆ PRESBYTERI.

De Die Judicii.

Inter florigeras fecundi cæspitis herbas
Flamine ventorum resonantibus undique ramis, etc.

Hwæt ic ana sæt innan bearwe
mid helme beþeht· holte tomiddes·
þær þa wæterburnan swegdon and urnon
on middan gehæge· eal swa ic secge·
eac þær wynwyrta· weoxon and bleowon
innon þam gemonge on ænlicum wonge·
and þa wudu-beamas wagedon and swegdon·
þurh winda gryre· wolcn wæs gehrered·
and min earme mod eal wæs gedrefed·
þa ic færinga· forht and unrot·
þaſ unhýrlican fers· onhéfde mid sange·
eall ſwylce þu cwæde· synna gemunde·
lifes leahtra· and þa langan tid·
þæs dimman cyme· deaðes on eorðan;
Ic ondræde me eac· dom þone miclan·
for mandædum· mínum on eorðan·
and ꝑ éce ic éac· yrre ondræde me·
and synfulra gehwam· æt sylfum gode·
and hu mihtig frea· eall manna cynn·
todæleð and todemeð· þurh his dihlan miht;
Ic gemunde eac· mærðe drihtnes·
and þara haligra on heofonan rice·
swylce earmsceapenra· yfel[1] and witu;

[1] MS. yfes.

OF DOOMSDAY.

Lo! I lonely sat within a bower, — As I sat in a bower,
With shade bedecked, amidst a wood,
Where the water-burns murmured and ran,
Amid an inclosure, all as I say.
There also pleasant plants waxed and bloomed,
Amid the gathering in a peerless meadow;
And the trees of the wood waved and rustled,
Through roaring of the winds the welkin was desolated,
And my sad mind was all troubled. — my mind was troubled
Then I suddenly, fearful and sad,
This gloomy verse began to sing,
All such as thou mayest speak of, mindful of sins, — at my sins,
Of the faults of life, and the long tide
Of the coming of dark death on earth. — and the coming of death.
I trembled for myself eke at that great doom,
For my sinful deeds upon earth.
And I likewise trembled for myself at that eternal ire, — I trembled at
And for each sinful one from God himself,
And how the mighty Lord, all men's kin
Will sever and doom through his secret might. — God's doom, and thought of the blessed and the cursed.
I minded me eke of the glory of the Lord,
And of those holy-ones in heaven's kingdom:
Likewise of the wretched, their evil and punishment.

Ic gemunde þis mid me· and ic mearn swiðe·
and ic murcnigende cwæð· mode gedrefed;
Nu ic eow æddran· ealle bidde·
ꝑ ge wylspringas· wel ontynan·
hate on[1] hleorum· recene to tearum·
þænne ic sýnful slea ſwiðe mid fyſte·
breost mine beate· on gebed stowe·
and minne lichaman lecge on eorðan·
and gearnade sar ealle ic gecige·
Ic bidde eow benum nuðа·
ꝑ ge ne wandian· wiht for tearum·
ac dreorige hleor· drecca ð mid wope·
and sealtum dropum sona ofer geotaþ·
and geópeniað mán· écum drihtne·
Ne þær owiht inne ne belife
on heort-scræfe· heanra gylta·
ꝑ hit ne sy dægcuð· ꝑ ꝑ dihle wæs·
openum wordum· eall abæred·
breoſtes· and tungan· and flæsces swa some·
Ðis is an hæl· earmre sauwle·
and þam sorgiendum· seleſt hihta·
ꝑ he wunda her wope[2] gecyðe·
uplicum læce· Se ana mæg.
agiltende gyltas· mid gode gehælan·[3]
and ræplingaſ récene onbindan·
ne mid swiðran his swyþe nele brysan·
wanhydig gemod wealdend engla·
ne þone wlacan smocan· waces flæſceſ·
wyle waldend criſt· wætere gedwæscan·
Hu ne gescéop þe se scaþa· scearplice bysne·
þe mid criste wæs· cwylmed on rode·
hu micel forstent· and hu mære is·
ſeo so e hreow· synna and gylta·
se sceaða wæs on rode· ſcyldig and manful·
mid undædum· eall gesymed·

[1] MS. os.

[2] MS. wopa.

[3] MS. aglidene gyltas· mod-god gode ge-hælan.

I minded this with myself, and I mourned greatly,
And murmuring I spake, troubled in mind.
Now, ye veins, I bid you all — I bade my
That ye open well the wellsprings — tears fall;
Hot on my face quickly for tears.
Then I, sinful, strike strongly with fist,
Beat my breasts in the place of prayer; — I beat my breasts,
And my body I lay on the earth, — and lay on the earth.
And as deserved I invoke all pains.
I bid you now with prayers — I bid you all
That ye slack not at all for tears;
But dreary face vex ye with weeping,
And with salt drops soon overshed,
And open your sin to the Eternal Lord.
Let there no whit remain within,
In heart cave, of grievous guilts,
So that it be not day-clear that which was secret,
With open words all laid bare,
Of breast and tongue and flesh also.
This is only salvation of a poor soul, — confess your sins to God,
And to the sorrowful best of hopes:
That he his wounds here by weeping make known — that he may heal you.
To the leech on high. He only may
The offenders in guilt with good heal,
And the prisoners quickly unbind,
He truly will not bruise with his right hand — He will not bruise you.
Thoughtless heart, ruler of angels:
Nor the faint smoke of weak flesh
Will Christ the ruler with water quench.
Did not the thief warn thee sharply with example, — Think how the thief on the cross
Who with Christ was slain on the cross,
How much avails, and how grand is,
That true sorrow for sins and offences?
The thief was on the cross, guilty and sinful,
With wrongdoings all laden:

he drihtene swa þeah· deaðe gehende·
his bena bebead· breoftgehigdum·
he mid lyt wordum· ac geleaffullum·
his hæle begeat· and help recene
and in-gefor· þa ænlican geatu·
neorxnawonges· mid nerigende·
Ic acsige þé la earme geþanc·
hwi lataft þu fwa lange· ƿ þu ðe læce ne cyþst·[1]
oððe hwi fwigaft þu· synnigu tunge·
nu þu forgifnesse hæfst· gearugne timan·
nu þe ælmihtig· earum atihtum·
heofonrices weard· gehyreð mid luftum·
Ac se dæg cymeð· ðonne demeð god·
eorðan ymbhwyrft þu ana scealt·
gyldan scad wordum· wið scyppend god·
and þam rican frean· riht agyldan·
Ic lære ƿ þu beo hrædra· mid hreowlicum tearum·
and ƿ yrre forfoh· eces deman·
hwæt ligft þu on horwe· leahtrum afylled·
flæsc mid synnum· hwi ne feormast þu·
mid teara gyte· torne synne·
hwi ne bidst þu þe beþunga and plafter·
lifes læcedomes· æt lifes frean·
nu þu scealt greotan tearas geotan·
þa hwile tima sy· and tid wopes·
nu is halwende· þæt man her wepe·
and dædbote do· drihtne to willan·
Glæd bið se godes sunu· gif þu gnorn þrowast·
and þe sylfum demft· for synnum on eorðan·
ne heofenes god· henða and gyltas·
ofer ænne syþ wrecan wile ænigum men;
Ne scealt þu forhyccan· heaf and wopas·
and forgifnesse· gearugne timan·
gemyne eac on mode· hu micel is ƿ wite·

[1] MS. cyftþ.

He to the Lord, nevertheless, nigh unto death,
His prayer bade with heart-thoughts : by prayer gat help,
He with few words, but full of faith,
His salvation obtained, and help speedily,
And fared in at the peerless gates
Of Paradise, with the Redeemer. and went to Paradise.
I ask thee, O poor mind,
Why lingerest thou so long, that thou showest not thyself to the leech ?
Or why art thou silent, sinful tongue, Why dost not thou ask forgiveness now?
Now thou for forgiveness hast ready time ?
Now thee, the Almighty, with attentive ears,
Ward of heaven's kingdom, will hear with pleasure ;
But the day cometh when God will doom
The circuit of earth. Thou by thyself shalt
Give account with words to God the Creator,
And to the mighty Lord rightly account.
I rede thee that thou be beforehand with penitent tears,
And that anger prevent of the Eternal Judge.
Why liest thou in dust with offences filled,
O Flesh ! with sins ? Why dost thou not cleanse away, Why dost thou not cleanse thy sins with thy tears?
With flood of tears, grievous sins ?
Why askest thou not for thyself bathings and plaster,
Life's leechdoms, of life's Lord ?
Now shouldst thou greet, tears pour forth,
While time is, and weeping-tide.
Now is it beneficial that man here weep,
And penance do at the Lord's will.
Glad is the Son of God if thou sorrow bearest, Glad will Christ be of thy sorrow.
And thyself judgest for sins on earth.
Ne'er heaven's God wrongs and guilts
Above one time will wreak on any man ;
Nor shouldst thou despise wailing and weeping,
And of forgiveness the ready time.
Think also in soul how great is the punishment,

þe þara earmra byð· for ærdædum·
[1] MS. hit. oþþe hu[1] egeflic· and hu andrysne·
heah-þrymme cyningc· her wile deman·
anra gehwylcum be ærdædum;
Oþþe hwylce forebeacn· feran ongiñna ð·
and criftes cyme cyþað on eorðan;
Eall eorðe bifað· eac swa þa duna
dreosað and hreosað·
and beorga hlida bugað and mylta ð.
[2] MS. sǽ. and se egeslica sweg· ungerydre sǽs[2]
eall manna mod· miclum gedrefeð
eal bið eac upheofon·
[3] MS. geþux-saðð. sweart and gesworcen· swiðe gewuxsað·[3]
deorc and dim hiw· and dwolma sweart·
þonne stedelease steorran hreosað·
and seo sunne forswyrcð· sona on morgen·
ne se mona næfð nanre mihte wiht·
ƿ he þære nihte genipu mæge flecgan·
eac þonne cumað hider· ufon of heofone
deað beacnigende· bregað þa earman;
þonne cumað upplice· eored-heapas
ftiþ-mægen astyred· stylla ð embútan·
eal engla werod ecne behlænað;
Done mæran metod· mihte and þrymme;
Sítt þonne sigel-beorht· swegles brytta·
on heah setle· helme beweorðod;
We beoð færinga· him beforan brohte·
æghwanum cumene· to his ansyne·
That gehwilc underfó dom be his dædum· æt drihtne sylfum;
Ic bidde man that þu gemune· hu micel bið se broga
beforan domsetle drihtnef þænne·
stent he heortleas· and earh·
amasod· and amarod· mihtleas· afæred·

That to the wretched shall be for former sins.
Either how aweful and how dreadful — Think of God's Judgement Day,
A King in his majesty here will judge
Each man by his former deeds.
Or what tokens begin to fare, — and the tokens that come before it.
And Christ's coming show on earth.
Earth all shaketh, and likewise the mountains
Perish and fall,
And the doors of the graves bend and melt; — The graves shall open,
And the fearful noise of the boisterous sea
All men's hearts much affrighteth,
Utterly also is heaven above
Swart and cloudy, quickly it waxeth
Dark and dim-hued, and a swart chaos.
Then stedless stars fall, — the stars shall fall.
And the sun grows dark early in the day,
Nor has the moon aught of any might
That she the night's clouds may disperse.
Also then shall come hither, down from heaven,
Death-tokenings, affright the miserable:
Then shall come on high mighty hosts, — Then, with hosts of angels, shall God come,
A strong power stirred they hurry around.
The hosts of all angels surround the Eternal
The great Creator, with might and host.
There shall sit, sun-bright, the firmament's ruler
On high throne with crown honoured,
We shall be suddenly brought before him, — and we shall
From all sides coming to his presence;
That each may receive doom for his deeds from the Lord himself. — be doomed.
I bid, O man, that thou remember how great will be the terror
Before the Lord's judgment-seat then.
He stands heartless and timorous,
Amazed and disturbed, powerless, terrified;

þænne samod becumaþ· of swegles[1] hleo·
eall engla werod· ecne ymtrymmaþ.
æne biþ geban micel· and aboden þider·
eal adames cnosl· eorþbuendra[2]
þe on foldan wearþ· fedend æfre·
oþþe modar gebær· to manlican·
oþþe þa þe wæron· oþþe woldon beon·
oþþe to-weardе· geteald wæron awiht;
Đonne eallum beoþ ealra gesweotolude·
digle geþancas· on þære dægtide·
eal ƿ seo heorte· hearmeſ geþohte·
oþþe seo tunge to teonan geclypede·
oþþe mannes hand· manes gefremede·
on þystrum scræfum· þinga on eorþan·
eal ƿ hwæne sceamode· scylda on worulde.
ƿ he ænigum men. ypte. oþþe cyþde;
þonne biþ eallum open· æt somne
gelíce· alyfed ƿ man lange hæl;
Ufenan eall þis eac byþ gefylled
eal uplic lyft· ættrenum lige·
færþ fýr ofer eall· ne byþ þær nan foresteal·
ne him man nane mæg miht forwyrnan;
eal[3] ƿ us þincþ æmtig eac[4] gemearces·
under roderes ryne· readum lige
biþ emnes mid þy· eal gefylled;
Đonne fyren lig blawaþ and braslaþ.
read and reaþe· ræsct and efesteþ·
hu he synfullum susle gefremede·
Ne se wrecenda brynæ· wile forbugan·
oþþe ænigum þær· are gefremman·
buton he horwum sy· her afeormad·
and þonne þider cume· þearle aclænsad;
þonne fela mægþa· folca unrim
heora sinnigan breost· swiþlice beataþ·
forhte mid fyste· for fyren-lustum;

[1] MS. sweges.
[2] MS. eorbuendra.
[3] MS. eeal.
[4] MS. eah.

Then together will come from the firmament's shade
All the hosts of angels, the Eternal surround.
At once will be a loud proclamation, and called thither
All Adam's race, of earth inhabitants, — All Adam's race shall appear,
That on earth have been supported ever,
Or mother bare in human form,
Or those that were or should be,
Or who were at all about to be reckoned.
Then to all will be of all disclosed — all secrets shall be known,
The secret thoughts, on the day-tide,
All that the heart of harm devised,
Or the tongue for injustice spake,
Or man's hand of evil framed,
In dark caves, of things on earth;
All that any one shamed of sins in the world — and all shames.
That he to any man should open or tell,
Then will be to all open altogether,
Alike set free that man long hid.
Beside all this, also will be filled
All the lofty lift with poisonous fire.
Fire will fare over all, nor will be there any hindrance: — Fire will be over all,
Nor himself by any means may man forewarn.
All that we think empty also of boundary,
Under the roaring of the sky with red blaze,
Will be all alike therewith utterly filled.
Then the flame of the fire will blow and crackle,
Red and angry, will rush and hurry
How it for the sinful torture might prepare. — and torture all
Nor will the punishing flame forbear,
Or towards any there act with favour;
Unless he be here from filth cleansed, — who are not cleansed from sin.
And then thither come throughly clean.
Then many races, of folks without number,
Their sinful breasts strongly will beat,
Fiercely with fist, for their gross luxury.

þær beoð þearfan and þeod-cyningas·
earm and eadig ealle beoð afæred·
þær hæfð ane lage earm and se welega.
forðon hi habbaþ ege· ealle ætsomne;
Dæt reðe flod ræscet fyre·
and biterlice bærnð· ða earman saula·
and heora heortan· horxlice wyrmas·
sýn scýldigra· ceorfaþ and slitaþ·
ne mæg þær æniman· be arnum gewyrhtum·
gedyrstig wesan·[1] deman gehende·
ac ealle þurh yrnð óga æt somne.[2]
breost gehyda· and se bitera wóp·
and þær stænt astifad· stane gelicast·
eal arleas heap· yfeleſ on wenan;
hwæt dest þu la flæsc· hwæt dreogeſt þu nú·
hwæt miht þu on þa tid þearfe gewepan;
Wa þe nu þu þeowast·
and her glæd leofast. on galnysse
and þe mid stiðum astyrest· sticelum þær gælsan;
Hwi ne forhtas þu fyrene egsan·
and þe sylfum ondræd· swiðlice witu·
ða deoflum geo drihten geteode·
awyrgedum gastum weana to leane·
þa oferswiðaþ· sefan and spræce·
Manna gehwylces for micelnysse
nænig spræc mæg beon· spellum areccan·
ænegum on eorðan· earmlice witu·
fule stowa fyres on grunde·
þe wæs in grimmum susle on helle;
þær ſynt to sorge æt somne gemenged·
se þrosma lig· and se þrece gicela
swiðe hat and ceald· helle to middes·
hwilum þær éagan ungemetum wepaþ·
for þæs ofnes bryne· eal he is bealuwes full;
hwilum eac þa teþ for miclum cyle manna þær gryrraþ;

[1] MS. weran.
[2] MS. sóne.

There will be the needy, and kings of people,
Poor and rich all will be affrighted.
There will have one law, poor and the wealthy. Rich and poor will be judged alike.
Therefore they will have fear all alike.
That angry flood will rush with fire,
And bitterly burn the poor souls:
And the hearts, savagely worms,
Of sin-guilty ones, will carve and tear.
Nor may there any man, by works of merit,
Bold become in presence of the Judge;
But terror will run alike through all, All will be terrified.
Thoughts of the heart, and the bitter weeping.
And there will stand, stiffened most like to stone,
All the wicked troop, in expectation of evil.
What doest thou, O flesh? what actest thou now? Flesh, thou
How might thou on that tide bewail thy trouble?
Woe! thou servest now thyself,
And here gladly livest in lust, livest now in lust.
And thyself with keen goads there urgest to luxury.
Why wilt thou not fear the fiery terror, Wilt thou not fear hell,
And for thyself dread greatly the punishments
Which for devils of yore the Lord prepared
To cursed souls for wages of woe?
These overpass thought and speech,
Of every man for greatness.
No speech may be with tidings to recount
To any on earth the wretched penalties,
Filthy places of fire in the depth, fire and sulphur,
That was mid fierce torment in hell.
There be for sorrow together mingled
The flame of vapours, and the weariness of cold, vapour and cold!
Very heat and cold, in midst of hell.
One while there the eyes without measure will weep;
For the scorching of the furnace, he is all full of misery;
One while too the teeth of men for great cold there will gnash.

þis atule gewrixl· earmsceape men·
on worulda woruld· wendaþ þær inne·
betwyx forsworcenum sweartum nihtum·
and weallendes pices· wean & þrosmes[1]
þær nan stefne styreþ butan stearc-heard
wop· and wanung na-wiht elles·
ne biþ þær ánsyn gesewen. ænigre wihte·
butan þara cwelra becwylmaþ ða earman·
ne biþ þær ínne áht geméted·
butan líg· and cyle· and laþlic fúl
hy mid nósan ne magon naht geswæccan·
butan unftences[2] ormætneſſe·
þær beoþ þa wanigendran· welras gefylde·
ligspiwelum bryne· laþlices fyres
and hy wæl-grimme· wyrmas slitaþ
and heora ban gnagaþ. brynigum tuxlum.
Ufenon eal þis biþ ƿ earme breost·
mid bitere care breged and swenced.
for hwi fyrgende flæsc· on þas frecnan tid
hym selfum swa fela synna· geworhte·
ƿ hit on cweartern cwylmed wyrde·
þær ða atelan synd· ecan witu·
þær leohteſ ne leoht lytel sperca·
earmum ænig· ne þær arfæstnes·
ne sib· ne hópa· ne swige· geglaþaþ·
ne þara wera worn wihte·
Flyhþ frofor aweg ne biþ þær fultum nan·
ƿ wiþ þa biteran þing· gebeorh mæge fremman ;
Ne biþ þær ansyn gemet· ænigre blisse·
ƿ biþ angryslic· ege & fyrhtu·
and sarimod swiþlic· gristbitung[3]
þær biþ unrotnes æghwær wæl-hreow
eald· and yrre· and æmelnes
and þær synne eac. sauwle on lige·
on blindum ſcræfe· byrnaþ & yrnaþ ;

[1] MS. þromes.

[2] MS. unftence.

[3] MS. grisgbig-tung.

This foul vicissitude, miserable men,
For ever and ever, will wend therein:
Amid dark black night
And the woe of boiling pitch and vapour.
There no sound stirreth, save stark hard — Naught is heard but weeping and woe,
Weeping and lamenting, naught else.
Nor will be any appearance seen of any wight,
But of the torturers (which) punish the miserable.
Nor will there be therein aught found — naught smelt but stench.
But fire, and cold, and loathsome filth.
They with nose may naught smell
Save immensity of stench.
There will be the wretched lips filled
With flame-vomiting blaze of loathly fire,
And the cruel worms will tear them,
And will gnaw their bones with burning tusks.
Above all this will be that wretched breast
With bitter care frightened and troubled.
For why luxurious flesh in the perilous tide
For himself so many sins wrought,
That it in prison became destroyed;
There are the dreadful everlasting punishments,
There not any little spark of light shineth
To the miserable. There neither goodness
Nor peace, nor hope, nor quiet delighteth, — There is neither peace nor hope,
Nor the number of the men at all.
Consolation will fly away, nor will there be any help
That against the bitter circumstances may frame a protection:
Nor will there appearance be found of any bliss: — but terror,
There will be horrid fear and terror,
And violent sorrowful gnashing of teeth. — sadness,
There will be everywhere cruel sadness,
Eld and anger and weariness, — and sin.
And there too sin. Souls in fire
In the dark cave will burn and wander.

þonne deriende gedwinaƀ heonone·
þyſſe worulde geféan. gewítaƀ mid ealle·
þonne druncennes· gedwineƀ mid wiſtum·
and hleahter· and plega· hleapaƀ æt somne·
and wrænnes eac· gewiteƀ heonone·
and fæſthafolnes· feor gewiteƀ·
uncyſt on-weg· & ælc gælsa·
[1] MS.scyndam. ſcyldig ſcyndan·[1] on sceade þone·
& ſe earma flyhƀ· uncræftiga flæp·
fléac mid sluman· ſlincan on hinder;
Ðonne blindum beseah· biterum ligum·
earme on ende. ƿ unalyfed iſ nu·
[2] MS. leofes. leofest[2] on lífe· laƀ biƀ þænne·
and ƿ werige mod wendaƀ þa gyltaſ.
ſwiƀe mid sorgum· and mid sargunge·
Eala ſe biƀ gesælig and ofer sælig.
[3] MS. wihtna. & on worulda woruld· wihta[3] gesæligoſt·
ſe þe mid gesyntum· ſwylce cwyldas·
and witum mæg· wel forbugon·
and samod bliƀe· on woruld ealle·
hiſ þeodne geþeon· & þonne mot habban
heofonrice· ƿ is hihta mæst·
þær niht ne geniþƀ· næfre þeostra·
þæs heofenlican leohtes sciman·
ne cymƀ þær sorh ne sár· ne geſwenced yld·
ne þær ænig geſwinc· æfre gelimpeƀ·
oƀƀe hunger· oƀƀe þurst· oƀƀe heanlic slæp·
ne biƀ þær fefur· ne adl· ne færlic cwyld·
naneſ liges gebrasl· ne se laƀlica cyle·
nis þær unrotnes· ne þær æmelnys·
ne hryre· ne caru· ne hreoh tintrega·
ne biƀ þær liget. ne laƀlic storm·
winter· ne þunerrad· ne wiht cealdes·
[4] MS. swa se. ne þær hagul ſcuras hearde mid snawe[4]
ne biƀ þær wædl· ne lyre· ne deaƀes gryre·

Then will perish from hence the fatal
Joys of this world; they will depart all together. Worldly joys there vanish,
Then drunkenness will cease with feasts,
And laughter and play will leap together.
And lust also will depart hence,
And greed will far depart,
Wickedness away, and each luxury,
Guilty to hasten into the shade.
And the wretched helpless sleep will fly,
Slack with slumber, to slink behind.
Then in dark bitter fire saw
The poor at last, that which forbidden is now;
That most loved in life, loathed will be then, and the desire of life be loathed.
And the guilts will turn that weary heart
Verily among sorrows and among misery.
Oh! he will be happy, and more than happy, Happy will be he who with
And world-without-end of men the happiest,
He that with prosperity, such overthrow,
And with understanding, may well escape, wit escapes this hell,
And likewise blessed in all the world
Serve his lord, and then may have
Heaven's kingdom, that is of joys the best. and gains God's heaven,
There night nor darkness overclouds
The sheen of heavenly light.
There cometh not sorrow nor pain, nor toilworn eld, where comes not sorrow or pain,
Nor happeth there ever any toil;
Either hunger, or thirst, or miserable sleep.
There is not fever, nor decay, nor sudden plague,
Crackling of no fire, nor the loathsome cold,
There is not mourning, nor there weariness, mourning or care,
Nor ruin, nor care, nor fierce torment.
Nor is there lightning, nor loathsome storm,
Winter, nor thunder shower, nor a whit of cold;
Nor there are mighty hail-showers with snow,
Nor is want there, nor loss, nor terror of death, want, or death.

ne yrmþ· ne agnes· ne nænigu gnornung
Ac þær samod ricxaþ· sib mid spede·
and arfæstnes· and ece god·
wuldor· and wurþmynt·
swylce lof· and lif· and leoflic geþwærnes·[1]
Ufenan eal þis éce drihten him ealra
goda gehwylc· glædlice þenaþ ;
þæra andweard ealle weorþaþ and fehþ·
and geblyſaþ fæder ætsomne· wuldraþ and wel hylt·
fægere frætuaþ· and freolice lufaþ·
& in heofon-ſetle· heah gehrineþ·[2]
his sunu bliþe· sigores brytta·
ſylþ anragehwam· ece mede·
heofonlice hyrſta· ƿ is healic gifu·
gemang þam ænlican engla werode·
and þæra haligra heapum and þreatum[3]
þær hy beoþ geþeode þeodſcipum on gemang·
betwyx heahfæderas· and halige witegan·
blissiendum modum· byrgum to middes·
þær þa ærendracan synd· ælmihtiges godes·
and betweoh roſena reade heapaſ·
þær symle scinaþ·
þær þæra hwittra hwyrfþ mæden-heap·
bloſtmum behangen· beortost wereda
þe ealle læt ænlicu godes drut·
ſeo frowe þe us frean acende·
metod on moldan· meowle seo clæne·
þæt is MARÍA· mædena ſelast·
heo let þurh þa scenan scinendan rícu·
gebletsodost ealra. þæs breman fæder·
betweox fæder and sunu· freolicum werede·
and betwyx þære écan uplicum sibbe·
rice rædwitan rodera-weardes ;[4]
hwæt mæg beon heardes her on life·

[1] gehþwærnes MS.
[2] MS. hean gerinnaþ.
[3] þreapum MS.
[4] MS. weardas.

Nor misery, nor sorrow, nor any mourning.
But there together reigneth peace with prosperity, — But ever peace
And virtue, and eternal good,
Glory and honour,
Likewise praise, and life, and faithful concord.
Beside all this the Eternal Lord to them of all
Goods any gladly serveth,
And in presence honoureth and receiveth all of them;
And the Father likewise blesseth, glorifieth, and well-regardeth (them), — the blessing of God,
Beautifully decks, and liberally loveth,
And on heaven's throne on high adorneth.
His kind Son, lord of Victory, — the gift of Christ,
Gives to each one everlasting meed,
Heavenly glories, that is a splendid gift.
Among the beautiful host of angels, — the fellowship of angels,
And in troops and throngs of the holy ones,
There shall they be associated among nations,
Amidst the patriarchs and holy prophets.
In blissful mood among the cities,
There be the apostles of Almighty God.
And amid the stores of roses red
There ever shall they shine.
There of the white ones shall wander a maiden throng — the company of virgins,
With blossoms hung. Brightest of the hosts,
Who them all will lead, God's peerless dear one, — led by
The woman who for us the Lord conceived,
Creator on earth: virgin the pure,
That is MARY, of maidens most blessed. — Mary, mother of God.
She will lead through those bright shining kingdoms
(Blessedest she of all) of the glorious father,
Betwixt father and son, a goodly host,
And mid eternal heavenly peace,
In the kingdom of the wise heavenly ruler. — What are earth's hardships to this?
What of hardship can there be here in life,

Gif þu wille secgan soð þæm ðe frineð·
wið þam þu mote· gemang þam werode·
eardian unbleoh· on ecnesse·
and on upcundra· eadegum setlum·
brucan bliðnesse butan ende forð·

Her endaþ þeos boc þe hatte inter florigeras ðæt is on englisc betwyx blowende þe to godes rice faraþ. and hu ða þrowiaþ þe to helle faraþ.

If thou wilt say sooth to him that asketh thee
To set against this, that thou mayest, among that host,
Live unchanging through eternity,
And in the happy seats of the saints above
Enjoy bliss henceforth without end.

Thou mayst live in bliss without an end.

Here endeth this book that is called inter florigeras, *that is, in English, "betwixt blooming," who to God's Kingdom fare: and how those suffer, who to Hell fare.*

DE DIE JUDICII.

[From Migne's Edition of Bede, Vol. V. p. 634.]

Inter florigeras fecundi cespitis herbas,
Flamine ventorum resonantibus undique ramis,
Arboris umbriferæ mæstus sub tegmine solus
Dum sedi, subito planctu turbatus amaro,
Carmina præ tristi cecini hæc lugubria mente
Utpote commemorans scelerum commissa meorum,
Et maculas vitæ, mortisque inamabile tempus,
Judiciique diem horrendo examine magnum,
Perpetuamque reis districti judicis iram,
Et genus humanum discretis sedibus omne,
Gaudia sanctorum necnon, pœnasque malorum.
Hæc memorans mecum tacito sub murmure dixi :
Nunc rogo, nunc venæ fontes aperite calentes,
Dumque ego percutiam pugnis rea pectora, vel dum
Membra solo sternam, meritosque ciebo dolores,
Vos, precor, effusis lacrymis non parcite statim,
Sed mœstam salsis faciem perfundite guttis.
Et reserate nefas Christo cum voce gementi,
Nec lateat quidquam culparum cordis in antro.
Omnia quin luci verbis reddantur apertis,
Pectoris et linguæ, carnis vel crimina sæva.
Hæc est sola salus animæ, et spes certa dolenti,
Vulnera cum lacrymis medico reserare superno;

Qui solet allisos sanare et solvere vinctos,
Quassatos nec vult calamos infringere dextra
Nec lini tepidos undis exstinguere fumos.
Nonne exempla tibi pendens dabat in cruce latro
Peccati quantum valeat confessio vera?
Qui fuit usque crucem sceleratis impius actis,
Mortis in articulo sed verba precantia clamat,
Et solo meruit fidei sermone salutem,
Cum Christo et portas paradisi intravit apertas.
Cur rogo, mens, tardas medico te pandere totam?
Vel cur lingua, taces, veniæ dum tempus habebis?
Auribus Omnipotens te nunc exaudit apertis.
Ille dies veniet, judex dum venerit orbis
Debebis qua tu rationem reddere de te.
Suadeo prævenias lacrymis modo judicis iram.
Quid tu in sorde jaces, scelerum caro plena piaclis?
Cur tua non purgas lacrymis peccata profusis
Et tibi non oras placidæ fomenta medelæ?
Fletibus assiduis est dum data gratia flendi,
Pœnituisse juvat tibi nunc et flere salubre est.
Æternus fuerit placidus te vindice judex.
Nec Deus ætherius bis crimina vindicat ulli,
Spernere tu noli veniæ tibi tempora certa.
Quanta malis maneant etiam tormenta memento,
Vel quam celsithronus metuendus ab arce polorum
Adveniet judex, mercedem reddere cunctis,
Præcurrent illum vel qualia signa, repente
Terra tremet, montesque ruent, collesque liquescent
Et mare terribili confundet murmure mentes.
Tristius et cœlum tenebris obducitur atris,
Astra cadunt rutilo et Titan tenebrescit in ortu.
Pallida nocturnam nec præstat luna lucernam,
De cœlo venient et signa minantia mortem,
Tum superum subito veniet commota potestas,
Cœtibus angelicis regem stipata supernum.

Ille sedens solio fulget sublimis in alto,
Ante illum rapimur, collectis undique turmis,
Judicium ut capiat gestorum quisque suorum.
Sis memor illius, qui tum pavor ante tribunal
Percutiet stupidis cunctorum corda querelis.
Dum simul innumeris regem comitata polorum
Angelica advenient cœlestibus agmina turmis,
Atque omnes pariter homines cogentur adesse,
Qui sunt, qui fuerant, fuerint vel quique futuri
Cunctaque cunctorum cunctis arcana patebunt.
Quod cor, lingua, manus tenebrosis gessit in antris
Et quod nunc aliquem verecundans scire veretur
Omnibus in patulo pariter tunc scire licebit.
Insuper impletur flammis altricibus aer,
Ignis ubique suis ruptis regnabit habenis.
Et quo nunc aer gremium diffundit inane
Ignea tunc sonitus perfundet flamma feroces,
Festinans scelerum sævas ulciscere causas.
Nec vindex ardor cuiquam tunc parcere curat,
Sordibus ablutus veniat nisi ab omnibus illuc.
Tunc tribus et populi ferient rea pectora pugnis
Stabit uterque simul stupidus, pauperque potensque
Et miser et dives simili ditione timebunt:
Fluvius ignivomus miseros torquebit amare
Et vermes scelerum mordebunt intima cordis.
Nullus ibi meritis confidit judice præsens,
Singula sed nimius percurrit pectora terror
Et stupet attonito simul impia turba timore.
Quid, caro, quid facies, illâ quid flebilis horâ
Quæ modo væ misera servire libidine gaudes,
Luxuriæque tuæ stimulis te agitabis acutis
Ignea tu tibimet cur non tormenta timebis,
Dæmonibus dudum fuerantque parata malignis.
Quæ superant sensus cunctorum et dicta virorum,
Nec vox ulla valet miseras edicere pœnas,

Ignibus æternæ nigris loca plena gehennæ,
Frigora mista simul ferventibus algida flammis
Nunc oculos nimio flentes ardore camini
Nunc iterum nimio stridentes frigore dentes.
His miseris vicibus miseri volvuntur in ævum
Obscuras inter picea caligine noctes.
Vox ubi nulla sonat, durus nisi fletus ubique,
Non nisi tortorum facies ubi cernitur ulla.
Non sentitur ibi quidquam nisi frigora, flammæ
Fœtor et ingenti complet putredine nares.
Os quoque flammivomum lugens implebitur igne,
Et vermes lacerant ignitis dentibus ossa.
Insuper et pectus curis torquetur amaris,
Cur caro luxurians sibimet sub tempore parvo
Atro perpetuas meruisset carcere pœnas,
Lucis ubi miseris nulla scintilla relucet
Nec pax nec pietas immo spes nulla quietis
Flentibus arridet, fugiunt solatia cuncta.
Auxilium nullus rebus præstabit amaris,
Lætitiæ facies jam nulla videbitur illic
Sed dolor et gemitus, stridor, pavor, et timor horrens,
Tædia, tristitiæ, trux indignatio, languor.
Errantesque animæ flammis in carcere cæco.
Noxia tunc hujus cessabunt gaudia sæcli,
Ebrietas, epulæ, risus, petulantia, jocus,
Dira cupido, tenax luxus, scelerata libido,
Somnus iners torporque gravis, desidia pigra
Illicitat quidquid modo delectatio carnis
Et cæca scelerum mergit vertigine mentem,
Tunc cæcis merget flammis sine fine misellos.
Felix o nimium, semperque in sæcula felix
Qui illas effugiet pœnarum prospere clades
Cum sanctisque simul lætatur in omnia sæcla !
Conjunctus Christo cœlestia regna tenebit,
Nox ubi nulla rapit splendorem lucis amœnæ,

Non dolor aut gemitus veniet, nec fessa senectus
Non sitis, esuries, somnus et non labor ullus
Non febris, morbi, clades, non frigora, flammæ
Tædia, tristitiæ, curæ, tormenta, ruinæ
Fulmina, nimbus, hiems, tonitru, nix, grando, procella,
Angor, paupertas, mœror, mors, casus, egestas,
Sex pax et pietas, bonitas, opulentia regnat,
Gaudia, lætitiæ, virtus, lux, vita perennis
Gloria, laus, requies, honor et concordia dulcis,
Insuper omne bonum cunctis Deus ipse ministrat.
Semper adest præsens, cunctos fovet, implet, honorat,
Glorificat, servat, veneratur, diligit, ornat,
Collocat Altithrono, lætosque in sede polorum
Præmia perpetuis tradens cœlestia donis.
Angelicas inter turmas sanctasque cohortes
Vatidicis junctos patriarchis atque prophetis
Inter apostolicas animis lætantibus arces.
Atque inter roseis splendentia castra triumphis
Candida virgineo simul inter agmina flore.
Quæ trahit alma Dei genetrix, pia Virgo Maria,
Per benedicta Patris fulgenti regna paratu
Inter et Ecclesiæ sanctos, natosque, patresque,
Inter et ætherium cœlesti pace senatum.
Quid, rogo, quid durum, sæclo consetur in isto,
Utque illas inter liceat habitare cohortes,
Sedibus et superum semper gaudere beatis?
Incolumem mihi te Christi charissima proles,
Protegat, et faciat semper sine fine beatam
Meque tuis Christo precibus commenda benignis.

Tár.

(AN EXHORTATION.)

LÁR.

[Immediately after the previous version, the MS. has the following lines.]

Nu lære ic þe ſwa man leofne ſceal·
gif þu wille that blowende ríce gestigan·
þænne beo þu eadmod· & ælmes georn·
wis on wordum· and wæccan lufa·
on hyge halgum. on þas hwilwendan tid·
bliðe mode· and gebedum filige·
oftost symle· þær þu ana sy·
forðan ꝑ halige gebed· and seo hluttre lufu·
godes and manna. and seo ælmes sylen· and se miccla hopa
to þinum hælende· ꝑ he þine ſynna
adwæſcan wylle· and eac oþera fela
godra weorca· glengað and bringað.
þa soðfæstan sauwle to reste.
on þa uplican eadignesse·
Wyrc ꝑ þu wyrce· word oððe dæda·
hafa metodes ege· on gemang ſymle·
ꝑ is witodlice wisdomes ord·
ꝑ þu ꝑ ece leoht· eal ne forleose·
þeos woruld is æt ende· and we synd wædlan gýt·
heofena rices· ꝑ is hefig byrdæn.
and þeah þu æfter þinum ende eall gesylle·
ꝑ þu on eorðan ær gestryndes·
goda gehwylces· wylle gode cweman·
ne mihtu mid þæm eallum· saule þine

EXHORTATION.

Now I teach thee as one shall do a beloved one.
If thou wilt attain that blooming realm, — If thou wilt heaven win,
Then be thou humble, and bountiful,
Wise in words, and love watchfulness.
In holy thought, in the present time, — be holy, kind, and pray.
Kind of disposition, and abundant in prayers,
Continually when thou art alone.
Because holy prayer, and pure love
Of God and man, and almsgiving, and the great trust
In thy Saviour, that he thy sins
Will erase, and likewise many other
Good works adorn and bring
The upright soul to rest
In heavenly happiness.
Work what thou workest, word or deed; — Work; fear God.
Have fear of the Creator, in the midst,
That is assuredly the beginning of wisdom,
That thou the everlasting light all do not lose.
This world is fleeting, and we are yet poor
Of heaven's kingdom. That is a heavy burden.
And though thou after thine end give everything — Trust not to death-bed alms.
That thou on earth before acquiredst
Of each good, will it please God?
Nor might thou, with the whole, thy soul

ut alyſan gif heo inne wyrð
feondum befangen· frofre bedæled·
welena forwynned· ac þu wuldres god·
ece ælmihtigne· ealninga bidde·
ꝑ he þe ne forlæte· laðum to handa·
feondum to frofre· ac þu fleoh þanan·
syle ælmesſan. oft and gelome.
digolice ꝑ bið drihtnes lár·
gumena gehwylcef· þe on god gelyfð;
Ceapa þe mid æhtum eces leohtes·
þy læs þu forweorðe· þænne þu hyra
geweald
nafast to syllanne· hit bið swiðe yfel
manna gehwilcum· ꝑ he micel age·
gif he him god ne ondræt·
ſwiðor micle· þonne his sylfes gewil·
Warna þe georne wið þære wambe fylle·
forþan heo þa unþeawaſ ealle gesomnað·
þe þære saule ſwiðoſt deriað·
ꝑ if druncennef· and dyrne geligere·
ungemet wilnung. æteſ· & ſlæpeſ·
þa man mæg mid fæſtenum·
and forhæfdnessum heonon adrifan·
and mid cyric ſocnum cealdum wederum·
eadmodlice· eallunega biddan·
heofena drihten· ꝑ he þe hæl gife.
milde mund bora· ſwa him gemet þince·
and ondræd þu ðe dihle wiſan·
nearwe geþancaf· þe on niht becumað·
ſyn luſtaf for-oft· ſwiðe fremman·
earfoðlice· þy þu earhlice ſcealt·
gyltas þine· ſwiðe bemurnan.
har hilderinc· hefie þe ðincaþ·
ſynna þine· forþam þu sylf ongyte·
ꝑ þu alætan scealt· læne ſcaþelaſ·

Release, if it become among
Fiends captured, of comfort bereft,
Of wealth deprived. But do thou the God of glory,
The eternal almighty, constantly pray
That he let thee not fall into the hands of evil ones,
To the gain of fiends. But flee thou from thence,
Give alms, oft and repeatedly, in secret,
That is the exhortation of the Lord,
For each man that believes in God.
Buy for thyself eternal light with thy possessions,
The less wilt thou be undone, when thou the power over them
Hast not to give. It is very evil
To every man that he have much,
If he fear not God
Much more than his own will.
Take thou good heed against gluttony,
For it assembleth all the bad qualities
Which most destroy the soul,
That is, drunkenness and secret fornication,'
Undue longing for food and sleep.
These man may with fasting
And continence drive away,
And with church going in cold weather.
Humbly always [take care] to pray
The Lord of heaven, that he give thee health,
The kind protector, as to him seems fit;
And be thou afraid of secret plans,
Of troublesome thoughts, that arise at night,
Sinful desires oftentimes greatly to produce.
With trouble therefore thou in terror shalt
Thy offences greatly mourn.
Grey-haired warrior, heavy seem to thee
Thy sins. Therefore do thou thyself understand
That thou shalt leave thy gifts unharmed,

They will not rescue thee from friends.

Pray;

give alms oft in thy life;

buy thyself heaven with thy goods on earth.

Guard against gluttony.

Drive it off with fasting, and church-going in the cold.

Fear too bad thoughts at night.

eard. and eþel· uncuð biþ þe þænne·
to hwan þe þin drihten gedon wille·
þænne þu lengc ne moſt· lifeſ brucan·
eardes on eþle· swa þu ær dydest·
blissum hremi· nu þu ðe beorgan scealt·
and wiþ feonda gehwæne· fæſte healdan·
ſauwle þine· á hi winnaþ embe
[1] dæges & nihtes· ongean drihtnes líf;
þú miht hy gefleman gif þu filian wilt·
larum minum. swa ic lære þe
digollice· ⁊ þu on dægred·
oft ymbe þynre sauwle ræd· swiðe smeage·
hu þu ⁊ ece leoht. æfre begytan mæge.
síðe geſécan· þu ſcealt glædlice· ſwiðe ſwincan·
wiþ þæs úplican· éþelríceſ·
dægeſ & nihteſ· þu scealt drúncen fleon·
and þa oferfylle· ealle forlætan·
gif þu wilt þa úpplican eárdwic ceosan·
þænne ſcealt þu hit on eórðan ær geþencan·
and þu þe ſylfne· ſwiðe gebinde·
and þa unþeawaſ· ealle forlætan·
þe þu on þiſ life· ær lufedest & feddest·

[1] ⁊ added in MS.

Land and country. Unknown to thee then will be
Whither thy lord will assign thee;
When thou no longer mayest enjoy life — Thou canst not live long.
In earth's region, as thou didst before
Exulting in bliss. Now oughtest thou to save thyself, — Save thyself then!
And against every enemy hold fast
Thy soul. Ever they labour around,
By day and night, against the lord's life.
Thou mightest put them to flight, if thou wilt follow — Rout thy soul's foes!
My teaching, as I teach thee—
Secretly that thou in the early morn
Oft for thy soul's advantage earnestly meditate
How thou the eternal light ever mayest attain;
With pains to seek, thou shalt gladly eagerly labour — Seek the kingdom of heaven.
After the heavenly kingdom;
By day and night, thou shalt drunkenness flee, — Flee drunkenness, gluttony,
And gluttony all forego.
If thou wilt that heavenly land choose,
Then shalt thou on earth before think on it,
And earnestly restrain thyself,
And forego all bad habits — and all thy old bad habits.
Which thou in life formerly didst love and cherish.

Oratio Poetica.

ORATIO POETICA.

Thænne gemiltsaƿ þe· N. mundum qui regit·
ƿeoda þrym-Cyninge· Thronum sedens[1]
a butan ende·
saule wine·
Geunne þe on life· Auctor pacis·
Sibbe gesælƿa· salus mundi·
metod se mæra· magna virtute·
& se soƿfæsta· summi filius·
fo on fultum· factor cosmi·
se of æƿelre wæs· virginis partu·
Clæne acenned· Christus in orbem·
Metod þurh MARIAN· Mundi redemptor·
& þurh þæne halgan gast· voca frequenter·
Bide helpes hine· Clementem Dominum·[2]
Sé onsénded wæs· Summo de throno·
& þære clænan· Clara voce·
þe gebyrd-boda· bona voluntate·
ƿ heo scolde cennan· Christum regem·
Ealra cyninga cyninge· Casta vivendo·
& þu þa soƿ-fæstan· Supplex roga·[3]
fultumes bidde fricolo· Virginem almam·
& þær æfter tó· omnes sanctos[4]
Bliƿ-mod bidde· Beatos et justos·[5]
ƿ hi ealle þe· Unica voce
þingian to þeodne· Thronum regentem
Ecum drihtne· Alta polorum
ƿ he þine saule· Summus judex
On-fo freolice· factor æternus·
& he gelæde· in lucem perennem[6]
þær eadige· Animæ sanctæ·
Rice restaƿ· Regnis[7] cælorum·

[1] MS. sedentem.
[2] MS. Dominus.
[3] MS. rogo.
[4] MS. sanctus.
[5] MS. justus.
[6] MS. luce.

Then He who rules the world shall have mercy upon thee (N),
He, the glorious King of the nations, who sitteth upon the throne,
Ever without end, — Invocation of the Father.
The friend of the soul.
May He—the Author of peace—grant thee, in thy life,
The joys of peace—(He who is) the Health of the world,
The famous Lord, of great power!
And may the faithful Son of the Highest,
Maker of the universe, receive (thee) into favour,
Who was, by birth from the noble Virgin, — Invocation of the Son.
Purely brought forth, as Christ, into the world.
Lord and Redeemer of the world—by means of Mary,
And through the Holy Ghost!
Call upon Him [the Holy Ghost] often, — Invocation of the Holy Ghost.
Pray to Him for help (who is a) merciful Lord,
Who was sent-down from the highest throne,
And (was) to the pure one [Mary] (by His) clear voice
The messenger of (Christ's) birth, with good will,
That she should bring forth Christ the King,
(She) chaste of life (bring forth) the King of all kings,
And thou, suppliantly beseech the true one,
Pray for help fervently to the benign Virgin. — Invocation of the Virgin.
And thereafter moreover all the saints, — Invocation of All Saints.
Blithe of mood, invoke, the blessed and just ones,
That they for thee all, with one accord,
May intercede to the Lord who rules upon the throne,
(To the) eternal Lord, (who rules) the high places of the skies,
That He, the Supreme Judge, thy soul — Final result.
Will freely receive, (He who is) the Eternal Creator,
And may He lead (thee) to perennial light,
Where the blessed sainted souls
Rest in the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven!

Paraphrasis Poetica in Orationem Dominicam.

PARAPHRASIS POETICA IN ORATIONEM DOMINICAM.

Pater noster.

Þu éart ure fæder ealles wealdend·
Cyninc on wuldre· forðam we clypiað to þe·
áre biddað nu ðu ýþost miht·
sawle alysan þu híg sændest ǽr·
þurh þine æþelan hand into þam flæsce
ac hwar cymð heo nú·
buton þu engla god eft hiȝ alýse·
sawle of synnum þurh ðine soðan miht.

Qui es in celis.

Ðu eart on heofonum· hiht and frofor·
Blissa beorhtost· ealle[1] abúgað to þe
þinra gasta þrym· anre stéfne·
clypiað to criste cweþaþ ealle þus
halig eart þu halig· heofon-engla cyninge·
drihten úre· & þine domas synd
rihte & rume· ræcað[2] efne gehwam
æghwilcum men agen gewyrhta·
wel bið ðam þe wyrcð willan þinne.

[1] MS. ealla.

[2] MS. ræcð.

Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

Swa is gehalgod þin heah nama·
swiðe mærlice manegum gereordum·[3]
twa & hund seofontig· þæs þe secgað bec·
ƿ þu engla god· ealle gesettest·
ælcere þeode· þeaw & wisan·
þa wurþiað þin weorc· wordum and dædum·
þurh gecynd clypiað· & crist heriað·
& þin lof lædað lifigenda god·
swa þu eart geæþelod· geond ealle world.

[3] MS. geweordum.

POETICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Pater noster.

Thou art our father, Ruler of all, Our Father,
King in Glory, therefore we cry to thee:
For mercy we pray, now thou canst most easily
Release our soul, thou before dost send it
Through thy noble hand into the flesh.
But where will it come now,
Unless thou God of Angels again release it:
The soul from sins through thy trusty might?

Qui es in celis.

Thou art in heaven, hope and consolation, Which art in heaven,
Brightest of joys, to thee bow down,
The host of all thy spirits. With one voice
They cry to Christ; they all thus exclaim,
Holy art Thou, holy, King of heaven's angels,
Our Lord; and Thy judgments are
Right and ample. They extend yea to each,
Each single man, [judgments] for his own works.
Blessed will he be that worketh thy will.

Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

Thy lofty name is so hallowed, Hallowed be thy name.
Very famously in many tongues
Two and seventy, as the books tell
That thou God of angels all arrangedst
Of each people, the manners and customs;
These praise thy work in words and deeds,
Through nature they call on and praise Christ
And thy praise they set forth, oh living God,
So thou art honoured through all the world.

Adveniat regnum tuum.

Cum nu & mildsa· mihta waldend·
& us þin rice alyf· rihtwis dema
Earda selost & ece lif
þar we sib and lufe [1] samod gemeta$· [1] MS. lufu.
eagena beorhtnys· & ealle mirh$e·
þer bi$ gehyred þin halige lof·
& þin micele miht mannum to frofre·
swa þu engla god eallum blissast·

Fiat voluntas tua.

Gewur$e þin willa· swa þu waldend eart·
éce geopenod· geond ealle world·
& þu þe silf eart sodfæst dema·
rice rædbora· geond rumne grund·
swa þin heahsetl is· heah and mære·
fæger & wur$lic· swa þin fæder worhte·
æþele & éce· þar $u on sittest
on þinre swi$ran healf· þu eart sunu & fæder
ana ægþer· swa is þin æþele [2] gecynd· [2] MS. æþela.
Micclum gemærsod· & þu monegum helpst·
ealra cyninga þrym· clypast ofer ealle·
bi$ þin wuldor-word· wide gehyred·
þonne þu þine fyrde fægere geblissast·
sylest miht and mund· micclum herige·
and þe þáncia$ $usenda fela·
eal engla þrym anre stæfne.

Sicut in celo.

Swa þe on heofonum· heah þrymnesse·
æþele & éce á þancia$·
clæne & gecorene· cristes þegnas·
singa$ & bidda$· so$fæstne god·
are & gifnesse· ealre þeode·
þonne þu him ti$ast týreadig cyningc·

Adveniat regnum tuum.

Thy kingdom come.

Come now and pity, Ruler of might,
And grant us thy kingdom, righteous judge,
Happiest of homes, and eternal life.
There we shall find peace and love together,
Brightness of eyes and all mirth:
There will be heard thy holy praise,
And thy great might, for consolation to men,
So thou, God of Angels, blessest all.

Fiat voluntas tua.

Thy will be done

Let thy will done, as thou art Sovereign,
Eternally revealed, over all the world,
And thou thyself art righteous judge,
Mighty counsellor, over the wide earth:
So is thy high throne, high and grand
Fair and honourable: as thy father wrought
Noble and eternal, where Thou sittest
On thy own right hand. Thou art Son and Father,
Both persons in one; so is thy noble nature
Much magnified; and thou helpest many,
Thou, the might of all kings, thou callest above all,
Thy word of might is heard afar.
When thou thy host joyously makest happy,
Thou givest might and protection to the great army,
And many thousands thank thee,
The host of all angels with one voice.

Sicut in celo.

As in heaven,

As in heaven in majesty
The noble and immortal servants of Christ
Pure and elect ever thank thee:
They sing and pray to the righteous God
For mercy and the forgiveness of all people;
Then thou grantest to them, glorious king,

swa þu eadmod eart ealre worlde·
sy þe þanc & lof· þinre mildse
wuldor & willa· þu gewurþod eart·
on heófonrice heah casere.

Et in terra.

And on eorðan ealra cyninga·
help & heafod· halig læce·
réðe & riht wis· rum heort hláford·
þu geæþelodest þe ealle gesceafta·
& tosyndrodest hig· siððan on manega·
sealdest ælcre gecynd agene wisan
& a þine mildse ofer manna bearn

Panem nostrum cotidianum.

Swa mid sibbe sænst urne hlaf
dæghwamlice duguðe þinre·
rihtlice dælest
mete þinum mannum· & him mare gehætst·
æfter forðsiðe· þines fæder rice·
þ wæs on fruman· fægere gegearwod·
earda selost & éce lif·
gif we soð & riht symle gelæstað·

Da nobis hodie.

Syle us to dæg· drihten þine
mildse· and mihta· and ure mod gebig·
þanc & þeawas on þín gewil·
bewyrc us on heortan· haligne gast
fæste on innan· & ús fultum sile·
þ we moton wyrcan willan þinne·
& þe betæcan tyr-eadig cyningc·
sawle ure on þines silfes hand·

Et dimitte nobis debita nostra.

Forgif ús ure synna þ ús ne scamige eft·
drihten úre þonne þu on dóme sitst·

As thou art merciful to all the world.
Let there be to thee thanks and praise for thy goodness,
Thou glory and joy! Thou art praised,
In the kingdom of heaven as mighty sovereign.

Et in terra.

So in earth.

And on earth of all kings
The help and head, holy healer,
Stedfast and righteous, large-hearted lord.
Thou madest for thyself all creatures very good,
And scatteredst them afterwards abroad,
Thou gavest each race its peculiar habits,
And ever thy mercy [thou gavest] over the children of men.

Panem nostrum cotidianum.

Our daily bread

So with peace thou sendest our loaf
To thy people daily,
Thou rightly apportionest
Meat to thy men, and to them promisest more
After their departure; the kingdom of thy father,
That was in the beginning fairly prepared,
Happiest of homes, and everlasting life,
If we truth and right always perform.

Da nobis hodie.

Give us to-day.

Grant us to-day, Lord,
Thy mercy and power, and incline our heart,
Thought and disposition to thy will.
Establish firmly for us in our heart the Holy Ghost within.
And grant us help that we may work thy will.
And that we entrust to thee, glorious king,
Our souls into thine own hand.

Et dimitte nobis debita nostra.

And forgive us our trespasses,

Forgive us our sins, that we be not hereafter ashamed,
Our Lord, when thou in judgment sittest,

& ealle men up arisaþ·
þe fram wife· & fram were· wurdan acænned·
beoþ þa gebrosnodon eft· bán mid þam flæsce·
ealle ansunde eft geworden·
þar we swutollice siþþan on cnawaþ
eal ƿ we geworhton on worldrice·
betere· & wyrse· þar beoþ bútu[1] ȝeara·
ne magon we hit na dýrnan forþam þe hit drihten wat·
and þar gewitnesse beoþ wuldor micele·
heofon waru· & eorþ waru· hel waru þridde
þonne beoþ egsa· geond ealle world·
þar man us tyhhaþ on dæg twegen eardas·
drihtenes áre oþþe deofles þeowet
swa hwaþer wé geearniaþ her on life·
þa hwile þe ure mihta mæste wæron.

[1] MS. búta.

Sicut & nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.

Ac þonne us alyseþ lifigende god·
sawle ure· swa we her gifaþ
earmon mannum· þe wiþ us agiltaþ·[2]

[2] MS. agilt.

Et ne nos inducas in temtationem.

And na us þu ne læt· laþe beswícan·
on costunga· cwellan & bearnan·
Sawle ure· þeah we sinna fela·
didon for ure disige· dæges & nihtes
idele spræce· & unriht weorc·
þine bodu bræcon· wé þe biddaþ nu
ælmihtig god· áre & gifnes·
ne læt swa héanlice þin hand geweorc
on énde dæge eal forwurþan·

Sed libera nos a malo.

Ac alys us of yfele· ealle we beþurfon
godes gifnesse· agylt habbaþ·

And all men rise up
That from woman and from man have been born;
Again the wasted bones with the flesh
Shall become whole again.
There we shall clearly know hereafter
All that we wrought in this world,
Better and worse, both at hand;
And we may not conceal it, because the Lord knows it,
And there as witnesses will be wondrous many
People of heaven, people of earth, and thirdly people of hell.
Then will be terror through all the world,
Then some one will assign to us at that day two conditions,
Either the favour of the Lord, or the service of the devil,
According as we shall have earned either here in life
While our powers were at the best.

Sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.

And then the living God will deliver for us
Our souls, as we here forgive
To frail men who offend against us.

As we forgive them that trespass against us.

Et ne nos inducas in temtationem.

And let not evil beguile us
In temptation, [and] destroy and burn
Our souls: though we many sins
Did through our folly day and night,
Idle speech, and wrongful work.
We brake thy commands. We pray thee now,
Almighty God, for mercy and forgiveness;
Let not so miserably thine handy work
At the last day all perish.

And lead us not into temptation.

Sed libera nos a malo.

But deliver us from evil. We all need
God's forgiveness, we have offended

But deliver us from evil.

& swiðe gesingod· we ðe soðfæstan god
hæriað· and lofiað· swa þu hælend eart
cynebearn gecydd· cwycum & deadum·
æþele & éce ofer ealle þingc·
þu miht on ánre hand· eaðe befealdan·
ealne middan eard swilc is mære cyningc·

Amen.

Sy swa þu silf wilt· soðfæst dema·
wé þe engla god ealle heriað
Swa þu eart gewurðod a on worlda forð.

And sinned much, we thee, the faithful God,
Laud and praise. As thou the Saviour art,
Revealed to quick and dead, as a Royal son,
Noble and eternal, above all things,
Thou in one hand canst easily enfold
All the world. Such is the glorious King.

Amen.

Be it as thou thyself wilt, faithful judge. Amen.
We all laud thee, God of angels,
As thou art honoured, world without end.

Paraphrasis Poetica in Doxologiam.

PARAPHRASIS POETICA IN DOXOLOGIAM.

Gloria.

Sy þe wuldor & lof· wide geopnod
geond ealle þeoda· þanc & willa
mægen and mildse· & ealles modes lufu·
soþfæstra sib· and þines silfes dóm·
world gewlitegod· swa þu wealdan miht
eall eorðan mægen· & uplifte
wind· & wolcna wealdest ealle on riht·

Patri et filio et Spiritui Sancto.

Ðu éart frofra fæder· & feorhhyrde·
lifes laððeow· leohtes wealdend·
asundrod fram sinnum· swa þin sunu mære·
þurh clæne gecynd· cyninc ofer ealle·
beald gebletsod· boca lareow
heah hige frofer·[1]

[1] MS. frofre.

Sicuta ert in principio.

Swa wæs on fruman· frea mancynnes·
ealre worlde· wlite & frófer·[2]
clæne & cræftig· ðu gecyddest ƿ·
þa ðu éce god ána geworhtest
þurh halige miht· heofonas & eorðan·
eardas· & uplyft· and ealle þinc
þu settest on foldan swiðe fela cynna·
and to syndrodest hig· siððan on manega
þu geworhtest· éce god ealle gesceafta·
on six dagum seofoðan þu gerestest·
þa wæs geforðod þin fægere weorc·
& þu sunnan dæg silf halgodest·
& þu mærsodest hine manegum to helpe·

[2] MS. frofre.

POETIC PARAPHRASE OF THE DOXOLOGY.

Gloria.

Let there be to thee glory and praise wide spread — Glory be
Over all people, thanks and joy,
Might and mercies, and love of all the soul,
Peace of the faithful, and thine own majesty,
The world made beautiful. As thou canst sway
All earth's power and the air above,
Wind and clouds thou swayest all aright.

Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.

Thou art Father of consolations and guardian of life, — to the Father,
Life's leader, the swayer of light — and to the Son,
Severed from sins, as [is] thy glorious Son — and to the Holy Ghost.
Through pure nature, king over all,
Strong, blessed, the inspirer of books,
The high consolation of the soul.

Sicuta ert in principio.

As was in the beginning the lord of mankind — As it was in the beginning,
Of all the world brightness and comfort
Pure and wise: Thou revealedst that
When thou, eternal God, alone wroughtest
Through thy holy might, heavens and earth,
Countries and air above and all things.
Thou settest on earth very many kindreds,
And severest them afterwards abroad.
Thou formedst, eternal God, all creatures
In six days: on the seventh thou didst rest,
Then was complete thy fair work,
And thou thyself hallowedst Sunday,
And madest it glorious for a help to many;

þone heaan dæg healdaƀ & friƀiaƀ·
ealle þa ƀe cunnon· cristene þéawas
haligne heortlufan· & þæs hihstan gebod·
on drihtenes naman· se dæg is gewurƀod·

Et nunc et semper.

And nu symle þine soƀan weorc
& þin micele miht manegum swutelaƀ·
swa þine cræftas híg cyƀaƀ wide·
ofer ealle world ecē standaƀ·
godes hand geweorc groweƀ swa þu hete·
ealle þe heriaƀ· halige dreamas·
clænre stæfne· & cristene bec
eal middan eard· & we men cweƀaƀ·
on grunde her· gode lof & þánc·
éce willa & þin agen dom·

Et in secula seculorum.

And on worlda world· wunaƀ & rixaƀ·
cyninc innan wuldre· & his þa gecorenan·
heah þrymnesse· halige gastas·
wlitige englas & wuldor gife·
soƀe sibbe· sawla þancung·
modes mildse· þar is seo mæste lufu
haligdomes heofonas syndon
þurh þine écan word æghwær fulle·
swa synd þine mihta ofer middan eard·
swutole & gesýne þæt þu hig silf worhtest·

Amen.

We ƿ soƀlice secgaƀ ealle
þurh clæne gecynd· þu eart cyninc on riht·
clæne & cræftig· þu gecyddest ƿ·
þa ƀu mihtig god man geworhtest·
& him on dydest orƀ and sawle·
sealdest word & gewitt · & wæstma gecynd·
cyddest ƀine cræftas· swilc is cristes miht·

That high day all will hold and observe
Who understand Christian customs,
Holy love of heart, and the commands of the Highest,
In the Lord's name the day is honoured.

Et nunc et semper.

And now ever thy true works — is now and ever shall be,
And thy great might is manifest to many,
As they make known abroad thy wisdom
They stand eternal over all the world,
God's handy work grows as thou didst command,
All praise thee, the holy choruses
With pure voice, and Christian books,
All the earth; and we men say
Here on earth, "Be praise and thanks to God
Eternal joy, and thine own majesty."

Et in secula seculorum.

And for ever and ever he dwells and reigns — world without end.
King in glory, his chosen ones
In high majesty, holy spirits,
Glorious angels, and mighty powers,
Faithful peace, thankfulness of souls,
Kindness of heart. There is the highest
Love of holiness. The heavens are
Through thine eternal word everywhere full:
So is thy might over the earth
Clear and visible as thou thyself wroughtest them.

Amen.

We all say the Amen. — Amen.
Through pure nature thou art rightly king,
Pure and wise, thou revealedst that
When thou, mighty God, createdst man,
And into him didst put breath and soul,
Gavest him speech and wisdom, and nature of increase,
Thou revealedst to him thy knowledge. Such is Christ's might.

NOTES.

OF DOOMSDAY.

Line 2.—*beþeht.* The better orthography would be *beþeaht*, but it is not unusual for verbs whose stem ends in *ce* to drop the second vowel in the participle. Cf. *gedreccan*, Nic. 6: "þæt he hæfð on slæpe þin wif gedreht." See also March, A.S. Gram. p. 111.

Line 2.—*holte tomiddes.* The same collocation is found in Alfred's Metres, 13, 38. It may be useful to observe such similarity of phraseology, with the object of fixing the date of this poem.

Line 4.—*gehæge.* This word is not given by Bosworth or Grein; the former has the simple form *hege.* The oldest form of the nominative was probably *gehæga.*

Line 5.—*wynwyrta.* Though *wyn* is of common occurrence compounded thus, yet this word seems unique. But *wynburg*, *wynmæg*, and other like compounds, are found in plenty.

Line 6.—*innon.* The unsettled orthography is seen by comparing this form with that in line 1, which is the earlier form. The rime is also to be noticed in the two sections of this line. *Amid the gathering* (*i.e.* of other plants).

Line 8.—*gryre*, properly *horror*; but of the inanimate *wolcn* horror can scarcely be predicated, and therefore the word seems rather to indicate the terrific character or roaring of the wind, and thus almost to be equal to a descriptive adjective.

Line 8.—*gehrered*, perhaps better=agitated, coming from *hreran*, rather than *hreosan*; but see Bosw. 28u. The more usual word is *onhrered.* See Grein, s.v.

Line 11.—*onhefde mid sange*=Germ. *hub an zu singen. fers* not given in Grein, and only cited as occurring in a grammar and dictionary by Bosworth.

Line 12.—*gemunde*, an adjective=*gemynde* for *gemyndig.* It occurs in Elene, 1064.

Line 13.—*tid. gemyndgian* is constructed with both accusative and genitive.

Line 15.—*Ic ondræde me eac*, I also feared. The corresponding verb is reflexive in German too.

Line 22.—*þara haligra. haligra* is here the substantive. Cf. Ps. li. 8.

Line 23.—I have written *yfel* rather than *yfeles*, because of the case of *witu*.

Line 25.—*murcnigende*, the word occurs in St. John vii. 33.

Line 27.—*ontynan*, conj. for *ontynen*. This variation is not uncommon. See March, p. 86. Thus we have the classic form *hæbben* in Guthlac (Exon), 644; *habban* in Ps. lxxxv. 16, and *habbon* in Ps. cxxi. 8, each for the present conjunctive.

Line 28.—*hate*, the adverb.

Line 30.—*Breost* must be the acc. plur., as the adjective shows.

Line 30.—*gebedstowe*, one word, though written *divisim* in the MS., cf. Juliana, 376.

Line 32.—*gearnade*, i.e. *ge-earnade*. This past participle is used almost adverbially in the sense of *deservedly*.

Line 34.—*wandian*, like *ontynan*, 27.

Line 42.—*breostes*, etc. These genitives depend on *gylt* understood from the previous clause.

Line 43.—*hæl*, cf. Germ. *heil*=safety.

Line 47.—In altering the MS. in this line, all that has been attempted is to keep as near to the written text as possible while giving a reading which can be construed. It seems most likely that the first *god* had been twice written by some scribe, and that the *i* of *mid* was then altered so as to make an adjective *mod-god* out of the two syllables, after the analogy of *mod-ful*, *mod-þwær*, etc. The Latin text helps but little, being *qui solet allisos sanare*. *Aglidene* is hopelessly corrupt, but as many of the letters of the word as possible have been preserved. It is thus left to the ingenuity of scholars, the exact letters of the MS. being given in the margin.

Line 49.—*nele*, a more usual form is *nelle*; *nyle* also occurs.

Line 49.—*brysan*, not in Grein, and only given by Bosworth on the authority of Somner without a reference.

Line 50.—*gemod*, apparently the same as *mod*, though I have not been able to find an instance of it. But the analogy of *hygd* and *gehygd*, and similar duplicates, is warrant enough for the meaning.

Line 52.—*gedwæscan* is not found elsewhere, but the simple verb *dwæscan* and the compound *todwæscan* occur. The writer of this poem was fond of *ge* as a prefix, v. lines 4, 8.

Line 53.—*gesceop*, properly the verb signifies *to shape*, hence *to inform, instruct, warn*. This metaphorical use is not common.

Line 55.—*forstent*=*forstandeð*. The successive changes seem to have been *forstandð*, *forstantð*, *forstent*, the last form also appearing as *forstynt*. The first words of the next line are *ſeo soðe hreow*.

Line 57.—*sceaðða* is written four lines above *scaþa*. Both forms are equally common.

Line 60.—*be-bead*=bade, *i.e.* offered, as in the old expression *bidding of beads* for *offering up prayers*.

Line 61.—*lyt* is used generally followed by a genitive, as *lyt manna* =parum virorum, *lyt freonda*=parum amicorum. Here we have a construction wherein *lyt* seems treated as conjoined with *wordum*, forming a true compound, and therefore having the instrumental case at the end of the whole, after the analogy of such a form as *last-word* =fame after death.

Line 63.—*þa ænlican geatu*, for this construction of the accusative to mark the *way* after *faran*, cf. *For flodwegas*, Riddles (Exon), 37, 9.

Line 68.—*gearugne*. This form, which occurs again in line 91, is not the usual form of the masculine acc. sing., but *gearone*. The original of *gearu* was no doubt *gearug*, cf. *suprà*, 12.

Line 69.—*atihtum*. The weak form *atiht* as the past participle of *ateon* marks a late period of the language, the classic form being *atogen*. The former occurs, however, in Alfred's Boethius, 32, 1, Tit. 32. The tendency has developed in the later language, wherein we have *cleft* and *cloven*; *reft* and *riven*; *lost* and *forlor(e)n*, etc.

Line 73.—*scad*. Not found in this simple form; but as *gescad, gescead*, it is frequent enough. The like phrase to the text occurs in Matt. xii. 36: *Gescead agyldan*.

Line 77.—*horwe*, a very rare word. See the Job in Thwaites Heptateuch, p. 161. It occurs below, line 156.

Line 77.—*afylled*, constructed both with a genitive and (as here) a dative.

Line 79.—*gyte*, a flood: still preserved in the Northern form *goit* or *goyt*, used for the overflow of a milldam, and the channel along which such overflow is conducted.

Line 80.—*beþunga*. The only form in which the nominative is recorded is *beþing*, but the interchange of *i* and *u* in this termination is very common, cf. *wearnung* and *wearning*.

Line 80.—*plaster* is a word of late introduction and rare occurrence.

Line 82.—*greotan*: the usual word in Lowland Scotch for shedding tears still is *to greet*. Here is another riming line.

Line 83.—*þa hwile*, the accusative case used adverbially. The more common form is *þa hwile þe*, followed, as here, by the conjunctive in expressions of indefinite time.

Line 84.—*Nu is halwende*, i.e. *Nu hit is halwende*. The complete expression occurs in Ps. cxviii. 103.

Line 86.—*gnorn þrowast*. The phrase occurs in Beow. 2658.

Line 89.—*men=menn=männ*. Dative singular.

Line 90.—*forhyccan*, i.e. *forhycgan*, the *c* having assimilated the *g* to itself, a very irregular form, for *cc* generally represents a previous *cc*, and *cg=gg* a previous *gi*.

Line 90.—*heaf and wopas*. The combination is common, but the form is more frequently *wop and heaf*.

Line 95.—*heah-þrymme*. Perhaps this ought to be *heah-þrymmes*, but as it stands it is capable of the rendering given to it in the translation.

Line 97.—*forebeacn*. For this plural form compare Grein, Bibl. Ps. cxxxiv. 9.

Line 99.—The alliteration in this line and the next is imperfect, and I am not sure that they should not be written all in one.

Line 101.—*Beorghliþ*, as a compound, occurs, see Grein, but the genitive plural *beorga* is much more frequently used of *graves*, and so the sense seems to be, *the doors* (*hliþ*=lid) *of the graves*, rather than the meaning of the compound =*hill slopes*, to which the verbs would not so well apply.

Line 102.—The correction here is not needed. The genitive of *sæ* is sometimes *sǽ* (f.), sometimes *sæs* (m.).

Line 104.—*biþ*. This word has been translated here and elsewhere *is*, but in many places *will be*, according as the sense seemed to require. The Saxon having no future was compelled to use this tense for both present and future, and perhaps it may most strictly be termed a sort of aorist. No doubt to this circumstance is due the indefinite character of the modern English present, which may mean an act just in progress, as, *I eat=I am eating*; but in such a sentence as *I eat salt with my potatoes*, has that aorist character which includes past, present, and future all in one. For instances of *biþ* used necessarily as a present, see Morris, Blickling Homilies, part i. p. 17. Of him who knows not the brightness of the eternal light, it is said, *se biþ blind*. On page 19, speaking of God, the writer says *he biþ á wesende* =He is ever living. Yet in the very same sentence *ȝ· á biþ ece*, the word may be (as Dr. Morris renders it) translated by our English *shall be*.

Line 105.—*gewuxsaþ*. If this emendation be correct (and the difference between the *þ* and the Saxon form of *w* is so slight as to be easily confused), the word is for the more usual form *geweaxeþ*.

Line 106.—*dim hiw*. I have not varied the text here, though we probably should read *hiwe* as a dative after the adjective. But the words may be intended to make one compound adjective of the form *bærfot, mildheort, eaþmod*. This being possible, I have allowed them to stand.

Line 107.—Then the stars fall from their stede (or place).

Line 110.—*flecgan*. This is the reading of the MS. The correct orthography would be *flegan* (or *flygan*), a derivative from *fleogan*, as *began* from *beogan*. See Loth, *Etym. Engl. Grammatik*, p. 226.

Line 112.—Literally = *mortem indicantes*, and might = angels of death.

Line 113.—*eored-heapas*. I have not found this compound elsewhere, though similar compounds with *eored* are in use, as *eored-ciest, eored-þreat*, etc.

Line 113.—In the translation I have regarded *upplice* as an adverb, but I think it would be more forcible if taken as the adjective agreeing with *eored-heapas*, and the whole rendered *the legions of heaven*.

Line 114.—*stiþ-mægen*. This compound does not appear elsewhere, but is quite in accordance with other forms from *stiþ*.

Line 115.—For instances of *ecne* used thus alone as a title of God, see Grein, s.v. *Bihlænan* is the usual form of the verb here.

Line 117.—*sigel-beorht*. *Sigel* being used for the *sun*, and also for a gem or jewel, the compound is capable of a double interpretation. *Gem-bright* is Bosworth's rendering; *sun-bright*, Grein's. The latter seems more in accordance with Scriptural phraseology, cf. Rev. i. 16. The Latin text has *fulget sublimis in alto*.

Line 118.—*weorþian* is not recorded elsewhere as compounded with *be*, the compound form is *geworþian* in other places.

Line 120.—*æghwanum*, a later form, noticed by Bosworth, of the more classic and usual *æ/hwanon*.

Line 124.—*stent=standeþ* (v. *suprà* 55). The form occurs in Alf. Metr. xx. 171. It has of course, though present, an idea of the future, which is made more vivid by the use of this tense.

Line 124.—*earh*, a later form for *earg*.

Line 125.—*amasod* and *amarod*. I can find no instance of the use of these words or of any verbs from which they may have come. *amarod* seems cognate with *amyrred*, the participle of *amyrran*, to distract, mar.

Line 127.—*surround*, i.e. they will surround. *ymtrymmaƀ* for *ymb-* (or *ymbe-*) *trymmaƀ*.

Line 128.—*aboden*. We should have expected the form to be *abeden*. See March, p. 100.

Line 139.—*þinga*, governed by *eal* in 136.

Line 141.—*ypte oƀƀe eyƀde*, for the combination of the two verbs, cf. Bed. iv. 25, and iv. 27.

Line 143.—*alyfed*=concessum, yielded up, set open to every eye.

Line 144.—*Ufenan*, generally means *from above*, and there is not a parallel to the phrase in the text, yet there can be little doubt that *ufenan eall þis* is meant to represent the *insuper* of the Latin. The same words occur again, lines 212 and 221, to represent the same Latin of lines 106 and 138.

Line 145.—*lyft*. As the Lowland Scotch has the same word still for *heaven*, it has been retained in the translation, though not an usual word in English. It seems a pity not to familiarize as much as may be such relics of the old tongue in whatever dialect they may be found, when no attempt is being made to translate into classical English.

Line 146.—*foresteal*. Grein does not give the word, and the orthography in Bosworth is *forstal*, though no instance is given of the occurrence of the word.

Line 147.—*miht*. The more usual form of the instrumental case is *mihte* (see Grein), but *miht* occurs in Cædmon, Exod. ix.: "soƀfæst cyning mid his sylfes miht gewyrƀode."

Line 147.—For *forwyrnan*, see Bosworth, s.v.

Line 148.—On this line a friend has suggested to me that the reading of the MS. *eah-gemearces*, may be a compound form, after the analogy of *eagþyrl*, *eagdura*, and mean *eye-boundary*, *horizon*. Had this occurred to me, I should not have suggested any other reading, feeling bound, in every case where it is possible, to render the text, rather than correct it. The like change of *g* to *h* has been instanced above, line 124. The Latin text seems to mean *the limitless expanse of air*.

Line 149.—*under roderes ryne*, the expression occurs in Elene, 795.

Line 150.—*emnes*. The usual adverb is *emne*, and the form in the text is found as a noun elsewhere.

Line 152.—*read and reaƀe*. The latter of these words is for *reƀe*, as it is written in 165. The same collocation in the *Bi Manna Wyrdum* of the Exeter MS., line 46; in Grein's Bibliothek, p. 208, *read reƀe gled*.

Line 152.—*ræsct*, written *ræscet* (165), from *ræscetan*. See Loth, p. 240.

Line 152.—The more usual form of *efeste*ð is *efste*ð.

Line 154.—*brynæ*, i.e. *bryne*.

Line 156.—*afeormad* and *aclænsad*, for the more usual forms in *od*.

Line 158.—*folca unrim*, cf. Germ. *unzahl Leute*.

Line 160.—The adjective *forht* most frequently signifies *timid*, *terrified*; but in the Hymns in Grein's Bibliothek, x. 56, *on þa forhtan tid*=at that terrible time, and so the adverb in the text may be rendered *terribly* or *fiercely*. The other sense, *in their terror*, would be intelligible, but scarcely seems so apt. The Latin gives no word.

Line 166.—*bærn*ð for *beorn*ð. For an example of this tendency compare also the English *learn* from *leornian*.

Line 167.—*heora heortan . . . syn scyldigra*. For the construction compare Goodwin's Life of St. Guthlac, 22: *wæs sum his scipes-man þæs foresprecenan Æ*ðelbaldes. There was one his boatman (viz.) the afore-mentioned Athelbald's.

Line 167.—*horxlice* for *horsclice*. An early example of the tendency which at the present day vulgarizes *ask* into *ax*, though curiously enough the original *acsian* had previously suffered metathesis to come into the modern *ask*.

Line 169.—*æniman* would be better written *divisim*, *æni man*. The *g* of *ænig* disappeared, but it did not on that account form a compound with the following noun, though here written so.

Line 169.—*arnum*. The adjective *aren*=honourable, meritorious, does not occur elsewhere, but it is regularly formed from *ar*, as *fyren* from *fyr*. The syncopation of the dative plural is like *fyrnum teagum*. Grein, Cr. 733, and Panth. 60, and *gefæstnode fyrnum clommum*, Andreas, 1380. Thus, *be arnum gewyrhtum* = *meritis* of the Latin text.

Line 170.—*gehende* (prep.) is constructed with a dative case. The earlier expression was *at handum*.

Line 171.—*yrn*ð by syncope for *yrne*ð.

Line 171.—The construction is *þurh ealle breost-gehyda*. *Breost-gehyda* being the genitive plural governed by *ealle*, which is in the accusative after *þurh*. *Gehyda* for *gehygda*. Grein gives one instance of this orthography from Cædmon, Dan. 732.

Line 173.—*stænt*, written *stent* in line 124, another instance of the fondness of the scribe for the vowel *æ*. Cf. *suprà*, line 154.

Line 173.—*astifad*, cf. *suprà*, line 156.

Line 175.—*hwæt dreogest þu*, cf. Grein, Juliana, line 247.

Line 176.—*gewepan*, only the simple form *wepan* is given in Bosworth and Grein.

Line 177.—Thou servest thyself, *i.e.* thine own pleasure.

Line 178.—*glæd*, adjective used adverbially.

Line 178.—*leofian* is not nearly so common as *libban*.

Line 178.—*galnes* or *galnys*, an unusual word, not in Grein, but given by Bosworth as occurring in the Cottonian copy of Ælfric's glossary.

Line 179.—Perhaps *þær* is an error for *þæm*, in which case the sense would be, "thou urgest thyself to that luxury."

Line 179.—*gælsa* is almost as unusual a word as *galnes*. But it occurs below, line 237.

Line 180.—*Forhtas* for *forhtast*. But it has been allowed to stand, because in the later language the second personal pronoun coming after its verb was attached to it, and the last letter of the verb elided, so *forhtaspu* may be intentional. Cf. Chaucer's frequent *seystow* and *artow*. But it may only be a clerical error, and no indication of the later usage.

Line 180.—*fyrene* for *fyrenne*, masculine accusative singular.

Line 181.—Here we have either a corrupt passage or the construction is most puzzling. *ondræd* is the imperative, and the sentence is =*ondræd þu þe sylfum*, i.e. dread thou for thyself. The writer seems to have considered the preceding interrogation equal to an imperative sentence, "Wilt thou not fear," equivalent to "Be thou afraid," and then to have followed it up by a direct imperative. For such an indicative (though not interrogative) sentence used for an imperative, cf. Ps. cxviii. 31 : *ne wylt þu me gescyndan*=do not confound me.

Line 181.—For *ondræd*, cf. Grein, Elene, 81 : *Ne ondræd þu þe*. But the passage is full of difficulty.

Line 183.—*weana*. It may be that this is to be taken as of the evils done by the tormented, than of the evils done to them. Then the rendering would be, "wages for evil doings." Bosworth quotes Bede (ed. Smith), p. 599, for this sense, which will suit this passage quite as well as that given in the translation.

Line 189.—*susle*, rather *torture*, *torment*, than with Bosworth's *brimstone*. The line is designed as a description of the *depth* mentioned in the line preceding, which depth existed in hell from of old amid fierce torments.

Line 190.—*synt*. The forms of this plural of the present indicative of the substantive verb are (1) syndon, (2) synd, (3) synt. The second occurs below (217, 285), and in Lár, 19.

Line 191.—*þrece.* This nominative form does not occur. Bosworth gives *þrec.* The genitive plural *gicela* cannot be literally translated.

Line 193.—*ungemetum.* This dative plural used adverbially is of frequent occurrence in the Psalms in Grein's Bibliothek.

Line 195.—*gryrraþ.* This verb is not found elsewhere, but there can be no doubt of its meaning from its connexion with *gryre.*

Line 196.—*þis atule gewrixl.* This case pendent (either accusative or nominative) is taken up by the adverb *þærinne.*

Line 200.—*stearc-heard,* probably intended as a compound adjective, cf. *widbrad.*

Line 201.—*na-wiht,* one word; written *naht,* 206.

Line 203.—For similar omissions of the relative, which are not common, cf. Sax. Chr. 963: *an munac, Brihtnoþ wæs gehaten,* a monk (who) was called Brihtnoth. Also Gen. xxix. 29: *sealde ane þeowene Bala hatte,* i.e. (who) was called Bala.

Line 207.—*unstenc* is not found elsewhere, but as the original signification of *stenc,* and of its derivative verb, was *fragrance, pleasant odour, unstenc* is a natural compound to signify the contrary thereof.

Line 208.—*welras.* This word, which is only used in the plural, is elsewhere spelt *weleras.*

Line 214.—*Forhwi* is a literal representation of the *cur* in the Latin text, but the translator does not seem to have known that *cur* might be rendered *because,* otherwise he would have written here *for þy.*

Line 214.—*fyrgende,* evidently intended to translate the present participle *luxurians,* must be from a verb *fyrgan,* of a kindred signification with the verbs *firenian* and *fyrenan,* but such verb does not occur elsewhere.

Line 218.—*sperca:* the orthography elsewhere is *spearca.*

Line 221.—For *wihte* used thus adverbially, see Grein, Cædmon, Dan. 146.

Line 225.—For ƿ we should have expected a repetition of *þær.*

Line 229.—*sauwle=sawle* for *sawla,* the usual form of the plural nominative. But *sawle* is found, *Christ and Satan,* 296.

Line 232.—*mid ealle*=Germ. *ganz und gar.* For instances see Alf. Metr. 17, 22; 18, 3; 19, 3.

Line 234.—*hleapaþ,* i.e. will leap away in flight.

Line 238.—*scyndan.* This, which is the slightest possible alteration of the MS., makes the verb an infinitive, and governed by *gewiteþ* (236). But it might be altered and a simpler construction obtained by reading *scyndaþ,* the plural verb being justified by the expression

ælc gælsa. A like construction with the infinitive *slincan* occurs in the next two lines.

Line 242.—*on ende.* Thus used as adverb in Grein, Ps. lviii. 12, lxxviii. 5.

Line 243.—*laþ* may either be an adjective, as translated, or a noun =an object of loathing or offence.

Line 251.—*geþeon,* an unusual form of this word. For *þeowan* is very rare. The usual word is *þeowian.*

Line 253.—*þeostra,* i.q. *þeostru.*

Line 253.—*genipþ.* This verb does not occur elsewhere, but its meaning is sufficiently evident from its noun.

Line 259.—*gebrasl* is not found, nor *brasl*; but it is for *brastl,* which is the same as the more usual *brastlung.*

Line 261.—*tintrega,* another instance of this masculine nominative is given by Grein from *Christ and Satan,* 497. The more usual word is the neuter *tintreg.*

Line 265.—This line is without alliteration, though containing a rime.

Line 267.—*ricxaþ,* an intensified form, *ricsaþ* or *rixaþ* being usual.

Line 275.—*lifaþ=lyfþ.* Third singular present indicative from *leofan.* The more usual verb is *lufian.*

Line 276.—*heah gehrinepþ.* This emendation seems to most nearly approach the Latin text, *collocat Altithrono. heofon-setle* must be dative, and *hean* could not be taken with it. Bosworth intimates that *gehrinan* is sometimes written *gerinan* (see 28u), but does not give an instance, and the *nn* of the MS. is easily accounted for.

Line 278.—*sylþ*; the usual forms are *seleþ* and *syleþ,* from the latter of which, by a syncopation of which the writer seems very fond, the form in the text is easily reached.

Line 287.—This verse is incomplete, some phrase having fallen out which represented *splendentia castra triumphis.*

Line 290.—*læt* for the more usual *lædeþ.* The same part of the verb is spelt *let* in line 294.

Line 290.—Of the last word in this line, *drut,* I can offer no explanation, and have therefore written *brut,* which may have been written as a form of *bryd.* This is however very uncertain. Could *drut* be a contraction for *deorut* ?

Line 291.—*frowe,* evidently the German *frau,* though it is not found elsewhere in Saxon.

Line 299.—*her*=in the world of bliss.

Line 300.—For a similar omission of the relative, cf. 203. *þæm*

must here be singular, as is shown by the verb. *þam* in the next line is plural first, and then singular.

Line 302.—*unbleoh*, a word not found elsewhere, seems to be intended as the equivalent of the *incolumem* of the Latin. The sense may perhaps be arrived at in this way: *bleoh* may, as the name of the colour *blue*, have been applied, as the English word is now, to that which is livid from approaching decay; and thus *unbleoh* would bear the sense of *uncorrupted*. But with a word which only occurs here much must be uncertain.

DE DIE JUDICII.

Page 22.—The Latin text is taken exactly from the edition of Bede as printed in Migne's Bibliotheca Patristica. It is there included among the doubtful works of that Father, and as has been noticed in the Preface, this Latin is also attributed to Alcuin. Either author puts the composition at as early a date as the eighth century.

LÁR.

Page 28.—*Lár*. The title has been adopted from the text of this short poem (line 32). It is evidently intended as a supplement to the Doomsday poem, though no Latin of it is found.

Line 6.—*filige*. This adjective seems to be formed from *ful*, after the manner of *halig* from *hal*, and *sarig* from *sar*. It perhaps would be more correctly written *fulige*. It is left as in the MS., being neither in Grein nor Bosworth.

Line 7.—*oftost symle*. The same collocation occurs in the Juliana of the Cod. Ex., line 20. See Grein, ii. 53.

Line 11.—*adwæscan*, properly used of extinguishing a flame, but this same expression *synne adwæscan* occurs in *Christ and Satan*, 306. See Grein, i. 137.

Line 11.—*fela*, like the Latin *multum*, is followed by a partitive genitive.

Line 16.—*on gemang symle*, nearly equivalent to our *withal*.

Line 23.—If the text be correct, *wylle* is equivalent to *wylle þæt*. I have no instance of such an omission of the accusative before the infinitive in an interrogation. Perhaps we should read *nylle*, and make the sentence declaratory=It will not please.

Line 24.—*mihtu* (i.e. *miht þu*). This coalescing of the pronoun with the verb is a sign of late date. Similar instances are *hafastu* (i.e. *hafast þu*), *Christ and Satan*, 64 (Gr. Bibl. i. p. 131); and *scealtu* (i.e. *scealt þu*), Andreas, 220 (Grein, ii. p. 15).

Line 27.—*forwinnan* seems used in the sense of *oferwinnan*, to overpower, and so eject from a possession. I have not found another instance of the word.

Line 27.—*wealth* as the translation of *welena* implies, of course, every kind of *weal*.

Line 28.—*ealninga*, a late form of the adverb.

Line 29.—*laðum to handa*. The phrase *to handa*, with a similar dative of the person, occurs in Cædmon's Genesis, 1463: *to handa halgum rince*; and *to frofre*, with the same construction, as it is in the next line, is found in the same poem, line 955: *him to frofre*.

Line 32.—*digolice*, literally *secretly*, seems to imply that this precept was some *arcanum*, some deep and efficacious esoteric teaching.

Line 53.—The adverbs are difficult to bring into any English rendering; *earfoðlice* seems to imply the trouble spent in bewailing sin; *earhlice*, the dread arising from the thought of God's anger.

Line 58.—The sense appears to be, "Find out how thou mayest leave without having received injury from them these talents which have been entrusted to thee."

Line 63.—*hremi*, i.e. *hremig*. This is an instance of the stage through which most of our adjectives in *y* have passed: as *anig* into *any*, *sælig* into *silly*.

Line 66.—*þæt* is certainly pleonastic, and perhaps should be omitted.

ORATIO POETICA.

This prayer, together with the two paraphrases which follow it, have already been printed in Wanley's Catalogue, appended to Hickes's Thesaurus; but as they were evidently a portion of what precedes them in the MS., it has been deemed advisable to reprint them.

Line 1.—*Thænne*. This first word indicates a connexion between what is to come and what has gone before.

Line 1.—*N* (like the *M* or *N* in the Church Catechism) stands as the initial of the name of the person addressed, and this letter may be used as an abbreviation for *Nomen*. It will be seen from the margin of page 36 how very corrupt the Latin portion of this composition is.

In lines 3 and 4 the Latin half of the line has disappeared, and no attempt has been made in reprinting to supply the hiatus, which is merely indicated by the incompleteness of the lines as now arranged. Such other alterations as have been made in the Latin have only been made that the text might be intelligible. The mixture of English and Latin makes the composition of little value grammatically, when in some constructions an English adjective is joined with a Latin noun, the government of the Latin noun being indicated in one way, and that of the adjective in another, as is the case in line 10.

Line 17.—*gebyrd-boda.* A compound not found elsewhere, but regularly formed as *gebyrd-tid*, and *wil-boda*.

Line 21.—*fricolo:* Another ἅπαξ λεγόμενον. Grein, who quotes the word from Wanley, makes it a noun derived *friclan*, to desire, and hence used adverbially it bears the meaning assigned in the translation, "fervently," "eagerly." He also connects it with the adjective *frec*, greedy. A somewhat similar use of an accusative to express the means, though it is not here with a verb, occurs in Cædmon, Gen. 117: Folde wæs þa gyt *græs* ungrene=Not verdant *with grass*; and nearer still in the same poem, line 812, we have unwered *wædo*, unclad in weeds (or clothing), where the instrumental accusative *wædo* is a parallel to *fricolo* in the text.

PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

This text has been published by Grein in his Bibliothek, vol. ii. pp. 287–290, and had been previously produced by Ettmüller, Scôp. 231–234, both having copied it from Wanley. For completing the alliteration in defective lines, and now and then for improving it, Grein has adopted the suggestions of Ettmüller, as where he fills up line 6 with *cyning wuldres*, or, as in line 11, reads *engla* for *gasta* of the text. In the present reprint the text of the MS. has been faithfully represented in most cases in the body of the poem, a transfer of text to the margin having been only made where it was clearly needful to do so.

Line 10.—*ealla.* The alteration by Grein to *ealle* is probably correct (cf. line 12); but as this form *ealla* is found in Alfred's Metres, xx. 128 (Grein ii. 319), it is deemed best to leave it unchanged in this reprint.

Line 15.—*ræca*ð. This is Ettmüller's correction, adopted by Grein, and absolutely necessary.

Line 18.—*heah nama.* Ettmüller would read as one word, but this is not needed.

Line 30.—*sib.* Ettmüller proposes *sibbe*, the more usual form, but these feminines of the strong declension have both forms of the accusative, some words using one form more than the other. Cf. *dæd*, in which the short form is the more usual. On the other hand, in nouns like *lufu*, the accusative in *e* is so much the more common, that *lufu* of the MS. has been transferred to the margin. This is the only example of *lufu* as accusative which Grein quotes.

Line 33.—*mannum to frofre*, cf. supra *Lár*, line 29.

Line 42.—*þinre. sinre* is probably correct, as Grein reads; but it is just possible to attach a meaning to the text of a subtle character, as implying that Son is one with the Father, and for this reason *þinre* is allowed to stand.

Line 43.—The neuter *gecynd* requires us to read *æþele.* The MS. has *þin*, not *þine*, as Wanley prints.

Line 47.—*fægere*, omitted in Wanley, and no suggestion made by Ettmüller or Grein. This reading of the MS. makes the line complete.

Line 55.—*ealre.* Wanley printed *ealra.* Grein suggests *ealre*, which the MS. has.

Line 66.—Grein and Ettmüller read *ælcre gecynde.* The text is very harsh, but may be rendered as an accusative="But *as to each race* thou gavest [it] its peculiar habits."

Line 68.—*sænst*, i.e. *senst*, which Grein reads; but as the form *sændest* occurs in line 7, it is better to let this peculiarity of the orthography remain.

Line 70.—In this incomplete line Grein adopts Ettmüller's addition of *rumheort hlaford* to fill up. It will do as well as anything else, and occurs in line 63. Probably, therefore, it was not the text in this line.

Line 80.—Here Wanley has omitted *fæste*, which the MS. gives. Ettmüller suggested *frofre.*

Line 82.—Wanley printed *cyninge.* In MS. the last letter is *e.*

Line 86.—So here, too, the MS. has the correct *arisaȝ*, which Wanley gave as *ariseȝ.*

Line 87.—*acænned*, i.e. *acenned*, but see note on line 68.

Line 88.—*eft*, omitted by Wanley. *gebrosnodon=gebrosnodan.*

Line 98.—*are*, thus in MS., Wanley *arc.*

Line 100.—*mihta* MS., Wanley *nihta.* Both these corrections had been made by Grein.

Line 111.—*gifnesse*, as suggested by Grein, though not introduced into his text, is probably correct, but see note on line 30.

Line 118.—*gecydd=gecyðed*. But in a poem so late as this we need not substitute the earlier form, though Grein has done so.

PARAPHRASE OF THE DOXOLOGY.

This poem has also been printed by Grein (vol. ii. pp. 291, 292), and likewise by Bouterwek and Ettmüller from Wanley, see Grein, ii. 411.

Line 13.—*higefrofer=higefrofor*. Grein adds to this line *and halig gast*, which completes the alliteration, but he does not say from whence he derives the addition.

Line 23.—After *dagum* Grein inserts *and on þone*, to make the sense complete, but the words can be understood without the addition.

Line 27.—*heaan=heân*. On this form see March, Ang.-Sax. Gr. page 61, compared with page 59.

Line 27.—*friðia*ð. Here Grein adopts the more usual and classic form *freoð-ia*ð, but this is to give to poem a form which does not belong to it. The other form is found both simply and in composition.

Line 33.—Grein prefers *heo*, referring to *miht* in the previous line, but *hig* can be construed as referring to *weorc*.

Line 47.—Here Grein reads *halige domas*.

Line 49.—Grein shows some inconsistency in adopting *middangeard* as the reading here, but leaving *middaneard* in line 38. MS. and Wanley have *middaneard* in both cases.

INDEX VERBORUM.

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FOREWORDS.

On the authority of Warton and Ritson, all the Poems in the Laud MS. 622 had been attributed to Adam Davy, the Marshal, of Stratford-at-Bow. My friend Professor Bernhard ten Brink of Strassburg, who is writing a History of English Literature, askt me the other day to examine the MS., and see what reason there was for supposing the whole volume to be by Davy. Last Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1875, before one of my 'Lectures to Ladies', at Oxford, 'on Anglo-Saxon and Early English Literature before Chaucer', I lookt through the Laud MS., and found no other reason for supposing Davy to be the author of all the poems (and prose Pilgrimage) in it, than the facts that the 72 leaves of it are in one scribe's handwriting, somewhat before 1400, and that on part of leaves 26 and 27 are Adam Davy's Dreams about King Edward the Second (1307-27), as I suppose, from his being calld specially 'Prince of Wales', l. 6. The last four pieces in the MS. are misplac't; they should be at the beginning. At present I see no reason why they, or the rest of the volume—except the short *Dreams*—should be assignd to Davy.

The Manuscript, Laud 622, is a large folio vellum one, double-columnd, roughly written in an unclerklike hand, seemingly before 1400,—1380-1400, says Mr Macray. It contains 9 sheets, *a* to *i* in eights: the first 8 leaves, *a* 1-8, come last. It begins, leaf 1 (= 9) with (1) 'þe Bataile of Ier*usalem*', generally call'd 'Siege of Jerusalem', whose head is on the last two leaves.

And at þe fourty dayes ende
Whider I wolde he bad me wende,

and ends on leaf 21, back, col. 1,

God *gra*unte vs alle þ*er*e to be
Amen Amen p*ar* charite

Here endeþ þe vengeaunce of goddes deth

Next follows, on leaf 21, back, col. 1, to leaf 26, back, col. 2, (2) 'The life of St Alexius' in 6-line stanzas, printed below.

Then comes (3) leaf 26, back, col. 2, to leaf 27, back, col. 1, l. 7, 'Adam Davy's Dreams'. This is followd by (4) leaf 27, back, col. 1, 'The Geste of Alisaunder', printed from this MS. in Weber's *Romances*, vol. i.

Diuers is þis mydellerede &c.—

This ends on leaf 64, col. 1, with "God vs graunte his blissyng. Amen." Then comes (5) "Þese arn þe pylgrimages of þe holy lond" (nearly 3 columns of prose); and then (6) the leaves which should come first: leaf 65, a long-line (2 in 1), ryming Bible History of Joseph (in Egypt, &c.), incomplete at the beginning; Moses and the golden calf, &c. &c., Solomon; with (leaf 70, back) "Elye. Eliseus. Danyel. Abacuk." Then (7) "Fiftene toknes Jeremie"; (8) Lamentacio animarum; (9) "Þe Bataile of Ierusalem", which breaks off at leaf 72, back, with the catchwords, 'And atte fourty dayes ende', and which commences the volume in these words (see p. 9 here), 'And at þe fourty dayes ende'. Page 72, back, is in long lines (2 in 1): 'Listneþ alle þat beþ a-lyue! boþe cristen Men & wyue'; page 1 (the continuation) in short lines.

As Adam Davy has always been down in our lists for printing, I askt Mr George Parker to copy the old Marshal's *Dreams*, so that we might get done with him. The 'Life of Alexius', Solomon's 'Book of Wisdom', the well-known 'Fiftene Tokenes' in a fresh version, and the 'Lamentation of Souls', are added, just to make the Text thick enough to stand alone. The 'Pilgrimages of the Holy Land' I keep back for my volume on the subject, which has been long waiting for money to enable it to go to the printer.

The *Lamentacio Animarum* is a head-line in the MS. to the Continuation of the last of St. Jerome's *Fiftene toknes* before Doomsday, which Continuation describes the last Doom, and is followd by a pretty Song of Joy and Bliss for Christ's Coming. The Laud *Alexius* is a pathetically-told story. The other versions—added for comparison' sake—have less poetic merit.

3, *St. George's Square, Primrose Hill, N.W.*
Nov. 27, 1874.

Adam Daby's 5 Dreams about Edward II.

ADAM DAVY'S FIVE DREAMS ABOUT EDWARD II.

[*Laud MS.* 622 (*end of the* 14*th cent.*), *leaf* 26, *back.*]

TO oure lorde Iesu crist in heuene,
Ich to-day shewe myne sweuene,
þat ich mette in one niȝth,
Of a kniȝth of mychel miȝth:
His name is ihote sir Edward þe kyng,
Prince of Wales[1], Engelonde þe faire þing.
Me mette þat he was armed wel,
Boþe wiþ yrne & wiþ stel;
And on his helme þat was of stel,
A Coroune of gold bicom hym wel.
Bifore the shryne of seint Edward he stood,
Myd glad chere, & mylde of mood,
Mid two kniȝttes armed on eiþer side,
þat he ne miȝth þennes goo ne ride.
hetilich[2] hij leiden hym vpon,
Als hij miȝtten myd swerd don.
He stood þere wel swiþe stille,
And þoled al-to-gedres her wille;

I dreamt one night
of King Edward,
Prince of Wales.
The First Dream.
That he stood, armd and crownd
before Saint Edward's Shrine.
Two knights
laid on him fiercely with their swords.

[1] Compare "Nou is *Edward of Carnarvon*
King of Engelond al aplyht",
in "The Elegy on the Death of Edw. I", from Harl. 2253, leaf 73, in Mr Thos. Wright's *Political Songs*, for the Camden Society, 1839, p. 249. Edw. III was never created Prince of Wales. The Black Prince was, but was never king.

[2] A.S. *hetelice*, hatefully, hotly.

The King returnd no stroke,

No strook[e] ne ȝaf he aȝeinward[e]
To þilk[e] þat hym were*n* wiþerward[e][1].

but was not wounded.

Wounde ne was þ*er*e blody non,
Of al þat hym þ*er*e was don.

¶ After þat me þouȝth, onon,

When the 2 knights were gone,

As þe tweie kniȝttes weren gòn,
In eiþer ere of our*e* kyng[e]
þ*er*e spronge out a wel fare þing[e]:
Hij wexen out[e] so briȝth so glem

four bright streams of different-colourd light

þat shyneþ of þe sonne-bem;
Of diuers colo*ur*es hij weren,

flowd out of each of the King's ears.

þat comen out of boþe his eren
ffoure bendes alle by rewe on eiþ*er* ere,
Of diu*er*s colo*ur*s, red[e] & white als hij were;

[leaf 27]

Als fer as me þou[ȝth] ich miȝth see,
hij spredden fer & wyde in þe cuntre.
fforsoþe me mette þis ilk[e] sweuene—

This 1st Dream I dreamt on the Wednesday before Aug. 29, more than a year ago.

Ich take to witnesse god of heuene—
þe wedenysday bifore þe decollacio*un* of sei*n*t Ion[2],
It is more þan twelue moneþ gon.
God me gr*a*unte so heuene blis,
As me mette þis sweuene as it is.
Now god þat is heuene kyng[e],
To mychel ioye tourne þis metyng[e]!

The Second Dream.

I dreamt on a Tuesday before Nov. 1, of Edw. II,

A Noþ*er* sweuene me mett*e*, on a tiwes-niȝth
Bifore the fest[e] of alle halewe*n*[3], of þ*a*t ilk[e] kniȝth;
His name is ne*m*pned here-bifore;
Blissed be þe tyme þat he was bore!

who shall be chosen Emperor of Christendom.

ffor we shullen þe day see,
Emp*er*o*ur* ychosen he worþe of cristiente.
God vs graunte þat ilk[e] bone,
þat þilk[e] tydyng here we sone
Of sir Edward oure derworþ kyng[e]

[1] A.S. *wiðer*, against; *wiðerweard*, contrary, adverse.
[2] Decollation of John the Baptist, Aug. 29.—Nicolas.
[3] All Hallows, or All Saints' Day, Nov. 1.—Nicolas.

Ich mette of hym anoþere fair metyng[e]:
To oure lorde of heuene ich telle þis,
þat my sweuene tourne to mychel blis.
Me þouȝth he rood vpon an Asse—
And þat ich take god to witnesse!—
ywonden he was in a Mantel gray;
Toward Rome he nom his way;
Vpon his heuede sat[e] an gray hure;
It semed hym wel a mesure;
he rood wiþouten hose & sho,—
his wone was nouȝth so forto do;—
his shankes semeden al blood rede;
Myne herte wop for grete drede;
Als a pilgryme he rood to Rome,
And þider he com wel swiþe sone.

I dreamt that Edw. II rode as a pilgrim towards Rome on an ass,

a gray cap on his head,

no hose or shoes on,

but his shanks blood red.

The Third Dream.

ÞE þrid sweuene me mette a niȝth,
Riȝth of þat derworþe kniȝth;
þe wedenysday a niȝth it was,
Next[e] þe day of sei*n*t lucie[1] bifore *c*ristenmesse.
Ich shewe þis, god of heuene:
To mychel ioye he tourne my sweuene!
Me þouȝth þat ich was at[e] Rome,
And þider ich com swiþe sone:
þe Pope[2], & sir Edward oure kyng[e],
Boþe hij hadden a newe dubbyng[e];
Hure gray was her cloþing[e];
Of oþere cloþes seiȝ ich noþing[e].
þe pope[2] ȝede bifore, mytred wel faire I-wys;
þe kyng[e] Edward com corouned myd gret blis;
þat bitokneþ he shal be
Emperour in cristianete:
Iesus crist ful of grace,
Graunte oure kyng[e], in euery place,
Maistrie of his wiþerwynes[3],

On Wednesday before Dec. 13

I dreamt I was at Rome,

and saw the Pope and Edw. II

with only gray caps on.

The Pope went first, in his mitre; Edw. II was crownd, in token that he shall be the Emperor of Christendom.

[1] 'Lucy, Virgin and Martyr, Dec. 13.'—Nicolas.
[2] 'pope' *crosst through.* [3] A.S. *wiðerwynna*, adversary, enemy.

And of alle wicked sarasynes!

The fourth Dream.

Me met a sweuene, on worþing-niȝth[1].
Of þat ilche derworþe kniȝth; 88
God ich it shewe, & to witnesse take,

I was in a chapel of the Virgin Mary.

And so shilde me fro synne & sake!
In-to an chapel ich com of oure lefdy;
Iesus crist, hire leue son, stood by; 92
On rode he was, an louelich Man,
Als þilk þat on rode was don.

Christ unnaild his hands from the Cross,

He vnneiled his honden two,
And seide, 'wiþ þe kniȝth he wolde go': 96

and askt his Mother's leave

"Maiden, & moder, & mylde quene,
Ich mote my kniȝth to-day sene.
Leue moder, ȝiue me leue,
ffor ich ne may no lenger bileue; 100

to go with Edw. II, who was going on a Crusade.

Ich mote conueye þat ilk kniȝth,
þat vs haþ serued day and niȝth:
In pilerinage he wil gon,
To bien awreke of oure fon." 104

Christ's Mother gave him leave, as Edw. II had always servd her.

"Leue son, ȝoure wille, so mote it be,
for þe kniȝth boþe day & niȝth haþ serued me,
Boþe at oure wille wel faire I-wys,
þerfore he haþ serued heuene-riche blis." 108
God þat is in heuene so briȝth,
Be wiþ oure kyng boþe day & niȝth!
Amen, Amen, so mote it be!
þerto biddeþ a pater noster & an Aue. 112

Adam, the Marshal of Stratford-at-Bow, dreamt this Dream,

¶ Adam, þe marchal, of stretford-atte-bowe—
Wel swiþe wide his name is yknowe,—
He hym-self mette þis metyng—
To witnesse he takeþ Iesu heuene kyng,— 116

on Wednesday in Lent.

On Wedenysday in clene leinte
A voice me bede I ne shulde nouȝth feinte;
Of þe sweuenes þat her ben write,
I shulde swiþe don my lorde kyng to wite. 120

[1] I can't find what or when this is.

Ich ansuerde, 'þat I ne miȝtl. for derk gon.'
þe vois me bad goo, for liȝth ne shuld ich faile non,
And þat I ne shulde lette for noþing,
þat ich shulde shewe þe kyng my metyng. 124
fforþ ich went swiþe onon,
Estward as me þouȝth ich miȝth gon:
þe liȝth of heuene me com to,
As ich in my waye shulde go. 128
"Lorde, my body ich ȝelde þee to,
What ȝoure wille is wiþ me to do.
Ich take to witnesse god of heuene,
þat soþlich ich mette þis ilche sweuene[1]! 132
I ne reiche what ȝee myd my body do,
Als wisselich Iesus of heuene my soule vndergo."

A voice from heaven bade me tell the King my dream.

The fifth Dream.

PE þursday next þe beryng of oure lefdy[2],
Me þouȝth an Aungel com sir Edward by: 136
þe Aungel bitook sir Edward on honde;
Al bledyng þe foure forþer clawes so were of þe lombe.
At Caunterbiry, bifore þe heiȝe autere, þe kyng stood,
ycloþed al in rede: murre he was of þat blee red as blood.
God, þat was on gode-friday don on þe rode, 141
So turne my sweuene niȝth & day to mychel gode!
Tweye poyntȝ þere ben þat ben vnshewed,
ffor me ne worþe to clerk ne lewed; 144
Bot to sir Edward oure kyng,
hym wil ich shewe þilk metyng.
¶ Ich telle ȝou forsoþe wiþouten les,
Als god of heuene maide marie to moder ches, 148
þe Aungel com to me, Adam Dauy, & sede,
"Bot þou, Adam, shewe þis, þee worþe wel yuel mede!"
þerfore, my lorde sir Edward þe kyng,
I shewe ȝou þis ilk metyng, 152
As þe Aungel it shewed me in a visioun.

I dreamt that Edw. II stood before the High Altar at Canterbury, clad all in red.

[leaf 27, back]

An Angel bade me, Adam Davy, tell my dream to King Edward.

[1] "The Lady protests too much, methinks."—*Hamlet*, III. ii. 240.

[2] Nativity of the Virgin Mary, Sept. 8.—Nicolas.

Unless my dreams come true, put me in prison!

Bot' þis tokenyng' bifalle, so dooþ me *in*-to p*r*isou*n*!
Lorde, my body is to ȝoure wille[1];
þeiȝ ȝee willeþ me þ*er*fore spille,
Ich it wil take in þolemodenesse,
Als god graunte vs heuene blisse;
And lete vs neue*r*e þ*er*of mysse,
þat we ne moten þider wende *in* cle*n*nesse!
Amen, amen, so mote it be,
And lete vs neue*r*e to o þ*er*e waye tee!

I, Adam the Marshal, am known in Stratford-at-Bow and everywhere else.

Who so wil speke myd me, Adam þe m*ar*chal,
In stretforþe-bowe he is yknowe, & oue*r*e al.
Ich ne shewe nouȝth þis forto haue mede,
Bot' for god almiȝtties drede;

¶ ffor it is sooþ.

[Follows, *The Jest of Alisaunder*, printed in Weber's *Romances*, vol. i.

"Diuers is þis myddellerede
To lewed' Men & to lerede;
Bysynesse / care & sorouȝ
Is myd Man vche morowȝe." (&c.)]

[1] MS. willelle.

The Legend or Life of St. Alexius,

IN FOUR VERSIONS,

FROM SIX MANUSCRIPTS.

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1. The longest version, in 12-line stanzas, from Laud MS. 622, in the Bodleian.
2. The shortest version, in couplets, from the Cotton MS., Titus A xxvi, in the British Museum.
3. The shorter 6-line-stanza version, from the grand Vernon MS. (ab. 1400 A.D.) and Laud 108, both in the Bodleian.
4. The longer 6-line-stanza version, from Laud MS. 463 in the Bodleian, and Trin. Coll. MS. Oxford 57 [81].

[The first following version of the *Life of St Alexius*, from Laud 622, is the longest—and latest, no doubt[1],—of the English forms of the story. It was unknown to Dr Horstmann when he edited his *Altenglische Legenden;* and he having calld my attention to the other three versions of the Alexius legend, I have, for completeness' sake, added them here. I have also printed the Laud 108 opposite the Vernon text, from which it differs slightly sometimes in words, and in more distinctly Midland forms (*waster*, was there, l. 10; *hauest tou*, l. 490; *and tou*, l. 496; *and te*, l. 547; some *a* forms, like *gan*, l. 168), for convenience of comparison of two later representatives of one unknown original. I should perhaps apologize for wasting so much space on a mere legend of a so-calld saint's life. But the present story is the same pathetic one as Guy of Warwick's; it is prettily versified; and the comparing of the four ways in which the same incidents are told, has a certain interest: one likes to see how the religious-story writers of old spun out or shortend their material[2]: and the oddness of their notions as to the line of his images' life that pleasd the God and Father of men, is always instructive, specially when set beside many of the popular ideas on this and like subjects now. If folk would but stop attributing to God, motives, opinions, arrangements and likings, which they'd consider an insult to set down to any wise and good friend of their own, how much useless bother would come to an end!

Dr Horstmann,—who edited the Laud 108 Life in Herrig's *Archiv*, vol. iii. p. 102-10, 1873[3]—says that the sources of the Alexius legend are the '*Vita metrica*, auctore Marbodo, primum archidiacono Andegavensi, deinde Redonensi episcopo († 1123)', printed in the Acta Sanctorum, Boll. 17. Juli, p. 254-256; and another '*Vita*, auctore anonymo', ib. p. 251-254. To the last, the Laud 108 version is nearly related, often even in words. Eight Middle High German versions of this Legend were edited by Massmann, Quedlinburg, 1843. The following Early English lives do not belong to the great Collection of long-line "Saints' Lives" in the Harleian, Vernon, and other MSS, from which I printed a selection[4] for the Philological Society in 1863 for its *Transactions*, of 1858. This Collection will be edited in a separate volume some day for the E. E. Text Society, by Dr Horstmann, after he has edited for us all the Extra Legends not in the Collection or in the Vernon Gospel-stories.]

[1] There is a MS. of the Life in the Durham Cathedral Library, but my enquiries about it have not yet elicited any answer.

[2] Note how the shorter versions lengthen the end of the story.

[3] I believe that he has since edited the Vernon, Trinity and Laud-463 texts.

[4] And mistakingly printed 'i^{c}' as Midland or Northern 'ic', instead of the Southern 'ic*h*'.

THE LEGEND OR LIFE OF ST. ALEXIUS.

FROM SIX MANUSCRIPTS.

[*Laud MS.* 622, *leaf* 21, *back.*]

(1)

ALle þat willen here in ryme
Hou gode Men in olde tyme
Loueden god almiȝth,
þat weren riche of grete valoure,
Kynges sones and Emperoure,
Of bodies stronge & liȝth:
ȝee habbeþ yherd ofte in geste
Of holy men maken feste
Boþe daye & niȝth,
fforto haue þe ioye in heuene
wiþ Aungels song & mery steuene,
*þer*e blis is brode & briȝth.

(2)

¶ To ȝou alle, heiȝe & lowe,
þe riȝth soþe to biknowe
ȝoure soules forto saue,
þe self waye þat god ȝede
To folowe hym I wolde ȝou rede,
heuene forto craue;
And so duden þapostles alle,
þat to Ie*s*u wolden calle,
ffor nouȝth þai nolde bilaue,
And to penaunce þai hem took,
werldes wele þai al forsook
Oure lordes loue to haue

(3)

¶ þise o*þer*e holy seintz & gode,
Martirs, virgines mylde of mode,
And þise confessoures,
Religious þat her lijf wille*n* diȝth,
fforto se*r*ue*n* god almiȝth
By tides & by houres;
ȝee haue yherd saide wel ofte
Man may nouȝth lede lijf to softe,
And wonen in heuene boures.
þe godspel seiþ we moten lete
werldes lijf, þat þinkeþ vs swete,
And suffren hard shoures,

(4)

¶ ffader & moder & werldes goode,
And folowe hym þat dyed on rode
ffor oure synnes sake;
And þan shulle*n* we haue his loue,
And ioye & blis wiþ hy*m* a-boue
þat he for vs gan make.
I shal ȝou now telle wiþ mouþe
Of on þat is name couþe
þat suffred woo & wrake.
his holy lijf & his godenesse
I may tellen more & lesse,
In woo hou he gan wake.

LAUD 622

(5)

¶ he forsook' confort' of al his kynde,
Richesse he lete al bihynde,
To god al he hym took': 51
Alexius is his name in storie,
writen of whom is made memorie
In many holy book'. 54
In Rome, þat was noble Cite,
woned a Man of grete pouste,
þat mychel mirþe a[1] wook'; 57

LAUD 622 [1 MS. of a]

his lijf he lad worschiplich,
honoured he was of pouere & riche
þat on hym gan look'. 60

(6)

¶ Eufeniens was his name;
Of godenesse was his fame
In þe Cite of Rome. 63
þerfore þe riche Emperoure
Of þe Cite made hym Cenatoure.
ffor loos of his wisdome. 66

LAUD 622

[*MS. Cotton, Titus, A xxvi, lf* 145.]

THE LYFE OF ST. ALEXES.

[A]lle þat wolle a whyle here dweH,
herkynnythe, and I woH yowe teH
A tale Sone of grete pyte:
Att rome, by-ffeH in þat Cyte, 4

COTTON COTTON

[*Vernon MS., leaf* 44.]

Sitteþ stille with-outen strif,
And i wol telle*n* ou of a lyf
Of an holy Mon; 3
Alix was his nome. [schome,
To seruen god þhuȝte him no
þer-of neuer he ne blon. 6
his fadur was a gret lording,
Of rome a kyngus euenyng,

VERNON

[*Laud MS.* 108, *leaf* 233, *back.*]
VITA CUIUSDAM SANCTI VIRI NOMINE ALEX. OPTIMA VITA.

Sitteþ stille wiþouten strif,
And I schal telle ȝou þe lif
Of an holy man. 3
Alex was his ryȝtte name;
To serue god þoute him no schame,
& þerof neuere he ne blan. 6
his fader was a gret lording
Of rome, a kynges euening,

LAUD 108

[*Laud MS.* 463, *leaf* 116.]

LEsteneþ alle & herkeneþ me,
ȝong' & olde, thewe & freo,
And I. ȝou telle sone, 3
hou a ȝong' man, gent & freo,
Bigan þe werldes wele to fleo,
y-bore was in Rome. 6
In Rome was a doughty man,
þat was cleped Eufemyan,

LAUD 463

[*Trin. Coll. MS., Oxf.*, 57 [81], *lf* 73.]
Vita Sancti Allexij.

Lesteneþ alle, and herkeneþ me,
ȝonge and olde, bonde & fre,
And ich ȝow telle sone, 3
How a ȝong' man, gent and fre,
By-gan þis worldis wele to fle:
Y-born he was in Rome. 6
¶ In Rome was a doȝty man, [lf 73, bk]
þat was y-clepud Eufemian.

TRINITY

Riche he was of grete honoures,
Of londes, Castels, & of toures;
Men speken of hym ylome
In alle þinges wiþouten strijfe;
Vche man he tauȝtte holy lijfe
To his court þat come.

(7)

¶ Stronge he was in armes & liȝth,
Aȝeins Erle, baroun, & kniȝth,
his lordes riȝth to defende;

LAUD 622

þerfore hym loued þe Emperoure,
And made hym maister & gouernoure
Of his tresore to spende.
To his somouns in armes clers
Two þousandes he had of bachelers,
þat curteis weren & hende,
And alle yshred in cloþes of golde,
None fairer miȝtten ben on molde,
In þe werldes ende.

LAUD 622

There somtyme wonnyd a man,
hys name was caⱨyd eufemyan;
he was ryche in aⱨ thyng,
And euery day seruyd as a kyng;
he had I-nowȝe of worlldys weⱨ,

COTTON

And seruantes with hym many and fele,
Thre thowesant to hym were atendaund,
That weryd gold on here pendaunt.

COTTON

---

and hihte Eufemian.
Pore men to cloþe and fede,
In al rome, þat riche þeode,
such nas þer nan.

euerí day were in his halle
I-leid þreo bordus, forte calle
pore Men to fede.
Hem to serue he was wel glad;
he dude as iesu crist him bad;
he hoped þerfore to haue mede.

VERNON

& hyȝtte sire Eufemian.
Pore men to cloþe & fede,
In al rome, þat riche þede,
Swich ne waster non.

Eche day were in his halle
Leyd þre bordes, forto calle
Pore men to fede.
Hem to serue he was wel glad,
& dede as Iesu crist him bad;
þerfore he hopede han mede.

LAUD 108

Man of mychel myghte;
Gold & Siluer he hadde .y.-nouⱨ,
Halles & boures, oxen & plouⱨ,
And wonder wel it dyghte.

¶ ffor aⱨ þe seke of þe burhgh
ffaste were y.-sough[t] þoruhgh,
& brouht to his house.
he let hem bedde wel & fede,
And to hem tokh goedⱨ hede,
him-self & his spouse.

LAUD 463

Man of moche myȝte,
Gold and seluer he hadde y-nouȝ;
Halle and boures, oxse and plouȝ,
And swiþe wel it dyȝte,

ffor alle þe sike of þe borgⱨ,
ffaste þeȝ were y-souȝt þorgⱨ,
And i-broȝt to his house;
¶ And set hem bedde wel & fede,
And to hem toke guod hede,
Him-selue & eke his spouse.

TRINITY

(8)

¶ Men þat ȝeden in pilerinage
And Men of ordre[1], was his vsage
Often forto fede. [1 MS. oydre] [leaf 22]
Dame Agloes hiȝth his spouse,
Her dedes weren wel preciouse
Holy lijf to lede.
She was fair honeste & wijs,
Louelich, & of gret' prijs,
Ycome of gode kynrede;

LAUD 622

Aȝeins no Man she mystook',
wiþ contenaunce ne wiþ look',
Noiþer in word' ne dede.

(9)

¶ Barayne was þat gode wijf',
In sorouȝ she ledde her lijf',
ffor she no childe hadde.
hir lorde for þat ilk' þinge
Ofte his honden gan to wrynge,
And sorouȝful lijf' he ladde;

LAUD 622

In hys owne hous euery daye,
A custyume was that I schaH saye:
there boredes that were fayre spred,
There pormen schulde be fede;
Of aH pormen of ylk a gate,
there was none þat werned þ^e yate.

COTTON

A wyfe he had, she hyght a gales,
An holey woman with owten lees;
She louyd god with aH her myght,
And seruyd hym bothe daye and nyght;
She was of gode wyH, and hart Free
To aH þe dedes of charite.

COTTON

---

whon he was serued bi and bi,
þenne was he redi
to go to his mete;
ffor þe loue of Godes sone,
wiþ Men of Religione
wolde he sitte and ete.

¶ His wyf hiȝte dame Agloes,
to sigge soþ with-oute les,
þat muche was to preyse.

VERNON

When þei were serued by & by,
þane at arst was he redy
To gon to his mete;
þanne in drede of godes sone,
Wiþ men of religione
He wolde sitte & ete.

His wif hyȝtte dame Agles,
To seye þe soþe wiþoute les,
þat meche was to preyse;

LAUD 108

þe man hadde a god' wif,
She ne louede flyt' ne stryf
In al hire liue.
þe sekemen ofte she fedde,
& softe brouȝt' hem obedde,
blessed' beo she to wiue.

¶ þei were to-gedere ȝeres two,
& so þei were somdel mo,
With-outen any blede.

LAUD 463

þis man hadde a wel guod wyf;
Hy ne louede fyȝt ne stryf
In al here lyue.
þe sike men wel ofte hy fedde,
And broȝte hem to hare bedde:
I-blessed be hy to wyue!

¶ Hy were to-gyderes ȝeres two,
And so þeȝ were somdel mo,
With-oute eny blede.

TRINITY

ffor he wende þat god almi3th
had ben wroop wip hym apli3th,
þer*eof* sore hym dradde.
Ofte he bisou3th god in heuene
Sende hem a childe, wip mylde steuene,
To maken hem blipe & gladde,
(10)
¶ Conforte of hym forto haue,
her godes after hem to saue,

LAUD 622

her londes & her ledes;
her eyre of hym forto make,
And her richesse hym bitake,
Palfreies & her stedes.
Ofte þai maden þus her bone,
And god sent[1] hem *grace* sone,
þat fulfilde were þoo dedes:
A son conceyued þat gode wijf[1];
Tyme com in her olde lijf[1]
ybore it most be nedes.

LAUD 622

---

there she woHde clothe and fede,
and helpe men at here nede.
By twene theym chyllde had þey none,
there fore they made mykeH mon.
theye were aHwaye blythe and hende,
In hope that god shoHde hem sende

COTTON

[1]Some maydyn chyllde, or some man, [1 lf 145, bk]
That theyre herytag*es* myght hane;
So long theye prayed *with* good entent,
that a man chyllde god hem sent;

COTTON

But heo dede þe same man*er*e
as dede hir lord, as 3e may here,
was heo nout at ese.
Children bi-twene hem hedde þei none,
þer-of to god þei made*n* heor mone
boþe dai & niht.
Ie*s*u *c*rist her*d*e her bone,
& se*n*de hem a ful good sone,
heor herte forte liht.

VERNON

Bote 3e my3tte do þe same maner
þat dede hire lord, as y seyde er,
Was 3e nat wel atayse.
[1]Child hem bi-twene ne hadde þei non;
þer-fore to god he maden here mon,
Boþe be day & ny3the; [1 leaf 234]
Ie*s*u crist herde here bone,
& sente hem a ful god sone,
here hertes forto ly3the.

LAUD 108

þei bede god *with* her*t*e gode,
þat hem sende suich a fode
to se*r*ue hem & drede.
And Ie*s*u Crist, þat is so mylde,
3af hem *grace*, she was *with* chylde,
þe gode lauedye.
Boþe be day, & be nygHt,
3erne þei þonkeH our dright,
& Seinte Marie.

LAUD 463

þe3 bede god *with* herte guode,
þat hem sende such a fode,
To seruy him & drede.
And ie*s*u *c*rist, þat is so mylde,
Hem 3af *grace* hy was *with* childe,
þat guode Leuedye.
¶ Bothe be daye & eke be ny3te,
Wel 3erne hy þonkede oure dry3te,
And so hy dede Marie.

TRINITY

(11)

¶ þai þankeden god, & glade were,
And avoweden in þis manere
Chastite boþe to take,
And to lyuen in clene lijf',
Eufeniens & his gode wijf',
And synne to forsake.

LAUD 622

þe childe was mery in al manere,
As þai maden her praiere,
Aniȝth as þai gan wake.
Alexius þai gonnen hym calle;
yloued he was amonges hem alle
þat to hym gonnen take.

LAUD 622

---

whan they wyst þat hit was so,
Chanse theye leuyd bothe twoo,
Sythyn þey wolde for no need
Com to gedur in Flesschely ded.
Whan thys man chyllde was borne,

COTTON

Fayne were here frendys therforne;
Theye bare the chylde to chirche A none,
And crystenyd hyt in the Font stone.

COTTON

---

[1]So sone was bore þat blisful child,
Alix boþe meke and Mild, [1 leaf 44, bk]
and of maners hende.
sone after wiþ gret hast,
þei Auouwede boþe chast
to heore lyues ende.

VERNON

When he was bore, þat blisful child,
Alex, boþe mek & myld,
And of maneres hende:
A litel after, wiþ greth hast
þei a-voweden to him chast,
To here lyues ende.

LAUD 108

¶ þo þe childe y.-bore was,
þei þonkede Crist of his grace
wiþ glade chiere.
Also as þe wone was,
As þei coude with softe pas,
to chirche þei it bere.

// þo þis childe to chirche cõm,
To afonge Cristendõm,
as þe ryghte is,
his fader & his moder þo
Swiþe bliþe were bo,
& cleped it Alexijs.

¶ þei nadde bote þilk sone,
therfore as it is þe wone,
þei loued it þe more.
þo he was olde, ȝeres seuẽn,
þei him wissed with mylde steuẽn,
& sette him to lore.

LAUD 463

þo þis child y-bore was,
Crist þeȝ þonkede of þat cas,
With wel glade chere.
Al-so as þe wone was,
As hy couþe with softe pas
þat child to cherche bere.

¶ þo þis child to cherche com,
To vnderfonge cristendom,
As riȝt it is,
His fader & his moder bo,
Swiþe blithe were þo,
And clepude it 'allexis.'

¶ Hy nadde bote þat ilke sone,
þerfore, as it is þe wone,
Hy louede him þe more.
¶ þo he was old ȝeres seuene,
þeȝ wissede him with mylde steuene,
And sette him to lore[1]. [1 MS. sore]

TRINITY

(12)

¶ Alexius was sett' to boke,
To gode maistres þai hym toke,
And wise of clergie.
þe more he wex in elde & lengþe,
To seruen god he dude his strengþe
And his moder Marie.

LAUD 622

To þe Emperour whan he was brouȝth
þere dedes of Armes weren ywrouȝth
To lernen chiualrye;
þere miȝth he sen in tour[na]ment
what kniȝth was douȝttiest of dent'
And man of most maistrie.

LAUD 622

---

there theye callyd þe chylde Alexe;
Sone hit throofe, and wele hit wex.
Whan hit was vij yere olde and more,
hys freendys sett hym wnto lore;
he was sone Full goode of wytt,

COTTON

And wnderstode the holy wryte;
he loued god in aH his thought,
And of thys worllde gaffe he nought;
he sawe thys worllde was butt gyHe,
for hit showld laste but a whyle;

COTTON

þer-aftur was hit not longe,
Alix coupe speke and gonge,
and was i-set to lere;
sone he was a wel god clerk,
& muche he loued godus werk
forte speke & here.

VERNON

þer-after was it nat lange:
Alex coude speke & gange,
And was set to lere.
Sone he was a ful good clerk,
& meche he louede godes werk
fforto speke & here.

LAUD 108

¶ þis child wex & wel they,
Cristes help him was ney,
& þat was wel y.-sene;
for more he lerned in on ȝer
þan any of his oþer fere
dide in ȝeres tene.

// As sone as he vnderstod
Werldes blisse nas not god,
Who it vnderstode,
Werldes wele he forsok',
& to Iesu Crist him tok',
þat deyede on þe Rode.

// he besoughȝt nyghȝt & day
heueñ king', þat al wel may,
ȝeue him strength & mygh[t]e
Aȝein þe feond þat is aboute
to bring' his soule in gret doute,
gostliche to fighte.

LAUD 463

þis child wax, and wel y-þeȝ,
Cristis help him was neȝ,
And þat was wel y-sene;
ffor more he lernede[2] in one ȝere
þan eny of his oþere fere
Dede in ȝeres tene. [2 MS. sernede]

¶ ffor sone þis child him vnderstod
þis worldis blisse was noȝt guod,
þe man þat him vnderstode,
Worldes wele he forsoke,
And to iesu crist him toke,
þat do was on þe rode.

He by-soȝte nyȝt and day
Heuene kynge, þat al þynge may,
He ȝeue him strengþe & myȝte
¶ Aȝens þe fend þat is a-boute,
To brynge vs in euel route,
Gostlich to fyȝte.

TRINITY

(13)

¶ His fader was boþe wijs & ware,
ffor þat his son so wel hym bare,
he loued hym al his lijf⁴. 147
he þou3th to don swiche *pu*ruyau*n*ce,
whar-wiþ he mi3th hy*m* avaunce
And wynne hym a wijf⁴. 150
To a riche prince his son he sent⁵,
And afterward to hym he went⁵,
Stille wiþouten strijf⁴: 153

LAUD 622

A dou3tter he had, bri3th & shene,
þe heritage shulde hires bene
Of Castel & londes rijf⁴. 156

(14)

¶ wha*n* ayþer herd oþe*r*es wille,
And speken þe*r*of to-gedre stille
To make þat sposaile, 159
Of þe tyme come*n* was þe day
To fulfille wiþoute*n* delay,
Certeyn, wiþouten faile, 162

LAUD 622

---

neue*r*the les whan he was elde,
lone and felde For to wellde,
hys fad*er* puruyde hym a wyffe, 55
Wit whome he soulde led hys lyffe;
A mayden there was fayre and Fre,
Com of þe rycheste of that cette. [lf 146]

COTTON

In holy chyrche vppon a daye 59
They were spousyde in goddys laue;
Atte here spousyng I wott there stode
Beshoppys feHe and prestes goode;
Sythen theye made a mangery
With aH the beste of here aleye; 64

COTTON

As time as he bi-go*n* to belde,
and was i-come to Mo*n*nes elde,
hi*m* was chose*n* a wyf, 51

VERNON

Sone whan he gan to belde,
& forto comen to mannes elde,
him was chosen a wif, 51

LAUD 108

¶ his bone herde þe King⁴ of heueñ,
& spak⁴ to him wiþ mylde steuene,
& seide, 'Alexijs, 75
To-day þou may bliþe beo,
þi bone I. *gra*nte þe,
& a sete in heueñ blisse. 78

¶ And⁴ .I. þe do to vnderstonde,
þ*at* þou most þole shame & shond*e*,
al for my sake. 81
Into vnkouþ lond þ*o*u most⁴ wende,
Sone I. wile þe þider sende,
& al þi kin forsake. 84

Into vnkouþ lond⁴ þ*o*u shalt fa*re*,
& suffre myche tene & car*e*,
& al for loue myn; 87
& sithen þou shalt⁴ a3ein come,
& in þi fader hous wone,
& þ*er*-in haue goed⁴ fyn.' 90

LAUD 463

His bone y-herde þe kynge of heuene,
And spake to him *with* mylde steuene,
And seyde, 'allexis, 75
To-day þ*o*u my3t wel blyþe be,
ffor þyne bone ich granty þe,
And my blessynge y-wis. 78

¶ And ich þe do wel to vnderstonde
þat þou most þolye shame & shonde,
Al for myne sake. 81
Into vncouþe londe þ*o*u most wende,
Sone þuder ich wil þe sende,
And al þy ken forsake. 84

In-to vncouþ lond þ*o*u most fare, [lf 74]
And soffry moche tene þare,
Al for sone myne. 87
¶ And suþþe þ*o*u shelt a-3e come,
And in þy fader hous [shalt] wone,
And þ*er*-ynne fyne.' 90

TRINITY

To þe chirche of seint Bonefas
wiþ þis maiden þai token þe pas,
þat heiȝe was of paraile;
As custume was & shulde be,
þai maden gret solempnite,
þe Pope & his conseile.

(15)

¶ Alexius was shamefast',
And of weddyng' he was agast',
his vijs al pale bywent';

LAUD 622

Leuer hym were to be ded'
þan haue ytrowed þat ilk' red'
By his owen assent'.
He ne wist what he miȝth don;
fful gret sorouȝ com hym on,
he helde hym-self' shent'.
To god he gan hym al affye,
And to his moder seint Marie,
Trewely, wiþ gode entent'.

LAUD 622

AH that comyn thyder þat daye
theye were seruyd weHe to paye,
Com þey erley, com the late,
theye wer neuer wernyd þe yate;
there was nowder man nor knaue,
Byt mete and drynke he myght haue.

COTTON

Euery man had there plente
Of claret wyne and pymente;
There was many a riche wyne,
In syHuer and in golde fyne;
Many a coppe and many a pece,
with wyne wernage & eke of grece;

COTTON

Out of þe Emperors bour,
a maiden god with gret honour,
to wedden wiþ-oute strif.

VERNON

Out of þe emperoures bour,
A mayde good, of greth honur,
To wedde wiþ-oute strif.

LAUD 108

¶ þe childes fader fel in elde,
& his moder godes helde
ȝeres hadde fele.
he wold his sone shold' wiue,
To glade hem in her' liue,
& haue werldes wele.

þei sought' hem sone a mayde,
þat witty was, as al folk' sayde,
comen of hy kinne.
Woman she was of heu bright,
heo þouht' on crîst day & nyHt,
& kepte hir' fro sinne.

þo þei wer' to-gidere come,
þis maide & þis ȝong' gom̄,
In godes lawe,
þere was game & myche gleo,
Ac, for-soþe, tel I. þe,
eyled' him no plawe.

LAUD 463

þis childis fader fel on elde,
And his moder godis helde,
ȝeres hadde fele.
Hy wolde here sone sholde wyue,
To gladen hem in þis lyue,
And haue worldis wele.

¶ Hy by-soȝten him a mayde,
þat witty was and ful of rede,
I-come of heȝe kenne;
Woman hy was of hewe briȝt,
Hy þoȝte on crist day and nyȝt,
And wiste here fro senne.

ffor þo hy were to-gydere y-come,
þis mayde and þis ȝonge gome,
In godis lawe,
¶ þer was game and moche gle,
Ac, al for-soþe ich telle þe,
Ne eysede hem no plawe.

TRINITY

(16)

¶ Naþeles he lete his heuynysse,
And made mychel ioye & blisse
At þat solempnite.
He bare hym curteislich & stille,
To fulfille his faders wille,
Glad as he had ybe.
ffulfilde was þe weddyng
wiþ ioye & blis in al þing,
þat many man miȝth see.

LAUD 622

þe niȝth was comen, & þe day gon,
þe kniȝttes waten on & on
To her owen cuntre.

(17)

¶ Eufeniens his son gan calle,
And tidynges amonge hem alle
He tolde hym þat were newe.
'Son, to þi chaumbre þou most wende,
To þi wijf fair & hende, [leaf 22, back]
Blysful & briȝth of hewe.'

LAUD 622

And many A noder ryche vessell
with wyne of gascoyne and of rochell.
whan euyne com þat elke a gest
was gone to bed to take hys rest,

COTTON

Eufemyan callyd hys sone Anone,
And bad hym þat he shoulde gone
In to hys chaumbur to hys fere,
And cowmfort her in hys manere.

COTTON

¶ whon heo weren weddet þe furste
in godus lawe as hit was riȝt, [niȝt,
& weren i-brouȝt to house,
Mekeliche he gon hire teche
to drede god of sunne is leche,
þat is Maidenes spouse.

VERNON

Whan þei were wedded þe ferste nyȝth
In godes [lawe], as it was ryȝth,
& was I-brouth to house:
Mek[e]liche he gan hire teche,
To drede god, of sinne leche,
þat is maydenes spouse.

LAUD 108

¶ þe day was go, þe nyht was com̄,
Seide þe fader to þe sone,
wiþ glad cher,
'vp arys, sone myn,
& go into boure þyn,
To glade þi fere.'

// þo he com to boure to his fere,
he beheld þe may of glad chere,
& of bright hewe.
Sone menged his þouht,
In fonding he was brouht,
his car began al newe.

ne syȝte & made sory chere,
þe teres out of his wete lere
bitter he let falle.
Ne myht glade him his fere
with wordes ne with fair chere,
þat stod shred in palle.

LAUD 463

þe day was go, þe nyȝt was come;
þo seyde þe fader to þe sone,
With wel glade chere,
'Op arys, þou sone myn,
And go [þou] in-to boure þyn,
To glady þyne fere.'

¶ þo he was in-to boure y-broȝt,
He by-held þat may swaþel & toȝt
Of briȝte hywe.
Sone turnde he his þoȝt,
In fondynge he was y-broȝt,
His care be-gan al nywe;

He siȝte, & made sorweful chere,
Teres ouer his whyte lere
Bytere he let falle.
¶ Ne myȝte him gladye his fere,
With wordes ne with fayre chere,
þat stod y-shrud in palle;

TRINITY

And whan Alixius herd þat word
It pricked his hert as speres oord,
So sore it gan hym rewe;
Bot his fader wraþþi he nolde,
He had leuer be vnder molde,
þat neuer man hym knewe.

(18)

¶ whan þe folk was went away,
And he al-one in chaumbre lay,
Alexius gan to preche;

LAUD 622

Of Iesu he bigan his game,
werldes likyng he gan blame,
his 3onge wijf to teche.
He tau3tte hir, þat was so hende,
Hou she shulde haue god to frende
þat is oure soules leche;
3if she wolde alle her lijf
Duelle boþe maiden & wijf,
þe fende she mi3th do wreche.

LAUD 622

Alex was to hym obedyent, [leaf 146, bk]
and ded his faders comawndement;
In to a chaumbur he com fuH ryght,
And redy there he founde hys bryght,

COTTON

And toke here in his armys twoo,
And downe they layde bothe twoo;
'dame,' he sayde, 'nou it ys soo,
Of Flessche ar wee aHso.

COTTON

He preched hire with al his miht,
of sunne heo scholde haue no pli3t,
but holden hir Maidenhed.
Of Iesu þat Maiden clene,
in whom was neuere wem i-sene,
heo schulde han hire med.

VERNON

he prechede hire wiþ al his my3th:
Of s[i]nne 3e scholde hauen no ply3th,
Bote kepe hire maydenhod;
& of iesu, þat mayde clene,
In whom was neuere wem I-sene,
3e scholde habbe hire mede.

LAUD 108

---

[1]¶ No lenger to hele of he brak,
þe 3ongman to his bride spak,
with wel fair bere:
'Lemman, haue goday, [1 leaf 116, back]
No lenger I ne may
wiþ þe leuen here.

// Wende I. mot fer of lond,
& suffre tene & peines strong,
my sinnes to bete.
Boþe I. mot, for godesake,
ffader & moder myn forsak,
& þe þat art so suete.'

// þo she hadde herde þis tale,
Al hir blis turned to bale,
y.-swowe she fel to gronde.
þo she of swounyng ros,
Atterliche hir agros
with care she was y-bound.

LAUD 463

þo it alles op a brake,
þe 3onge man to his brede spake,
With wel fayre bere:
'Leman, haue guod day,
No lenger ich ne may
With þe by sene here.

¶ Wende ich mot fer out of londe,
And soffry tene & peynes stronge,
My synnes to bete.
Bothe ich mot, for godis sake,
ffader & moder myne forsake,
And þe þat art so swete.'

þo hy hadde y-herd þe tale,
Hire blesse turnde to bale,
A-swo3e hy fel to grounde.
¶ þo hy of swo3enynge a-ros,
Wel sore here a-gros,
With care hy was y-bounde.

TRINITY

(19)

¶ þat maiden herkned swiþe stille,
And whan he seide had̄ al his wille
þe holy gost hir lauȝtte, [mood̄
And she hym graunted wiþ mylde
To louen Iesu þat dyed [on] rood̄,
As he hym-self hir tauȝtte. 222
Alexius was þoo glad & bliþe,
his ioye couþe he noman kiþe,
his spouse a ryng' he rauȝtte, 225

LAUD 622

And seide to hir, 'my suete þing',
Take to þee þis ilk' ryng',
And kepe it in þine auȝtte. 228

(20)

¶ 'Of me whan þou wilt haue mynde
Loke here-on, as þou art hende,
Boþe by day & niȝth. 231
In pilerynage now wil I go,
And half' þe godenesse þat I do
Graunte þee god almiȝth.' 234

LAUD 622

Noue may we be gladde of þis lyffe,
For thowe art bothe moder and wyffe;
For aHwaye rede þat hit so be, 95
For nowe muste me wende frome the.

COTTON

Whylys I was yong I made a vowe,
That I wyH FullfeH hyt nowe,
For to wende a pylgremage,
Noue woH I doo þat vyage, 100

COTTON

þenne tok he his gold ryng,
and ȝaf hit to þat Maide ȝing,
and seide to hire þus: 69
'Tac þis Ryng and kep hit me,
til þat godes wille be,
crist beo bi-twene vs.' 72

VERNON

þanne tok he his gold ring,
& ȝaf þat mayde, þat was ȝing,
& seyde to hire þus: 69
'Tak þis ring, & kep it me,
Til þat godes wille be,
God bi-twene vs.' 72

LAUD 108

¶ Sone þo she myht' stonde,
She tar hir' heer, & wrong' hir' hond̄,
& made reuful bere. 147
'Nou þou wilt' my lef of londe,
Loke I. may after þe long',
Alas, þat I. ded̄ nere. 150

// Allas, mi lef, what hastou þouht,
Iu myche care þou hast me brouht',
on me þou hast sinne. 153
After þat þou art gon,
Vpbreid̄ me tyt manyon
of þi riche kinne. 156

// Awey, mi lef, þat I. was bore,
ffor al my blisse is forlore,
& nou waxeþ my pine. 159
Alone her-inne I. wile wone,
& euere eft' mannes mone shone,
Al for loue þine.' 162

LAUD 463

Sone so hy myȝte op-stonde,
Hy tar here her, & wrang' here honde,
And made reuful bere: 147
'Now þou wilt lef out of londe,
Loky ich may after þe longe;
Allas! þat ich ded nere! 150

¶ Allas my lef! what hast þou þoȝt?
In moche care ich am y-broȝt;
Of me þou hast synne. 153
After þat þou art a-gon,
Op breyde me tyt of manyon,
Of þyne riche kynne; 156

A-wey my lef, þat ich was y-bore,
ffor al my blisse is for-lore,
And now wexeþ my pyne. 159
¶ Allone her-ynne ich wille wonye,
[1]And euere eft mannes mone shonye,
Al for loue þyne.' [1 leaf 74, back] 162

TRINITY

Alexius þus his leue tooke;
Rewely his wijf gan on hym loke
þat was so fair & [1] briȝth; [1 MS. w]
She ne wist to what londe
þat she miȝth sende hym any sonde,
Doune fel þat swete wiȝth.

(21)

¶ Alixius from his richesse
In-to pouerte & wrecchednesse,
ffrom his frendes he fledde.

LAUD 622

vnto þe Cee he com wel sory,
A shippe he fonde to seil redy,
þe holy gost hym ledde.
Of his golde & of his pens
wel he aquited his despens,
hendely of þat he hedde.
þe wynde aroos at her wille,
whe*per* þai wolde, loude or stille;
At her likyng þai spedde.

LAUD 622

And þou schalt lewe here at home,
agayne as goddys wyll I come.'
he yaffe her a gyrdeH and a ryng,
aH for a tokyng at þeyre dep*ar*tyng;

COTTON

And Forthe he went that elke nyght.
To þe sse he come fuH ryght;
The shipe was redy, and ou*er* went,
wynde att wyH god hym sent.

COTTON

¶ who*n* he hedde don as i ou sei,
he tok his leue & we*n*t his wei
fro*m* þat Maiden fre.
A parti god w*ith* hi*m* he tok,
& al þ*at* o þ*ur* he forsok,
and we*n*de him to þe séé.

VERNON

Whanne he hadde ido, as [I] ȝou sey,
He tok his leue & wente his wey
fro þat mayde fre;
A parti of his good he wiþ him tok,
And al þat oþer he for-sok,
he wente to þe see.

LAUD 108

¶ 'Lemman, al for þi sake,—
So doþ þe turtel for hir make
whan he is y.-slawe,—
Al myrthe I. wile forsake,
& euere-more sorwe take,
& shone al plawe.'

he tok his girdel in his hond,
& his mantel þ*er*wiþ he wond,
& his ring of golde.
'Mi le*m*man, haue þis to þe,
& oþer while þenk on me
Whan I. lye vnder molde.

¶ Gret wel fader & mod*ur* myn,
leue her-inne, & beo her hyne
w*ith* wel milde mode.
þilk lord .I. þe beteche,
þ*at* is of alle bales leche,
& deþ þoled on þe rode.'

LAUD 463

'Leman, al for þyne sake,—
So doþ þe drake for here make,
Wha*n*ne he is a-slawe,—
Alle merthe ich wille forsake,
And eu*er*e-more sorwe take,
And shonye alle plawe.'

¶ He nam his gerdul on his hond,
And his mantel þ*er*-on he wond,
And his ryng of golde.
'My leman, haue now þis to þe,
And oþ*er* whyle þenk on me,
wha*n*ne ich ligge vnder molde;

Gret wel fader & moder myn,
By-lef her-ynne, & serue him
W*ith* wel mylde mode.
¶ þulke lord ich þe by-teche,
þat is of alle bale leche,
þat deþ þolede on rode.'

TRINITY

(22)

¶ At a Cite Galys men calle
To londe þai gonnen aryuen alle,
wiþouten enpeirement.
Alexius of hem took leue,
And worschiplich þai hym 3eue:
To chircheward he went.
He þanked god wiþ good wille
Erly & late, loude & stille,
þat þider hem hadde sent.

LAUD 622

He bisou3th god, & gan to wepe,
þat from þe fende he shulde hym kepe
And his enticement.

(23)

¶ þus he þat had riche wedes,
Hei3e hors, & gode stedes,
And Armes bri3th & shene,
Al he leet þe godes gret,
And went on his bare feet,
his soule to make clene.

LAUD 622

---

whan he come Into a Fer contre,

COTTON

he come into a ryche cytte,

COTTON

He fond schipes redi,
to on he wente priueli,
ouer forte fare.
whon he was ouere on þe sond,
he was in an vnkouþ lond,
þer he con neuer are.
He went him forþ with godus wille,
a feir cite he com tille,
þe nome i schal ou telle.
Edissa hette þe cite,
godus seruaunt forte be,
þerinne forte dwelle.

VERNON

He fond schipes redely;
To on he wente priueli,
ouer forto fare;
He seyde he was a chapman,
& preyde, he moste wiþ hem gon,
3if þat here schip were 3are.
fforþ he wente wiþ godes wille;
A fair cyte he com vn-tille;
þe name I schal 3ou telle:
Edissa hatte þat cite;
Godes seruant þer to be,
þer-inne wolde he dwelle.

LAUD 108

// Out of bour he went anon,
As swiþe as he myht gon,
Right to þe stronde.
Sone a ship he fond 3are,
þat was redy to fare
Into vnkouþ lond.
¶ Into þe ship anon he wend,
& god suche wind sende
þat sone to lond hem brouht.
þat ship was god, þe watur deope,
& oþer while sore he wepe,
& was in gret þouht.

LAUD 463

Out of þe borgh he wente anon,
So swiþe so he my3te gon
Ry3t to-ward þe stronde;
Sone a schip he fond þare,
þat was redy to fare
In-to vncouþe londe.
¶ In-to þe schip anon he wente,
And god wel sone such a wynd sente,
þat to þe lond hem bro3te.
þat schip was guod, þat water dep,
And oþer whyle sore he wep,
And was in moche þo3te;

TRINITY

Ofte it fel in his mende
Of his fader & moder hende,
þat sou3th he schulde bene.
He wolde for none kynnes þing
þat Men hadden of hym knouyng,
þerfore he gan to flene.

(24)

¶ ffrom þat cuntre swiþe he 3ede,
To-ward Surrie in feble wede,
þat noman shulde hym knowe.

LAUD 622

þere he duelled in grete pouerte,
In hunger, in þorst, & oþer smerte,
þat many man it sowe.
þe Cee of grece passed he is,
In-to þe Cite of Annys,
He com þat ilk þrowe.
God he bitau3tte his compaignye,
And 3ede to a chirche of seint Marie
wiþ herte meke and lowe.

LAUD 622

---

[1] Knowyn he wolde in no wyse be
Of no man þat shoullde hym see.

[1 leaf 147] COTTON

COTTON

þe goodus þat he wiþ him brou3t
of hem wolde he ri3t nou3t,
he 3af hem pore men.
His Robe he 3af þer he sauh nede,
and cloþed him-self in pore wede,
for no mon scholde him ken.

He ede to A chirche hei,
þer pore men seeten in þe wei,
Almus forte take.
AMongus hem he sat a-doun,
and asked wiþ deuociun
sum god for Godus sake.

VERNON

þe goodes þat he wiþ him brougth,
Of hem ne wolde he ry3th nowth,
Bote 3af hem pore menne ;
his robe he 3af þer he sey nede,
& cloþede him-sulf in pore wede,
ffor noman scholde him kenne.

he 3ede to a churche-3ate,
þer pouere men sete in þe gate,
Almesse forto take ;
Among hem he sat a-doun,
& Askede wiþ deuocion
Sum good for godes sake.

LAUD 108

// þo he vp to londe com
he seld his cloþes euerichoñ,
& bou3t him pore wede ;
And his gold & his feo
Among þe pore delte he
þat hadde mychñ neode.

¶ Sone he it vndernoñ,
þat he to a borughñ com,
þat mychel was & kete.
Sone so he þider coñ
to þe temple þe weye he noñ,
God selue to grete.

LAUD 463

þo he in-to þe lond com,
He solde his cloþes euerichon,
And bo3te him pouere wede.
¶ Al his gold and al his fe,
Among þe poue*re* delte he,
þat hadde moche nede ;
Sone so he þuder com,
To þe temple he wente anon,
God self to grete.

TRINITY

(25)

¶ At þat chirche is an ymage
Of oure lefdy vpon a stage,
þat many man haþ sou3th.
It was ymaked of Aungels honde,
To def & doumbe of o*þer*e londe
Miracle *þer*e was wrou3th.
Alexi*us* was glad & bliþe,
His ioye couþe he noma*n* kiþe,
In hert ne in þou3th,
wha*n* he mi3th seen in signe
Hou goddes ymage fair & digne
In his moders barme was brou3th.

(26)

¶ Often he made his orisoune,
wepande wiþ deuocioune,
To þe q*ue*ne of heuene,

LAUD 622

And seide, 'moder mylde & free,
Praie þi son of gret pouste
ffor his names seuene,
þat from heuene com to þee, [leaf 23]
By assent of þe trinite,
þorou3 þe Aungels steuene,
Here to suffre many peynes
In al his body & his veynes,
In erþe as I can neuene,

(27)

¶ 'And þat he sheweþ in his *mer*cy,
Marie, to þee I make my cry,
þat am a synful Man;
ffor wiþ his blood & peynes grene,
þe whiche to vs purchaced ene,
ffro helle he vs wan.

LAUD 622

In that cyte was an Image,
That was lyke godd*es* wysage,
Many a pylgryme had hit sought,
For hit was neu*er* w*ith* honde wrought.
Alex herd ther of than t[e]He,

COTTON

Than thought he there to dueH.
A none he yaffe Frome hym awaye
to powre men aH hys monaye;
And bought hym pore man ys wede,

COTTON

þat chirche was of vr ladi,
þ*er*-Inne was a gret celli,
an ymage of hire sone,
Maked of a wonder werk,
þ*at* nouþ*ur* lewed mon nor clerk
ne mi3t wite hou hit was done;
fforþi was þider gret seky*ng*
of on and o*þur*, old and 3yng,
of al þat Cuntre,

VERNON

þat churche was of oure leuedy;
þer-inne was a greth selly,
An ymage of hire son,
Maked of a wonder werk, [leaf 234, bk]
þat neyþer lewed man ne clerk
Niste hou it was don.
þerfore was þider greth sekyng
Of on & oþer, old & 3ing,
Of al þat countre;

LAUD 108

Among þe pore he woned þar
In sorwe & in myche care,
til he fel to elde.

LAUD 463

¶ Among þe pouere he wonede þare,
In moche sorwe and moche care,
ffor-to he fel to elde.

TRINITY

Swete Iesu, heuene sire,
warisshed he is þat wil þe desire
ffrom þe fende sathan.
wel is hym þat suffren may
ffor þi loue niȝth oiþere day,
Peyne þat paie þee can.'

(28)

¶ whan noþing nas hym bileued,
And he fer from his frendes to dreued,
his cloþes weren to rent.
Amonge þe pouere in þe chirche hawȝe
he begged, & was her felawȝe,
And took þat god hym sent.
Almesse þat god hym ȝeue,
þe pouer þat wolde þere bileue
wiþ hym in present,

LAUD 622

He ȝaf þat haluendel & more,
And was hym-self of hungred sore,
And took it in good entent.

(29)

¶ Euery sonenday houseled he was,
And shryuen also of vche trespas
þat fel to any synne.
Michel he waked & litel he sleep,
Of þat he shulde his body wiþ kepe,
Litel hym com wiþinne.
ffrom þe tyme he took his tourne
ffrom Rome, þere he was borne,
he was souȝth of his kynne
In alle cuntrees, in euery toun,
In chirche, in felde, vp & doun,
ffor nouȝth wolde þai blynne.

LAUD 622

That none of theyme shoullde thak hede,
And axed his met eorly and late,
With poremen att the mynster yate.
All the mete þat he myght gete,

COTTON

Bot euery day a melys mete
To pore men gaffe A noone ryght,
he lefft hym sylffe none ouer nyght.
there dwellyd he xvij yere,
And lede his lyffe in thys manere;

COTTON

---

fforþi þe pore þat per ware,
Alle þe betere miȝte fare
for heore Charite.
Alix, of al þat miȝte he gete,
nedliche bote he moste ete,
he ne held to his bi-houe;
To pore men þat wolde hit take,
he ȝaf hit for cristes sake,
þat sitteþ us alle aboue.

VERNON

ffor-þi þe pouere þat þer were,
Alle þe betere myȝtte fare
þoru here charite.
Alex, of þat he myȝtte gete
Nedliche bote þat him-self wolde ete
he ne held to his by-houe;
To pouere men þat wolde it take,
Al he ȝaf for godes sake,
þat is in heuene A-boue.

LAUD 108

Ouht þat he spare myht
Be day, & eke be nyht,
his pore feren he delde.

LAUD 463

Al þat he spelye myȝte,
Be daye and ek be nyȝte;
His pouere feren he delde.

TRINITY

(30)

¶ His kynrede com þere hym biside,
þat had ysouȝth hym fer & wide,
& ȝaf hym her Almesse,
As he satt amonge þe pouere,
In grete meschief & stronge to couere,
ffor hunger in wrecchednesse.
Sore of hym þai gonnen rewe,
Stille he satt, & wel hem knewe,
Her names more & lesse.
Ychaunged was his faire hewe
þorouȝ reyn & wynde þat on hym blewe,
And oþer stronge destresse.

LAUD 622

(31)

¶ whan þai miȝtten nouȝth spede,
Ne hym of axen in no þede
Ne in no londe of take,
wiþ sorouȝ þai gradde, allas! allas!
And wenten to Rome, þe riȝth pas,
her sorouȝ miȝth nouȝth slake.
Alexius noþing þouȝth,
Bot on Iesu crist he þouȝth,
And grete ioye he gan make
ffor he ne was nouȝth biknowe
Of his frendes heiȝe ne lowe,
His welþe gan a-wake.

LAUD 622

---

his Fader and hys modyr bothe,
Than he was to theyme Fvll lothe;
his fadyr made gret dole and sorowe,
Bothe on euen and on morowe.
'Alas!' he sayde, and wrong his honde,

COTTON

'Why is my sonne went owte of lond?
I wende haue hade of hym a knyght,
with me to stonde In all my ryght;
nowe ys he wente þat was my blysse,

COTTON

¶ Nou is Alix dwelled þore:
his fader atom sikeþ wel sore,
and seiþ, Allas! Allas!
His Moder wepeþ niht and day,
& seiþ, Allas! & weila-wey,
þat euere heo i-boren was.

VERNON

Nou is Alex dwelled þere;
his fader at hom seyetȝ sore,
& seyþ 'allas! allas!'
his moder wepuþ nyȝth & day
& seyþ 'allas & weylawey,
þat euere ȝhe born was.'

LAUD 108

þo þe tiþing was y.-com̄
To þe fader of þe sone,
hou [he] was a-go,
him þouht his herte wold to-breke,
On word ne myht he speke,
for sorwe ne for wo.

Ofte he syȝte, & grente sore,
To tar his her, his lockes hore,
þe gode old man.
ȝerne he gradde godes ore,
þat he ne moste liue namor
to swoune he began.

LAUD 463

þo þe tydynge was y-come
To þe fader of þe sone,
How he was a-go,
¶ Him þoȝte his herte wolde breke,
O lepy word he ne myȝte speke,
ffor sorwe and for wo;

Ofte he siȝte & grente sore,
To tar his shroud, his lokkes hore,
þe guode olde man.
ȝerne he gradde godis ore,
þat he ne moste lyue namore;
To swoȝeny he be-gan.

TRINITY

(32)

¶ Eufeniens seide in his mende,
'þe most' wrecche fer oiþere hende
Certes now am I.
Conforte ne ioye ne may me come;
Now my childe is me bynome
My song' is tourned to cry.
My wijf is barayne, & ek' olde;
She ne may haue no childe for colde,
Oure heir al forto by.
In sorouȝ & care my lijf is diȝth,
ffor to dye it were my riȝth,
And hennes to party.'

LAUD 622

(33)

¶ wiþ þat his moder fel to grounde
And lay yswowen a longe stounde,
And roos vp al afrayed':
'My leue son, þat were so meke,
I ne woot' where I shal þee seke,
þerefore I am dismayed.'
His moder ne miȝth lete sorouȝ,
Neiþer at euene ne at morowe,
In sawȝe as it is seide.
To hir chaumbre she went' in hast',
And of hire bedd þe cloþes doun cast',
And siþen hem al to breyde,—

LAUD 622

I west hym neuer do man a mys.
Nowe haue I none of my lynage [lf 147]
That maye welde myn herytage.'
Than sayde his moder, and wepte full sore,

COTTON

'Noue shall I see my sonne no more;
I was full glade whan he was borne,
nowe ys all my Ioye forlorne.

COTTON

¶ His wyf wepeþ and makeþ hir mone,
& seiþ þat heo schal liuen alone
as turtul on þe treo.
Euermore with-outen Make,
Ioye and blisse heo wole forsake
til heo hire spouse i-seo.

VERNON

his wif wepþ & makeþ hire mone,
& þus [ȝhe] schal lyuen allone,
As turtle opon þe tre,
Euere-more wiþoute make;
Ioye & blisse ȝe wile for-sake,
Til ȝe hire spouse se.

LAUD 108

¶ his moder wiþ softe pas
went' to bedde, & gradde 'allas
þat she was y.-bore.'
Nolde she neuere eft out-coñ,
þer' she weope for hir' sone,
þat she hadde lore.
All þat þer-inne were
// hem-self drouȝ be þe her',
& wrong' her' hond';
Besouȝte god', he shold' hem ler',
To what lond' he go wer',
& wher' he wer' astond'.

LAUD 463

¶ His moder with wel softe pas
Wente to bedde, & gradde, 'allas,
þat hy was y-bore.'
Nolde hy neuere eft out-come,
Ac þere hy wep for here sone,
þat hy hadde for-lore.
Alle þat þer-ynne were,
Hem-selue drowe by þe here,
And wronge hare honde.
¶ Be-soȝte god þat sholde hem lere,
To what londe þat he were,
And where he were a-stonde.

TRINITY

(34)

¶ Ciclatounes þat weren of prijs,
Pelured wiþ Ermyne & wiþ grijs,
Alle she cast' away,
And wered cloþes symple & blake.
Litel she sleep, & mychel gan wake,
And fasted eu*e*ry daye.

LAUD 622

'Lorde,' she seide, 'almi3tty,
To þee & to þi moder mary
I make a vow, & saye,
þat I shal neuer hennes wende
Tyl Alexius come oi*þer* sende,
Oi*þer* I be roted in clay.'

LAUD 622

I haue hade robbys maney and fayre,
Nowe woH I next me were the ayre,
TyH I maye some tydynge*s* here
of my sone that was so dere.'
than spake his wyffe, and wepte among.
'My leffe,' she sayde, 'was done wrong,

COTTON

COTTON

Nou is fader, wi*th* dreri chere,
biddeþ his Men come*n* hi*m* nere,
as þei wolde haue heore mede.
He pre3eþ hem þat þei ben boun
to wen*den* & sechen his deore sone,
in eue*r*iche a þeode;
þat 3e ne dwelle for no þi*ng*,
er 3e han herd su*m* god ti*þing*
wher þat he be.
Goþ nou forþ, and god ow spede,
þ*er*fore i schal, so God me rede,
3iue*n* ou gold and ffe.

VERNON

Nou his fader wiþ dreri chere
He biddeþ his men him comen nere,
Als þei willen hauen þere mede,
& preyeþ hem þat þei ben boun,
To wende & sechen his dere sone
In euerich ilk a þede.
'þat 3e ne dwelle for no þing,
Ar 3e hauen herd su*m* tyding,
Where þat he be;
Goþ nou swyþe, & god 3ou spede!
þerfore I schal, so god me rede,
3iuen 3ou gold & fee.'

LAUD 108

---

his fader & his moder bo,
ffor her' sone wer' wo,
þat .I. ne may of telle.
fforto seke her' sone,
In whicH lond' he wer' becom̄
Men þei sent sneH.
¶ It befel vpon a day,
þat þe men nom̄ her' wey
forþ right be þe chirche;
þ*er*e her' lord' nyht' & day
Among' þe pore folk lay,
C*r*istes wiH to wirche.

LAUD 463

His fader & his moder bo,
ffor hare sone were ful wo,
þat ich ne may al telle.
ffor to sechen hare sone,
In what londe he were by-come,
3onge men he sente snelle.
¶ It by-fel opon a day, [leaf 75]
þat 3onge men nome hare way
fforþ ri3t by þe cherche
þere hare lord ny3t and day,
Among' þe pouere folk' lay,
Cristis wille to werche.

TRINITY

(35)

¶ Now mowen ȝee here pleyntꝭ pitouse
Of Alexius trewe spouse,
Hou she made her mone;
In gretꝭ sorouȝ was hir ententꝭ,
Her here she drouȝ, her cloþes rentꝭ,
Grymly she gan grone.

LAUD 622

'Al my ȝouþe & my solas,
Myne hope, is lorne, allas,
And my bidyngꝭ alone. [leaf 23, back]
I. am boþe maiden & wijfꝭ,
I. nootꝭ to whom telle my strijfꝭ,
I lyue as ankre in stone.

LAUD 622

---

he toke me in my fadyrs bowre,
And brought me hydder with grete honouer.

COTTON

And he has me nowe for-sakyng,
To Iesu cryst I wyll me takyne;

COTTON

¶ Now wende þei forþ Alix sekande,
vchone to diuerse lande,
ȝif þei miȝte him winne.
Summe of hem þorwh Godus grace,
comen in-to þat ilke place
þat Alix was Inne.
He sat in pore Mennes rowe,
þerfore þei couþe him not knowe,
þei ȝeuen him Charite.
He tok hit wiþ mylde mod,
and seide, 'Iesus, þat died on Rod,
lorde, i þonke þe.

VERNON

Nou gon þei forþ Alex sekynd
In diuerse londes to here tyding,
ȝif þei him myȝtte wynne;
Somme of hem, þoru godes grace,
Comen into þat ilke place
þer Alex was Inne.
he sat in pore mene rowe;
þerfore couden he hym nat knowe;
he ȝaf him charite;
& he it tok wiþ milde mod,
And seyde 'Iesu, þat deyde on rod,
Louerd, I þanke þe!

LAUD 108

---

he knew hem, & þei not him,
Of herꝭ goedꝭ þei ȝeuen him,
as it wolde falle.
he heriedꝭ godꝭ, & made him gladꝭ,
þat he for his loue hadde
Almes of his thralle.
Outꝭ of þe bourghꝭ þei went sone,
to herꝭ lordꝭ þei come
wiþ goedꝭ spede.
Tiþinges none þei brouhte
Of his sone þat þei soughte,
In vnkouþe theode.

LAUD 463

He hem knew, and hy noȝt him;
Of hare guode hy ȝeue him,
As it wolde falle.
¶ He herede god, and made him glad,
þat he for his sone bad
Almesse of þralle.
Out of þe borgh hy wente sone
To here lord til þat þeȝ come
with wel guode spede.
Tydynges none hy ne broȝte
Of his sone, þat him soȝte
In vncouþe þede.

TRINITY

(36)

¶ 'Siþþe I ne haue to whom me mene,
Lijk is my lijf on to sene—
þat am wiþouten redˀ— 423
þe turtel þat is for sorouȝ lene,
And tredeþ on no gras grene,
Siþen hire make is dedˀ. 426

LAUD 622

Allas, hou shal I. ioye haue ?
Oiþer hou shal I my-seluen saue
To lyue in maidenhede ? 429
Me were leuer of hym a siȝth,
þan welde al þis londe riȝth
In lengþe & in brede.' 432

LAUD 622

Sorowe and morenyng may I weH make,
As the turteH dothe withowten his
Ioyefuh schaH I neuer bee, [make.
TyH I maye my leman see.' 160
hys Fader send bothe fer and vyde
Messengers on euery syde,
To seke his sonne where he was went,
Bothe Fer and nere where he was went.

COTTON

Sythen affter yt befeH soo, 165
Of messengeres there com too,
Ryght to the Ryche Cete, [leaf 148]
There alex lywyd In pourte. 168
As they com In to a strete,
Alex com and shoulde hym mete ;
Sone knewe he þeyme fwH weHe,
And þey knewe hym neuer a dele.
lowde he spake vnder hys hoode,

COTTON

Lord, i-þonked be þou ay,
þat i haue beden þat ilke day,
þat i may for þi sake ; 159
Of hem þat in myn owne lond,
serued me to fot and hond,
her Almus to take.' 162

Nou þis Men þat weren out-sent,
aȝein ham-ward þei hem went
to sire Eufemiane. 165
þei sworen alle bi heuene kyng
of Alix herde heo noþing,
as wide as þei hedden i-gone. 168

In eueri lond [þat] we han ben
we founde no mon þat him couþe sen,
þat to him couþe vs wisse. 171

VERNON

Louerd, i-her[i]d be þou ay !
þat i haue beden þat ilke day,
þat I may, for þi sake, 159
Of hem þat in myn owene lond
Serueden me to fot & hond
Here Almesse forto take.' 162

Nou þese men þat were out-sent,
aȝen homward þei ben I-went
To sire eufemian. 165
þei swore to him be heuene king :
Of Alex herde þei no tyding,
As wyde as þei hadde gan. 168

' In eche a lond þan haue we be,
We ne founden no man þat couþe
þat to him coude vs wisse.' [him se,

LAUD 108

¶ þo þis ȝongman woned haddˀ
In þe touⁿ as a pore ladde
ȝeres seuentene, 261
Godˀ wolde his care wende,
& to his fader hous him sendˀ,
to bringˀ him out of teone. 264

LAUD 463

¶ þo þis ȝonge man y-woned hadde
In toune as a pouere ladde,
ȝeres seuentene, 261
God self wolde his care wende,
And to his fader him sende,
And bringe him of tene. 264

TRINITY

(37)

¶ She roos vp erlich a morowe,
And to his moder she went in sorouȝ
ffor loue of hire spouse,
And praied hir þat she most duelle
wiþ hir, þat sorouȝful pleynt to telle,
þat strong was and greuouse.

LAUD 622

þe lefdy was wel apaied
whan she had þus yseied,
þat was so preciouse.
And at oo bed & oo cloþing,
Seuentene ȝer was her duellyng
Boþe in one house.

LAUD 622

'For goddes lowe do me som goode;'
Theye gaffe hym of theyre money,
For goddes lowe there in the waye.
whan Alex sawe þeye knwe hym nought,
he thanked god in aH hys thought.
'lorde,' he sayde, 'I thank the
the grace þat thowe hast sent me;
Myne owne men that shoullde bee,

COTTON

hate gewyn me of theyre cheryte.'
Alex dweHyd styH there
Fully xlij yere and more.
To chyrche he went euery daye,
his goode bedeyes there for to saye;
In to that chyrche, with owtyn fayle,
Was an Images of fayre entayele,
Of owre lady þat is so Free,
With here sonne wppon here knee;

COTTON

"Nou, allas! þat i was boren;
boþe haue i nou forloren
mi Ioye and my blisse."

¶ In þis tale wol we non dwelle,
of Alix wol we nou telle,
þat riche pore mon.
Alix was pore Monnes fere
fulle seuentene ȝere,
fro þat he bi-gon,
Sittinge in a chirche-ȝerde,
among pore men an herde,
in a simple wede.
An ymage in þat chirche stoode
of his Modur þat died on rode,
for ur alre nede.

VERNON

'Allas, he seyde, þat he was born!
boþe[1] haue I nou for-lorn [1 boþo MS.]
Mi ioye & ek my blisse.'

In þis tale wille we nat dwelle,
Bote of Alex wile we telle,
þat riche pore man.
Alex was pouere mannes fere
ffulli seuentene ȝere,
fro þat he bi-gan,
Syttynde in a churche-ȝerd
Amonges oþere men an herd
In a simple wede.
An ymage in þat cherche stod,
Of his moder þat deyde on rood
ffor oure alþres nede.

LAUD 108

It befel in a nyght
þat þe mone shoñ bright,
þe belleward him wend.
þe leme of heueñ he sey alih,
& stonde vpe godes knyght,
þat al þe chirche a-tende.

LAUD 463

It by-fel in one nyȝt
þe mone shon swyþe bryȝt,
þe belward hym by-wende.
¶ þe leome of heuene he seȝ a liȝt,
And stonde ope godis knyȝt,
þat al þe cherche attende.

TRINITY

(38)

¶ Lordynges, ȝee þat willeþ lere,
a faire miracle ȝee mowen here:
Bifore þat self ymage,
þere þat Alexius sate
wiþ pouere men in þe gate
As a pouere page,
þe ymage, þat aungels gonne wirche,
Spaak to þe serieauntz of þe chirche
þere she stood on þe stage,
And hete hem alle wiþouten lettynge
Goddes sergeaunt to chirche brynge
wiþouten any outrage.

LAUD 622

(39)

¶ 'He is riȝth stedfast of lijf;
His werkes shullen ben made rijf
Ouer al fer & neere.
þe holy gost wiþinne hym rest;
Charite sitteþ in his breest,
Brennande as fyre.
Longe in pouerte his lijf he haþ led;
He ne com neuere in no bed
þise seuentene ȝere;
His holy lijf, bot god alone,
Ne woot non in þis werldes wone;
To seintȝ he may be pere.'

LAUD 622

That Images spake, þat was so bryght,
to the sexteyene vppon a nyght.
[1]'Take,' sche sayde, 'my seruante swythe,

[1 leaf 148, back]

COTTON

he hathe me seruyd aH hys lyeffe;
FuH offte he woHe to me lowthe,
hit is no ryght þat he is withowte.'
'lady,' he sayde, 'I knowe hym nought,

COTTON

¶ Atte seuentene ȝeres ende
spac and seide wordus hende
þat ymage of tre,
To þe wardein of þe chirche,
& seide, "wardein, if þou worche
eny-þing for me,
"ffecche þou in mi sones nom,
for seuentene ȝer hit is gon
þat he haþ ben þer-oute.
I warne þe witerli
to dwelle her-in he is worþi,
þer-of haue þou no doute;
"He haþ serued heuene briȝt,
þe holi gost in him is liht,
& ȝiueþ him miȝt and grace,

VERNON

At þe seuentene ȝeres ende,
Spak & seyde wordes hende,
þat ymage of tre,
To þe wardeyn of þe churche,
& seyde: 'wardeyn, ȝif þou werche
Enyþing for me,
ffeche þou In my sones man,
ffor seuentene ȝer it is i-gan
þat he haþ ben þer-oute;
I þe warne wyterly,
To duelle her-inne he is worþi;
Whar-of ne haue no doute.
he haþ deserued heuene bryȝth,
þe holy gost is in him lyȝth
& ȝiuen him myȝtte & grace,

LAUD 108

---

[1]¶ Sone at morwe whan it was day,
þat he be þis man say,
wide he it tolde.

[1 leaf 117]

LAUD 463

Sone amorwe, so it was day,
þat he by þis manne i-say,
Wyde he it tolde.

TRINITY

(40)

¶ þe sergeauntz lepen out in hast',
As men þat weren sore agast',
And ful of grete drede
Of þe ymage þat to hem spak'
Of goddes *ser*geaunt wiþouten lak'
þat sat' in beggers wede.
wyde aboute þai hym sou3th,
And 3ut founden þai hy*m* nou3th
Amonge þe pou*er*e felawrede;
And whan þai nou3th hy*m* fynde mi3th,
To þ*at* ymage onon ri3th
Hastilich þai 3ede,

LAUD 622

(41)

¶ To þat Maryole wiþ teres cler*e*,
And bisou3th hir on þis manere,
'þat she sent hem grace
Goddes man hou þai shulde*n* knowe,
þat had ben hei3e & bare hy*m* lowe,
And where he sat in place.'
þe ymage spaak' ofte wordes newe,
'I 3ou hote, sergeaunt3 trewe,
A3ein[ward] þat 3ee pace;
Amonge þe pou*er*e he sitteþ, to-tore
Boþe bihynde & bifore,
wiþ a lene face.'

LAUD 622

Nor I wott neu*er* where he schuH be sought.'
She sayde, 'he sitteþe eorly and late
W*ith*owtyn att the mynst*er* yate.'

COTTON

Anon he owte of his slepe brayde,
And thought what þe Image sayde.
And forthe went the sextayne,
And fownde alex knelyng In þe Rayne.

COTTON

þ*at* his p*re*3*er*e, w*ith* milde steuene,
is swete & god & hei3 *in* heuene
bi-fore mi sone face."

¶ þenne seide þe wardeyn, 'ladi,'
he seide, 'i wolde fayn, & i
wuste whulche.'
'Go out faste as þou mai3t go,
þou fyndest þ*er* on & no mo,
b*r*ing hi*m* in þat ilche.'

þe wardein w*en*te hi*m* out ful 3ar*e*,
he fo*n*d hi*m* redi sitti*n*ge þare,
he brou3te hi*m* *in* ful sone.
He seide, 'sire, 3if hit be þi wille,
þou art welcome nou vs tille,
here-in schaltou wone.

VERNON

þat his preyer wiþ milde stephene
Is good & swete & mylde in heuene
Byfore my sones face.'

þanne ansuerede þe wardeyn
& seyde: 'lauedi, I wille ful fayn,
and I wiste wilk.' [leaf 235]
'Go owt so swiþe so þou mayst go,
þou ne fyndest þer no mo,
Bryng him [in] þat ilk!'

þe wardeyn wente him out ful 3are,
he fond [him] redy sittinde þere,
he brougthe him In ful sone;
And [seyde]: 'sire, 3if it be þi wille,
þou art welcome vs vntille,
Her-Inne schaltou wone;

LAUD 108

To þe chirche þei gonne teo
þilk' holy man to seo,
Boþe 3ong' & olde.

LAUD 463

To þe cherche hy gonne teo,
þe holy man for to seo,
Boþe 3onge and olde.

TRINITY

(42)

¶ þe *ser*geaun*t*ȝ stirten out̄ skeet̄,
þai founde*n* hy*m*, & kisten his feet̄,
And mercy þai hym cryde,
And ledden hym in-to holy chirche,
Goddes werkes forto wirche,
þe*re*inne to abide.
Of þe gode ma*n*nes loos
þe miracle & þe cry aroos
Oue*re* al in vche syde;
Michel poeple þider ran,
Of þe miracles þat herden þan,
Of cuntrees fer & wyde;

LAUD 622

(43)

¶ And worschiped hy*m* in word & dede,
Alle þat miȝtten in lengþe & brede;
And duden hym gret honoure,
And beden hy*m*, boþe day & niȝth,
He bere her erande to god almiȝth
þat is oure saueoure.
þo was Alexius swiþe woo
ffor þ*at* he was honoured soo,
And made grete doloure;
For swiche honou*r*e & swiche glorie,
As it is writen in his storye,
He ne loued in tou*n* ne toure.

LAUD 622

Fayne was he that he hym founde,
A-non he toke hym vpe be þe hande.
'A-ryse,' he sayde, 'my leve and dere,
hit ys no ryght þ*at* thowe sitt here.

COTTON

Com̄,' he sayde, 'my lady bade,
And there of mayst þou be glade.'
AH̄ that hard this tydynge*s*,
Theye worshippyd Ie*s*u, hewyn kyng.

COTTON

'I was out aft*ur* þe sen*t*,
þorwh vr ladies comau*n*deme*n*t,
þe in forte take;
wi*th* muchel honour schaltou haue
alle þi*n*g þ*at* þou wolt cra*u*e,
for þ*at* ladies sake.'

¶ þe*n*ne þis word bi-go*n* to spr*i*nge,
& of hi*m* was gret spekyn*g*e,
for his holynesse.
þ*er*fore he þou3te forte wende,
to ano*þ*ur lo*n*d forte lende,
þ*er* me kneu3 him lesse.

VERNON

I was out after þe i-sent
þoru our lauedies comandement,[1]
þe in forto take.
[1 MS. comandemement]
Mechul honur schaltou haue,
& alle þing þat þou wilt craue,
ffor þat lauedies sake.'

Whan þis word be-gan to sp*r*inge,
þat of him was a gret spekyngge
ffor his holinesse,
Sone he þoutthe forto wende,
To o*þ*er londe forto lende,
þere men him knewe lesse.

LAUD 108

¶ þis holy man t*ur*ned̄ his thoughȳt,
worshipe of men kepte he nou3t̄,
þat is frakel atte ende.
Out of bourgh̄ he went̄ anon,
to þe watur he com gon,
þ*er*-ouer he moste wende.

LAUD 463

¶ þis holy man t*ur*nde his þo3t,
Herynge of man ne kepte he no3t,
þat frel is atte ende.
Out of þe borgh̄ he wente anon,
To a water til þat he com,
þ*er*-ou*er* he moste wende.

TRINITY

(44)

¶ ffor þat his meryte wolde slake
þat he shulde of god take,
þerfore it liked hym ille.
werldes honoure forto flee,
Al by niȝth, in pryuete,
He stale away ful stille
In-to þe londe of Galys.
To seint Iames chirche I-wys
he com wiþ gode wille,
And þere he sete amonge pouere men,
And beged his mete in þe fen, [leaf 24]
his penaunce to fulfille.

LAUD 622

(45)

¶ þoo he had þere twelfmonþe ysete
wiþ pouere Men, & begged his mete,
His fadres sergeauntȝ come
And souȝtten hym forsoþe I-wys
In pilerynage atⁱ Galys,
To bryngen hym to Rome.
And whan Alexius hem gan see,
Stillelich he gan flee,
As man of riȝt wisdome:
In-to thars he þouȝth fare,
And atⁱ þe Royn he fonde ȝare
A shippe þat was al tome,

LAUD 622

Whan Alex sawe hit schulde be ryffe,
hys penance and hys holy lyffe,
here kepte he to haue mede,
In this worllde for his goode deede;

COTTON

Bytt stylly he yeede a waye [leaf 149]
In to a-nodr dyuers contre.
To þe se he cam in þat entente,
In to spreusse he woƚde haue wente;

COTTON

þer wolde he no lengor beo:
monnus honour forte fle,
fro þat stude he wente
In-to Laodiciane,
forþ þe riȝte wey a-none,
as Iesu crist him sente.

In-to a-noþur lond he þouȝt,
godus wille til he hedde wrouȝt,
þer nomon hed him knowe.
Assone as he was in þe se,
forte wende þer he wolde beo,
þe wynd bi-gon to blowe;

VERNON

þere ne wolde he lengere be,
Mannes honur forto fle,
ffro þat stede he wende
Anon to laodician
fforþ þe ryȝtte wey anon,
Als iesu crist him sende.

To A-noþer lond he þout,
Godes wille to han I-wrouth,
þer noman ne hadde him knowe.
Als swiþe as he was in þe se
fforto wende þer he wolde be,
þe wynd be-gan to blowe.

LAUD 108

// Into þe shipe he went a nyght,
Elles-whare þei hadde tyght
Into vnkouþe londe.
þei wentⁱ fairⁱ swiþe ryghtⁱ,
& sone at morwe þo it was lyht
At Rome þei gonne astonde.

LAUD 463

In-to þe schip he wente anyȝt,
ffor elles-whar he hadde i-dyȝt
In-to vncouþe londe.
¶ He wende fare swiþe riȝt,
Ac sone amorwe þo it was liȝt,
At Rome hy gonne a-stonde.

TRINITY

(46)

¶ And Pilgrymes gret' plente
þat wolden passen ou*er* þe Cee,
To tars þat wolden ȝare.
He bad þe shipman, for goddes loue
þat is in heuene vs aboue,
he most wiþ hem fare.
Grete grucchyng' þai alle made;
Alexi*us* fer & ner gan wade,
ffor nouȝth wolde he spare;
Eue*r*e he cried loude & shille,
Til þai graunted hy*m* his wille,
þoo was he out' of care.

(47)

¶ þai drowen vp seil, þe wynde w*as*
And saileden ouer þe salt' flood, [good,
þe weder w*as* at her wille;
vntil, þe þrid dayes ende,
Swiche a storme Ie*s*us gan sende,
þat alle hem liked ille.

LAUD 622

þai wenden wel haue went to tars;
þe wynde was gret, & noþing skars,
þonder dyned shille;
ffor liȝttynges grete, & þonder blast',
wel sore þe poeple was agast',
þai grete & groned grille.

(48)

¶ þe wynde hem droof, forsoþe to
In-to þe londe of Romeyne, [seyne,
þ*er*e Alexius was borne;
þoo was þe poeple in wel mor*e* care,
ffor þat þai were aryued þare,
þan þai weren er biforne;
ffor þat tyme were þe folk' of Rome
þe mest shrewen of cristendome
wiþouten oþes ysworne.
ffor pilgrymes þat aryueden þ*er*e,
her catel þat þai wiþ hem bere,
On hast was forlorne.

LAUD 622

---

byt there com A storme of wynde &
rayne,[1] [1 MS. raynde] 221
And droffe þe shipe home a
gayne,

COTTON

That In a lytyll stonde they come
Ryght to þe cyte of rome. 224
Alex sayde þan w*ith* sympyll cher,
'Alas!' he sayde, 'wat do we here?

COTTON

þe wyn*t* bi-go*n* þe schip to d*ri*ue,
til þei bi-go*n*ne to aryue,
as hit was godus wille, 243
In rome, þ*er* he was fed & bore*n*,
þ*er* his wonin*g*e was bi-fore*n*,
of al hi*m* þhuȝte hit ille. 246

VERNON

þe wynd be-gan þe schip to dryue
Til þat he be-gonne to Aryue,
Als it was godes wille, 243
In rome þer he was fed & born,
þer his wonyng was be-forn,
þei al him þoute ille. 246

LAUD 108

¶ þo he to londe come
Into þe tou*n* he moste rome,
his liflode to wynne. 291

LAUD 463

þo he in-to þe lond com,
In-to þe toune he moste gon,
His lyflode to wynne. 291

TRINITY

(49)

¶ Riȝth so bifel by þoo dawes
By Alexius & his felawes.
Of sorouȝ was her speche;
Also sumtyme bifel a cas,
þoo god almiȝtty bad Ionas
To Nyniue gon & preche;
Ionas wist wel her wille,
þe folk' of niniue weren ille
And wicked for to teche;
Away Ionas wolde haue ystole
ffrom goddes hest', & han hym hole;
Ak' sone hym fel a wreche.

(50)

¶ Ionas wende god bigile,
And wolde haue went to anoþer yle
In þe grikkissh Cee;
he gan to shippen atte Ryuage;
wynde aroos wiþ wood rage,
þat sorouȝ it was to see.

LAUD 622

ffyue dayes euere iliche it lest'
wiþ sorouȝ & care, her tempest',
þat seyl ne miȝth þere be.
þan seide þe maister 'forsoþe Iwys
Sum cursed Man amonges vs is,
þat wel witen mowe we.

(51)

¶ 'we willeþ caste amonges vs alle,
Lott', on whom it may bifalle,
And ouere bord' he shal be cast'.'
And whan þe prophete herde þis,
He þouȝth he had ydon amys,
And was sore agast'.
þries þai beren aboute þat lot',
Ac on Ionas fel vche grot',
þe first and þe last'.
þe maister hym þrew ouere bord';
A whal hym swalewe at oo word'
ffor oo morsel in hast';

LAUD 622

Myght hitt haue bene affter me,
here woƕde I nought haue I-bee;
Butt gode woƕde hit myght befaƕ
I myght be in my fadris hauƕ,

COTTON

So that I myght vnknowen be
of hym and of his meyny.'

COTTON

---

whon he sauȝ non oþur won,
he bi-þouȝte him sone Anon,
wher him was best to be.
To him-self he seide and þouȝt,
'siþen þat Iesu haþ me brouȝt
in-to þis Cite,

VERNON

Whan he saw non oþer won,
he be-þoutte him sone anon,
Whare him was best to be;
To him-sulf he seyde & þouȝth:
'Siþen Iesus me haþ hider i-brouȝth
In-to þis cite,

LAUD 108

As he went' þoruh þe strete,
his oune fader he gan mete,
As he com fro his inne.

LAUD 463

As he wente þorgh þe strete,
His owene fader he gan mete,
As he com from his ynne.

TRINITY

(52)

¶And þere he dwelled forsoþe apliȝth
þre dayes fulle & þre niȝth,
ffor Ionas was vntrewe;
And at þe þre dayes ende,
Swiche grace god gan sende,
þe Cee to londe hym þrewe.
whan þe whal was comen to londe,
þerto was many mannes honde
On hym forto hewe;
And whan þe whal was to-cleued,
Ionas pylte vp his heued,
And gan his body shewe.

LAUD 622

(53)

¶ vp he roos, þe folk to teche,
And goddes wordes he gan preche,
And lered hem her lefnesse,
And made hem wynne goddes loue,
To wonen wiþ hym in heuene aboue,
þe poeple more and lesse.
¶ Riȝth so Alexius had yment
To Tars forto haue ywent;
Ac god hym sent destresse,
And made hym to Rome wende,
To wonen þere among his frende,
holy wryt bereþ witnesse.

LAUD 622

Forthe he vent vpe be a strete,
many a man there gan mete;
But there was no man þat hym knwe,

COTTON

So was he lene and blake of hewe.
There come his fader hyme agayne,

COTTON

'I con no beter red of alle,
bote go to my fader halle,
in pore mennes route.
I may sitte vppon þe rowe;
þer nis no mon schal me knowe,
so longe ichaue ben oute.

¶ Vppon a day Eufemiane
fro his paleis was he gane,
and ham-ward he eode,
with muche folk þat wel was diȝt,
boþe swein, [&] knaue, & kniȝt,
þat gode weren at nede.

VERNON

I ne can no betere red of alle,
Bote gon to my faderes halle
In pore mannes rowte,
I may sitte in þe rowe,
þer nis no man þat me schal knowe:
So longe Ich haue ben oute.'

Vpon a day sire Eufemian
ffro þe paleys was he gan,
And homward he ȝede,
Wiþ mikel folk þat wel waren dyȝth,
Boþe knaue sweyn & knyth,
þat gode were in nede.

LAUD 108

// þo þe sone his fader mette,
Mildeliche he him grette,
And bad him som gode.
þe godeman sone herd his bone,
for al his blod gan menge sone
vpon his oune fode.

LAUD 463

¶ þo þe sone his fader mette,
Wel myldeliche he him grette,
And bad him of his guode.
þe guode man grantede his bone,
ffor al his blod gan menge sone
Ope his owene fode.

TRINITY

(54)

[1]¶ whan Alexius was to londe ygon,
Seyl þai drouȝen vp onon, [[1] leaf 24, back]
And wenten in þe Cee,
Al to thars tiłł þai come
ffro þe wicked londe of Rome,
And maden solempnite.
Alexius com in-to his owe,
And of his frendes was he nouȝth
ffor so naked was he; [knowe,
And als a straunge man he went'
To his fader wiþ gode entent',
And seide to hym *par* charite,

LAUD 622

(55)

¶ 'Eufeniens, goddes frende,
þou art' holden good & hende,
Alesed of gret Almesse!
ffor his loue þat was ybete,
And for vs suffred woundes grete,
helpe me in þis destresse,
ffor I ne can to no Man gon
Mete to crauen, bot' þee on,
No herberewe more ne lesse;
Make of me þi bede-man!
And by hym *þat* þis werlde wan,
þou miȝth haue heuene blis;

LAUD 622

With mayny a knyght and many a swane,
Than com *with* hym on ylke a syde;

COTTON

Alex stode stełłe theyme to a-byde.
'Syr,' he sayde, 'for godd*es* sake
Wyłł yee thys porman In thake?

COTTON

¶ Alix þouȝte he wolde him mete,
& ron faste bi þe strete,
til þat he him mette.
whon he sauȝ þat he was neiȝ,
with a vois [boþ] loude & heiȝ,
Eufemian his fader he grette,
And seide *with* a milde steuene,
'sire, for godus loue of heuene,
haue merci of me.
Icham a pilgrim pore & naked,
þat haþ gret defaute ymaket,
sire, as ȝe mowe se.

VERNON

Alex þoute he wolde him mete;
& ran forþ faste be þe strete
Vn-til þat he him mette;
Whan he say þat [he] was ney,
Wiþ a voys boþe loud & hey,
Sire Eufemian he grette,
& seyde wiþ a mylde stephene:
'Sire, for godes loue of heuene
haue merci on me!
Ich am a pilgrym pore & nakud,
þat gret defaute haþ I-maked,
Sire, as ȝe may I-se.

LAUD 108

¶ ȝet spak þis holy man
To his fader Eufemyan,
wiþ mylde mode:
'þat goed þat þou þenkest do me,
Iesu Crist' it ȝelde þe,
þat diede on þe Rode;

LAUD 463

ffor ȝut him spak' þe holy man
To his fader Eufemian,
With wel mylde mode:
¶ 'þat guod þat þou þenkest do me,
Iesu crist it ȝelde þe,
þat deyde on þe rode.

TRINITY

(56)

¶ 'ȝiue me þe crommes of þi table,—
þan doostou dedes merciable,—
And herberewe in þine house; 663
And of Alexius, þi son so fre,
Afterward I shal telle þee,
þat þou helde preciouse: 666
þan shaltou be day & niȝth
Glad, whan þou hym seest wiþ siȝth,
And eke þi trewe spouse.' 669
Eufeniens ansuered þoo,
'I graunt wel þat it be so.
þine bedes ȝif þou wilt ouse.' 672

LAUD 622

(57)

¶ To a Man he hym bitoke,
þat seke Men coupe wel loke,
Nouȝth as a Man of taske; 675
To kepe þat Man he bad hym pinke,
And brynge hym boþe mete & drynke
whan he wolde aske. 678
'ȝif god wil, my creatoure,
He shal be kepte wiþ honoure,
His peynes forto laske, 681
To seien his bedes, & bidde for me
To veray god in trinite,
fforto he be roted to aske.' 684

LAUD 622

---

for his lowe þat dyed on Roode, [If 149, back]
Gywe me clethe and manys foode;
and for his lowe þat went for the,

COTTON

God sende þe grace hym for to see.'
This ryche man with stode þan, 247
And callyd one of his owne men,

COTTON

Receiue me in-to þin halle, [If 44, col. 2]
þer þi pore men aren alle;
and graunte me þe mete, 279
And i schal preȝe niȝt and day
for þi sone þat is a-way,
þat Iesu crist him gete, 282

And grante þe, for his woundes fyue,
þat þou mai seo him ȝit a-lyue
þat was þin herte blisse; 285
And þe, sire, without strif,
Ioye of him in soule lyf,
crist þe to him wisse.' 288

VERNON

'Resceyue me into þin halle,
þere þine pore men ben alle,
& graunte me þe mete! 279
And I schal preye nyȝth & day
for þi sone þat is awey,
þat Iesu crist him þe gete, 282

'& grante þe, for his wondes fiue,
þat þou myttest him se in þine lyue,
þat was þin herte blisse, 285
&, sire, to habbe wiþoute strif
Ioye of him in soule & lif,
Crist þe til him wisse.' 288

LAUD 108

---

ffor if it is in þi mode
þat þou hast any fode,
In vnkoupe londe, 309
Crist .I. beseke, par charite,
þat he wile to him seo
wher he beo astonde.' 312

LAUD 463

ffor ȝif it is in þyne mode,
þat þou hauest eny fode,
In vncoupe londe, 309
Crist ich by-seche par charite,
þat he wel to him by se,
Wher þat he be a-stonde.' 312

TRINITY

(58)

¶ Eufeniens bad he shulde be
þere þat he miȝth hym ysee
late and erly;
In þe halle he shulde be layd.
was þere non þat it wiþsayd,
Bot graunted hastyly;
þai loued hym more þan any man.
To kepe hym wel, he hete hem þan,
And wisten neuer why
His wijf hym loued at herte dere;
wel wolde she þat he serued were,
And mychel was hym by.

LAUD 622

(59)

¶ wiþouten any grucchyng word,
Mete þat was vpon hire bord
þai senten hym to almesse,
Riȝth of her owen dissh,
were it flessh oiþer fissh,
while he was in destresse;
þus was þe pilegryme yserued þan.
who he was, wist noman,
Gret was his þolemodenesse;
ffor ȝif his moder oiþer his wijf
hadden ywist Alexius lijf,
It had ben her gladnesse.

LAUD 622

And gaffe hym mete an dr[i]nk bothe,
And with pore men hym to clothe.
There dwellyd alex wythem aHe,

COTTON

Sewentene yere in his Faders haH;
There was no man, hye ne llawe,
yong ne owlde, þat hym myght knowe;

COTTON

¶ þenne Eufemian with-stod,
and grantede wiþ a milde mod
þat pore mon his bone.
He grantede him forte cloþe and feede,
and bad his men heo scholden him lede
to his hous al sone.

He grantede him, as i ou telle,
an hous al-one þer-in to dwelle,
wiþ-outen eny fere;
And a mon þat scholde him gete,
& bringe him boþe drinke and mete,
whon þat mester were.

VERNON

þanne eufemian þer wiþstod,
& grantede him wiþ milde mod,
þe pore man his bone;
he grantede him to cloþe & fede,
& bad his men he scholde him lede
To his hous as sone;

And grauntede him, as [I] ȝou telle,
An hous allone þer-in to dwelle
Wiþ-outen eny fere,
& a man þat scholde him gete
And bringe him boþe drynk & mete,
Whan þat mester were.

LAUD 108

¶ þo he spak of his sone,
þe godeman, as it was his wone,
Gan to sike sore.
his herte fel cold so stone,
þe teres fellen to his tone,
Ouer his berd hore.

LAUD 463

¶ So sone so he spak of his sone,
þe guode man, as was his wone,
Gan to sike sore.
His herte fel so cold so ston,
þe teres felle to his ton,
Ouer his berd hore.

TRINITY

(60)

¶ wiþ hym þai speken, & hym seiȝen
wiþ her mouþe & wiþ her eiȝen,
ffader & moder & wijf[t]; 711
Nouȝth for þan non hym knew,
Noiþer by hide ne by hew;
Al chaunged was his lijf[t]. 714
His fader he seiȝ often grete,
And his moder teres lete
ffourty siþes & fyue. 717

LAUD 622

yuel miȝth hym liken þat seiȝ þis;
his martirdom was strong[t] I-wys,
Of sorouȝ & paynes ryue. 720

(61)

¶ Alexius in al wise
Dude to god his seruise
wiþ stedfast wille in hert[t], 723
In fastyng[t], & in orisouns,
In many manere deuociouns
Of peynes þat weren smert[t]. 726

LAUD 622

---

his owne men for rebaundrye 255
dyd hym manye a welonye.

COTTON

They hylde water wppon hys hede,

COTTON

¶ Nou Alix, as ȝe han [i]herd,
is dwelled in his fader ȝerd,
as a pore mon; 303
In preȝere, wakynge, and fastinge,
he seruede Iesu, heuene kynge,
in al þat he con. 306
Seruauns þat were proude and ȝinge,
þei driuen him ofte to skorninge,
as heo eoden vp and doun; 309
And ofte-siþes broþ of fissches,
& watur þat þei wosschen in dissches,
heo casten vpon his croun. 312

VERNON

Nou Alex, As ȝe habbeþ i-herd,
Is dweld in his fader ȝerd
As a pore man. 303
In preyere of fasting & waking,
he seruede Iesu, heuene kyng,
In al þat he can. 306
Seruantȝ þat were proute & ȝungge,
him dryuen ofte to heþingge,
As he ȝede vp & doun; 309
& ofte-siþes, broþ of ffissches,
& water, as he wessch here dissches,
þei caste vp-on his croun. 312

LAUD 108

¶ To his hous þe pore he broughte,
And[d] a ȝong man him betaughte
to seruе him to queme. 321
þere he woned[d] day & nyght,
& serued[d] god[d] wiþ al his myht,
ȝeres ȝette seuentene. 324
// Somme þat of þe in were
þe holymannes cloþes tere,
þere he lay in his bedde; 327
Ofte þei drowe be þe here,
& of broht[t] & watur cler
þei caste in his nebbe. 330

LAUD 463

[1]To his house þe pouere he broȝte;
One ȝonge man him be-toȝte
To seruy him to queme. 321
¶ þere he wonede day and nyȝt,
And seruede god with al his myȝt,
ȝeres ȝut seuentene. [1 leaf 75, back] 324
Some of þo þer-ynne were
þe holy mannes clothes tere,
þere hy leȝe on his bedde. 327
Ofte hy drowe him by þe here,
And of water and of broþ him bere,
And caste in his nebbe. 330

TRINITY

And al was forto wynne heuene;
To here Aungels wiþ mylde steuene,
he suffred þis pouert' 729
ffulle seuentene 3er;
he wered breech maked of her,
And al swiche was his shert'. 732

(62)

¶ Sergeauntz, þat þere-inne were,
Ofte siþes gramed hym þere,
And despised hym fast'. 735

LAUD 622

þe wasshyng' of her vessel
þai cast on hym euerydel,
þat was swiþe vnwrast'; 738
And cleped hym shrewe ypocrite,
And ofte-tymes gonne hym smyte
Vnder þe cheke in hast': 741
Ac Alexius was of god fulfild,
In gode penaunce he it helde,
And þanked hem at þe last'. 744

LAUD 622

And gaff hym þat was in the dyche levyd;

COTTON

But euer he hylde hym stylle, 259
And AHe he suffyrde with goode wyH.

COTTON

Of al þe schome þat þei him wrou3te,
he þonked Iesu þat him bou3te,
& 3af him mi3t þer-to. 315
He was meke in alle þing,
þer-of mi3te no mon him bring,
for nou3t þat þei couþe do. 318

¶ Alix dwelled þere stille,
as hit was Iesus cristes wille,
seuentene 3ere 321
In his owne fader Inne;
kneu3 him non of al his kunne,
neiþer fer ne nere. 324

VERNON

[1] Of al þe schame þat þei him wrou3the,
He þonkede Iesu, þat him bouthe,
& 3af him my3tte þerto; [1 leaf 235, back]
He was þolemod in alle þinge,
þer-out ne my3tte no man him bringe,
ffor nowth þei couden do. 318

þere dwelde Alex stille,
As it was Iesu cristes wille,
Seuentene 3er; 321
In his owene faderes In,
kneu him non of al his kyn,
Neyþer fer ne ner. 324

LAUD 108

// Ofte þei him bete & buste,
þat þe lord' þer-of niste,
þese wikkede fode. 333
þei clepeden him waste bred',
& wissheden þat he wer' ded',
y.-wis þei wer' wode. 336

¶ Al þe shame þat he drey,
þe while he was his fader ney,
he þolede with mylde mode. 339
And ofte to god' he gan grede,
þat he for3af' her' misdede,
& bringe hem to gode. 342

LAUD 463

¶ Ofte hy him bete and burste,
þat þe lord þer-of nuste,
þo vnlede fode. 333
þe3 clepude him 'waste bred,'
And weste þat he wer' ded;
I-wis hy wer' wode. 336

Al þe shame þat he dre3,
þe whyle he wonede his fader ne3,
He þolede with mylde mode. 339
¶ And ofte to god he gan grede,
þat he for-3eue hem hare mysdede,
And bro3te hem to guode. 342

TRINITY

(63)

¶ Alexius, þat was goddes kniȝth,
ffor penaunce þat was on hym liȝth,
Almest his lijf was lorne. [leaf 25] 747
Wel he seiȝ, þorouȝ deþes lawȝes,
þat he drouȝ to his endyng' dawȝes,
ffor deþ com hym biforne. 750
His sergeaunt he cleped sone,
And for his loue, bad hym a bone,
þat bare þe crovne of þorne, 753
To fecche hym enk' & parchemyne,
fforto write in latyne
His lijf' siþþe he was borne. 756

(64)

¶ His sergeaunt was glad & bliþe;
Enk' & parchemyn also swiþe
He fette, & hym bitook'; 759

LAUD 622

Alexius þo write bigan;
Ak' þere was non bifore þan
þat wist he couþe in book'. 762
þere-inne he wroot oord' & ende,
Hou he fro his wijf gan wende,
And al his kyn forsook'; 765
And hou Alex at his partyng',
whan he took' his wijf þe ryng',
hou rewly she gan look'; 768

(65)

¶ And hou in pilerynage he ȝede,
In hunger, in þorst, in pouere wede,
And in what manere, 771
And hou he sat in grete destresse
Amonge þe pouere, & fenge almesse
Seuentene ȝere; 774

LAUD 622

A-gayne xvij wyntersende,

COTTON

Whane he schowlde owte of þis worllde wend,

COTTON

Atte seuentene ȝeres ende,
he wuste he scholde heþen wende,
þorw grace of þe holi gost, 327
To Iesu crist, godus sone,
in blisse with him forte wone,
in lyf þat euer schal last. 330

VERNON

At þe seuenteþe ȝeres ende,
he wiste he scholde hennes wende,
þoru grace of þe holy gast, 327
To Iesu crist, godes sone,
In blisse of heuene ay forto wone,
In þe lif þat euere schal last. 330

LAUD 108

// þe while he was in þe house,
eche day he sey his spouse,
his fader & his moder. 345
Ac sone he tornede to þe wowe,
þat he nere not' y-knowe
of hem ne of non oþer. 348
// þis holy man þought' þo
þat his lif was almest' do
ffor seknesse þat he hadde. 351

LAUD 463

þe whyle he wonede in þe house,
Eche day he seȝ his spouse,
His fader & his moder. 345
Ac sone he wente him to þe wowe,
þat he neuere nere y-knowe
Of hem ne of non oþer. 348
¶ þe holy man him þoȝte þo
þat his lyf was almest ydo,
ffor siknesse þat he hadde. 351

TRINITY

And hou his frendes comen hym by,
And he hem knew apertely,
þat souȝtten hym fer & nere; 777
And hou he stale a-way hem fro,
þat non hym knew of alle þo,
So chaunged was his chere; 780

(66)

¶ And hou þe ymage of oure lefdy
þe sergeauntz hete apertely,
In, hym, forto take, 783
And bydd his bedes in þe chirche,
Goddes werkes þere to wirche,
His sorouȝ forto slake; 786
And hou þat folk com fer & wyde
To þat chirche in vche syde,
honour hym forto make; 789

LAUD 622

And hou he stale away hem fro,
And wolde nouȝth be honoured so,
bot libbe in woo & wrake; 792

(67)

¶ And hou he wolde to tars haue wentt,
And whiche a tempest god hym sentt,
þat droof hem to Romeyne; 795
And hou he bad his fader goodd
herberewe & oþer lyues foodd,
He wroott forsoþe to seyne; 798
And hou he seiȝ seuentene ȝere
ffader, & moder, & wijf þere,
wiþ sorouȝ & mychel peyne; 801
And he wolde hem nouȝth yknowe,
Bot bare hym boþe symple & lowe,
þat had ben Man of meyne. 804

LAUD 622

---

he prayd hym þat brout hys mete,
Prev[i]ly he shouHde hym gete

COTTON

A lytyH ynke and perchemyne, 265
And aH hys lyffe he wrote there In.

COTTON

He gat him enke & parchemyn;
al his lyf he wrot þer-in,
as he hedde i-lyued here, 333
And radde hit siþen vchadel,
he þonked god, so mihte he wel,
wiþ ful bliþe chere. 336

VERNON

// he gat him enke & parchemyn;
And al his lif he wrot þer-In,
þat he had lyued here, 333
And radde it seþen eueri-del,
& þonkede god, so myȝt he wel,
Wiþ ful bliþe chere. 336

LAUD 108

---

parchemyn he þerr wan,
& al his lif wrott þer-on
as he lay on bedde. 354

¶ Also he wrot on his bokk
hou he his ȝongg wif forsokk,
þo he of londe wolde; 357
hou his mantel he hire betokk,
Andd his girdel he forsokk,
& his ringg of golde. 360

LAUD 463

Parchemyn he him wan,
And al his lyf wrot þer-an,
As he lay in his bedde. 354

¶ Al he wrot opon his bokk,
How he his ȝonge wyf forsokk,
þo he of londe wolde. 357
How he his mantel here by-tokk,
And his gerdel þat was so guod,
And a ryngg of golde. 360

TRINITY

(68)

¶ Iesus, þat is kyng' of glorie,
his martirdom & his victorie
Seiȝ, & his trauaile; 807
And whan he had his lijf' ywrite,
he hidde þere noman shulde ywite,
his book' of gode paraile. 810
Priuelich Alex it bare,
þat noman miȝth þerof be-ware
Hou mychel it wolde auaile; 813

LAUD 622

And, whan he dyed, I vnderstonde
It was founden in his riȝth honde,
writen wiþouten faile. 816

(69)

¶ On palme sonenday, after messe,
In þe chirche amonge þe presse,
A voice com, I ȝou rede, 819
ffrom heuene adoune, wel shille & clere,
þat seide to hem in þis manere,
where-of many gonne drede, 822

LAUD 622

---

whan hit was wretyn, he hit FoHde,
[1]And In his hand he gan hit hollde.
And a none he dyed, I wys, [1 leaf 150]

COTTON

And dyght his sowHe to hewyn blys. 270
That ylke a daye in tym of masse,

COTTON

¶ Whon he hedde don as i ou say,
vppon þe holy son[e]day
þat com aftur nest, 339
With muche Ioie & muche liȝt
his soule, þat was so feir & briȝt,
went out of his brest. 342

Whon þat gost was went to heuene,
þer com a vois with milde steuene
in-to an holy stede, 345
þere as þe folk of Rome were,
godus seruise forte here,
& biddynge of holy bede, 348

VERNON

Whan he hadde I-do as I ȝou say,
Vpon þe holy soneday
þat com after nest, 339
Wiþ meche ioye & meche lyȝth,
his soule, þat was so fair & bryȝth,
Wente out at his brest. 342

When his soule was went to heuene,
þer com a vois wiþ milde stephene
In-to an holy stede, 345
þer al þe folk of rome were,
Godes seruise forto here,
To bidden holy bede, 348

LAUD 108

// It befel on a sonenday
þat alle men of cristes lay
to þe chirche come; 363
Clerkes, knyghtes, ȝong' & olde,
þemperour, wiþ eorles bolde,
þe pope self of Rome, 366

// þo þei þidere come were
to her', as þei sholde þere,
Godes seruise, 369
Alle þei beden here bede;
Be þe lift' þei herde grede,
In wonder wise: 372

LAUD 463

¶ þat fel opon a soneday,
þat alle men of cristis lay
To þe cherche come, 363
Clerkes, knyȝtes, ȝonge & olde,
þe emperour with his erles bolde,
þe Pope self of Rome. 366

¶ þo hy þuder y-come were,
To here al so hy sholde þere
Hare seruise. 369
Al so hy hare bedes bede,
In þe luft hy herde grede,
In a wonder wise: 372

TRINITY

And seide, 'ȝee þat trauailed be
In hunger & þurst for loue of me,
Comeþ! I shal ȝou fede, 825
In heuene, þat is so fair & briȝth,
þare euere is day & neuere niȝth,
And ioye wiþouten drede.' 828

(70)

¶ þe poeple & þe clergie,
ffor þat voice songen þe letanye
wiþ gode deuocioun; 831

LAUD 622

And bisouȝtten þe heuene kyng',
þat he shulde ȝiue hem tokenyng'
ffro heuene to erþe adoun, 834
Of þe voice what it were
þat among' hem com þere
wiþ so mery soun. 837
þe voice com eft' anoþer tyme,
And seide as I schal seie in Ryme;
Herkneþ þis resoun: 840

LAUD 622

---

whan aH fowlke att chirche was,
A woyce cam frome þe trinite
To the bysshope of that cyte. 274

COTTON

'Com to me,' he sayde, 'þat woH swynke, [drynke;
And I schaH gywe yowe met and

COTTON

And seide þis word with-outen fayle:
'comeþ to me, þat haueþ trauayle
or tene for mi sake; 351
Comeþ to me, i schal ou fille
with ioy & blisse, & al or wille,
þat neuermore schal slake.' 354

Whon þei hedde þis wordus herd,
þei weren vchone sore a-ferd,
& fullen a-doun to grounde. 357
As þei leȝe & hudde heor face,
þer com eft, þorw godus grace,
in a luytel stounde, 360

VERNON

And seyde þes wordes wiþoute faille:
"Comeþ to me, þat haueþ trauaille
Oþer charge for my sake! 351
Comeþ to me, I schal ȝou fille
Wiþ ioye & blisse at al ȝoure wille,
þat neuere mor schal slake." 354

Whan þe folk hadde þat word herd,
þe[i] were echone sore a-fered
& fullen doun to grounde; 357
As þei leyen & hedde here face,
þar com owth, þoru godes grace,
In a litel stounde, 360

LAUD 108

¶ 'Comeþ alle now to me,
þat sinful haueþ .y.-beo,
And afong' ȝoure meode. 375
Alle þat haueþ þolede pine,
ffor þe loue of me & myne,
I. ȝou wile feode.' 378

// Of þis steuene hem þoughte wonder,
Many wende it were thonder,
to gronde þei gonne falle. 381
what þis cry betokne sholde,
þat goH hem shewe wolde
A kneo[1] þei beuen alle. [1 MS. keneo] 384

LAUD 463

¶ 'Comeþ alle now to me,
þat synful haueþ for me y-be,
And a-fongeþ ȝoure mede. 375
Alle þat haueþ y-þoled pyne,
Honger and þerst for loue myne,
Ich ȝow wille fede.' 378

¶ Of þis steuene hem þoȝte wonder;
ffele wende it were þonder;
To gronde hy gonne falle. 381
What þis cry be-tokny sholde,
þat god hem sone schewy wolde,
A-kneo hy beden alle. 384

TRINITY

(71)

¶ 'þere is a Man of dedes gode,
Spirituel, & mylde of mode,
Now in Rome Cite; 843
In penaunce he is 3ou amonge,
Certeynly 3ee ne shullen nou3th longe
here in erþe hym see; 846
A gode fridayes morowenyng',
he shal wende to heuene kyng',
þat sytteþ in trinite. 849

LAUD 622

Takeþ wiþ hym þe ri3th pace
To þe chirche of seint Boneface
wiþ grete solempnite.' 852

(72)

¶ þai sou3tten hym & nou3th ne founde,
And hadden many sorou3ful stounde,
Til þe gode fryday; 855
wiþ gret deuocioun among',
Of bedes & of chirche song', [leaf 25, bk]
To god þai maden her pray; 858

LAUD 622

'Sek ye vpe my serwaunte, where þat he be, 277
That he maye praye for this cete.'
oHde and yonge, lesse and more,

COTTON

AH hard this þat were there: 280
For hit was no man, lewde ne leryd,
But of this woyce he nas a-Feryd.

COTTON

Anoþer steuene milde & meke,
& bad þei schulde ris vp, & seke
A godus mon of Rome, 363
'þat 3e mowe, þorw3 his prez3ere,
of his godnes ben partinere
atte day of dome.' 366

¶ þei risen Al vp with bliþe chere,
& sou3te boþe fer and nere,
bi wei and [eke] bi strete. 369
And for noþing þat þei wrou3te,
with þat relik þat þei sou3te
mou3te þei nowhere mete, 372

VERNON

Anoþer stephene mylde & meke,
& bad hem vp arise, & seke
A godes man of rome, 363
'þat 3e mowe, þoru his preyer,
Of his godnesse ben partener
At þe day of dome.' 366

// þei risen alle wiþ bliþe chere
& southe boþe fer & nere,
Be weye & ek be strete; 369
Bote for noþing þat þei wrouth,
Wiþ þat relyk þat þei south,
My3tte þe[i] nowar mete; 372

LAUD 108

// Alle þat þer-inne were
Herde 3et' an noþer bere,
Right about' non. 387
'Goþ, beseecheþ godes knyght,
þat crist' serueþ day & nyght',
þat he bidde for Rome.' 390

¶ þe pope & his clerkes alle [lf 117, bk]
Adoun on kneo þei gon falle,
Beforne & behynde, 393

LAUD 463

¶ Alle þat þer-ynne were,
I-herde 3ut anoþer bere,
Ri3t aboute none: 387
'Goþ, by-sechest godis kny3t,
þat crist serueþ day and ny3t,
þat he bidde for Rome.' 390

þe Pope and his clerkes alle
A-doun on kneo gonne falle,
By-fore & ek' be-hynde, 393

TRINITY

þai praiden hym for his pyte,
And for his mychel humilite,
þat he hem sent to say
where was þe Man þe Aungel of tolde
Twyes er þan wiþ wordes bolde,
þat in swiche payne lay.

(73)

¶ þe þrid tyme com þe voice
ffro hym þat was don on croice

LAUD 622

wiþ gret solempne liȝth,
And seide, 'wendeþ wiþoute soioure
To Eufeniens þe Cenatoure,
ffor þere he liþ vche niȝth.
Swiþe good haþ ben his lijf;
His werkes shullen be made rijf;
His soule is fair & briȝth.'
þat ilk tyme, as I ȝou seie,
His gost went þe riȝth weie
ffro þe body to god almiȝth.

LAUD 622

Goddes seruaunte anon was sought,
but who hit was þey knowe hym nought;
That voyce sayde on that ylke a daye,

COTTON

And tolde hym redyly where he laye;
'In eufamyans hous,' he sayde, 'is he,
That hathe my Serwaunt long I-be.'

COTTON

Til þat vois, with wordes meke,
com a-ȝein & bad hem seke
in Eufemians house;
ffor þere scholde þei sone fynde
þat scholde hele doumbe & blynde,
a relik precíouse.

¶ þen þei ede sone anan,
& asked sire Eufemian
ȝif he kneuȝ such a mon.
He onswerde ful rediliche,
'i sigge ou lordingus sikerliche
of such ne wot i non.'

VERNON

Til þat voitȝ wiþ worde meke
Com aȝen, & bad hem seke
In sire Eufemianes hous,
'þer ȝe scholle sone fynde
þat schal hele dombe & blynde,
A relik precious.'

þanne wente þei forþ a-nan,
& askeden sire eufemian:
ȝif he knew swich a man.
he ansuerede redely
& seyde: lordingges, sikerly,
Of swich ne wot I non.

LAUD 108

And bede god Almyghty king
// þat he hem sende som tokenyng
wher þei myghte him fynd.

Iesu Crist, þat is so mylde,
Reuthe hadde of þis childe,
þat is in care bounde.
To hem seide heuene spouse,
'Goþ to Eufemianes house,
þer he worþ y.-founde.'

LAUD 463

¶ And bede god almyȝty kyng,
þat hem sende som toknyng
Wher þorgh hy myȝte him fynde.

Iesu crist, þat is so mylde, [leaf 76]
Ruthe hadde of þis childe,
þat was in care y-bounde.
To hem he seyde, þe heuene spouse,
'Goþ to Eufemia[ne]s house,
þere he worþ y-founde.'

TRINITY

(74)

¶ þe holy pope Innocent
And þe Emperoures swiþe went',
Sire Eufeniens to calle,
And chalenged hym in þis manere,
Eufeniens & his wijf' yfere,
Riȝth amonge hem alle;
'In þine house is, þat is so meke,
Goddes man þat we seke;
Hou may þis cas bifalle?
we haue ysouȝth hym fer & wyde,
Hou darstou goddes sergeaunt hyde
In boure oiþer in halle?'

(75)

¶ Eufeniens ansuered sone,
As he auȝtte forto done,
To þe pope Innocent',

LAUD 622

And seide, þeiȝ he shulde deye,
Of swiche a Man couþe he nouȝth seye,
By god omnipotent'[1]; [1 MS. omnipototent]
'ffor swiche a Man ȝif I knewe,
ffayn I wolde hym to ȝou shewe
Treuly wiþ god entent'.'
þan seiden þe Cardinales twelue,
'God ȝeue þat it were þi-selue
Byfore vs in present'.'

(76)

¶ In þat tyme tweie emperoures
Of Rome kepten þe honoures
wiþ her cristen menee;
þat on hete Archadius,
And þat oþere Honorius;
þai weren hende & fre.

LAUD 622

---

the besshope And þe emperour went in to euffamyans hous;
They axyd hym of syche a man;

COTTON

he sayde he knwe there of noone.
on of his seruaunttes was thane thore,

COTTON

¶ þenne wente forþ þe Emperours,
Archadius & honorius,
& Inocent þe Pope,[1] [1 Pope *eras'd*]
Anon to Eufemians in,—
er þei weore þer, wolde þei not blin,—
with hem a god gret frape.
þen com a knaue sone a-nan,
& seide to sire Eufemian,
'go we, sire, i rede,

VERNON

þanne wente forþ þe emperuors,
Archadious & honorius,
& Innocent þe pape,
Anon to sire Eufemia[n]s In;
Til þei come þere, wolde þei nat blyn;
Wiþ hem wente forþ greth frape.
þanne cam forþ a knaue anan,
& seyde to sire eufemian:
'Go we, sire, I rede,

LAUD 108

// After þis steuen̄ vp þei stod',
& heried' god' wiþ glad' moed',
Alle þat þere were.
ffor nought' þe pope was so gram̄,
Eufemian he vndernam
wiþ wel sterne bere:

LAUD 463

¶ After þis steuene, op hy stode,
And herede god with glade mode,
Alle þat þer were.
ffor noȝt þe Pope was ful gram,
Eufemian he vnder-nam,
With wel sterne bere:

TRINITY

wiþ Eufeniens þai wenten riȝth
fforto fecchen goddes kniȝth,
þat was so good of fe. 909
Ac eufeniens was swiþe liȝth,
And went bifore his hous to diȝth
wiþ gret' solempnite 912

(77)

¶ Eufeniens, whan he hom cam,
Al his meignee he vndernam,
ȝif þat þai euere ysowe 915
Any Man þat so holy were
As þe Aungel tolde of ere,
Of his meignee to knowe. 918
Alexius wardeyn com þan,
And seide, 'sir, it is ȝoure bedeman,
þat lijþ ded by þe wowe; 921

LAUD 622

He þat þou hast so longe yfed,
wiþ mete & drynk', clooþ &. bed,
He bare hym euer lowe. 924

(78)

¶ 'I trowe wel it may so be,
whom so ȝee seche, þat it is he,
ffor he was good of lijf'; 927
His bedes he bad as a frere,
Ne wolde he nouȝth, while he was here,
Louen fiȝth ne strijf'; 930
A book' in his honde he halt'
Swiþe fast, & narewe yfalt',
who þat it couþe descryue; 933
I ne woot' what he þereinne wrouȝth;
þe parchemyn I hym bouȝth,
Gon fourty dayes & fyue.' 936

LAUD 622

That stode and lokeyd Alex bifore.
'Syr,' he sayde, 'I trowe hit be

COTTON

[1]That poreman þat yee toke to me,
That long has bene in your hall, 297
he is an holy man with all.' [1 lf 150, bk]

COTTON

And loke, sire, at oure pilgrime,
þat ȝe han fed in long tyme,
wher he beo quik or dede. 396
'ȝif he be ded þat was so meke,
he is þat mon þat þei seke,
i wot, with-outen drede. 399
He was a mon of holy lif,
of him com neiþer cheste ne strif,
ne vuel word ne dede.' 402

VERNON

And loken [sire] at ȝoure pilgrim
þat ȝe han fed of long tym,
Wher he be quik oþer dede. 396
'ȝif he be ded þat was so meke,
he is þat man þat þei seke,
I wot wiþ-oute drede: 399
he was a man of holy lif,
Of him com neuere stout ne strif,
Ne wikke word ne dede.' 402

LAUD 108

¶ 'wikke man, whi hastou hyd,
þat he ne moste er beo kyd,
þe holy man!' 411
þe emperour began to chide,
& fele oþer þat stode beside
toward Eufemian. 414

LAUD 463

'O luþer man, why hastow y-hud
þat he ne moste er be y-kud,
þulke holy man?' 411
¶ þe emperour be-gan to chyde,
And fele þat þer stode be-syde,
To-ward Eufemian. 414

TRINITY

(79)

¶ þoo þat þis herden þe Emperoures
And oþere lordes of honoures,
þai þankeden god almi3th.
He led hem þere lay þat body,
Clene & fair, & sumdel rody,
fface feir & bri3th.

LAUD 622

þe on Emperoure his honde vp took,
And wolde haue taken out þe book
þat was fair of si3th;
Alexius þe book helde þoo;
þan was þe Emperour swiþe woo,
And in his herte afli3th.

LAUD 622

This ryche man went to hym a noone,
And founde Alex ded as ony stone,
But his vysage was allso bryght
As the sonne on þe daye lyght.
Than trowyd weH eufemyan
That he was an holey man; [rowres
he caHyd þe bysshopes & þe Empe-

COTTON

To se þat cors so presyowse.
In theye com a non ryght,
And saue the body þat was so bryght;
downe on knes theye feH thow,
And oder many that were þere moo,
And thankyd god In trinite,
That theye myght his seruaunte see.

COTTON

Whon Eufemian hedde þis herd,
he ron to loke hou Alix ferd,
in-to his hous ful ri3t.
He fond him ded whon he com þare,
his visage þer hit lay al bare,
as sonne hit schined bri3t.

In his hond he heold a skrit,
Eufemian sturte him forþ as tit,
to wite what was þer-Inne.
Bote with non scunes ginne
of þe hond þat hit was Inne
mi3te he hit not out winne.

VERNON

Whanne eufemian þat i-herde,
he 3ede to loke hou alex ferde,
To his hous ful ry3th;
[1]he fond him ded whan he com þare,
his face, þer it lay on bere, [1 leaf 236]
As sonne schinede bry3th.

In his hond he fond a skript,
Eufemian 3ede to him as tyd
To wyte what was þer-Inne;
Bote for nones kynnes gyn
out of þe hond þat it was In
My3tte he it nat wynne.

LAUD 108

// Naþeles wiþ hem he 3eode,
þe pope & many of þe theode,
toward his hous þo.
þe pope self & þemperour
Sought halle, þei souhte bour,
so wel so þei coude go;

// þei soughte him one stounde,
atte laste þei him founde,
þer he lay on bedde.
thoruh an hyne hem tolde be mouþe,
þat of his lyf mychel couþe,
And hem y-wissed hedde.

LAUD 463

¶ Naþeles, with him hy 3ede,
þe Pope, and manye of hare dede
To-ward þis house.
þe Pope self and þe emperour,
Hy so3te halle, hy so3te bour,
So wel so hy couþe.

¶ Hy so3te him one stounde,
Ac atte laste hy him founde,
per he lay in his bedde,
þorgH an hyne of the house,
þat moche of his lyf couþe,
þat hem y-wissed hedde.

TRINITY

(80)

¶ þe Emperour þoo speke bigan,
And seide vnto þe body þan,
þere it lay in þe herne;
'þouȝ we ben Men of synful lijf',
Emperours we ben wiþouten strijf',
Rome forto gouerne;
LAUD 622

we defenden holy chirche
Aȝeins hem þat wolden wirche
Dedes stoute & sterne;
þerfore delyuer vs þi book',
þat þe poeple þere-on mowe look',
wisdom forto lerne.'
LAUD 622

The bysshope, as he stode hym nye,
A perchement leffe in his honde he see,
But he hyllde his hand so faste,
That owte he myght hit natt wrast.
'Sonne,' sayde þe bysshope, 'I praye þee
COTTON

that in thye honde þoue lett me see;
Synfulle aH thouȝe hit bee,
I haue powre and dyngnytee
For to lousse and for to bynde
Thym þat I in syn Fynde. [leaf 151]
There Fore, sone, let me wetten
what ys in thy bocke wrytyn.'
COTTON

¶ Whon he mihte no betere spede,
to þe Emperour he ede,
and tolde þat tiþande.
þenne come þei boþe forþ god pas,
til þei come þer hit was,
þe dede cors liggande.
whon þei come in-to þe hous,
þis Emperours þei seiden þus,
and on þis Maneere:
'þauȝ we for sunne are vnworþi,
we han kepinge not forþi
of þeos londes heere.
VERNON

Whan he ne myȝtte no betere spede,
To þe emperour he ȝede,
& tolde him þat tydingge.
þane comeþ he aȝen god pas,
Til he comen þar he was,
þe dede corps liggynde.
Whan þei comen Into þe hous,
þe emperour seyde þus
And on þis manere:
" þei we for synne ben vn-worþi,
We han to kepyng nawth for-þi
of þese londes here;
LAUD 108

¶ Beforen þe bed þei stoden þo,
þe pope & þemperour also;
ac þei ne dorste ouer him trine,
þei wende he wer liues man;
Ac his gost was out-gan,
Brought he was of pyne.
// Eufemian adoun beyȝ,
his hond his neb he vnwrey
wiþ michel drede.
So suete smel of him teyȝ,
þat alle þat wer neyȝ,
wonder of him heuede.
LAUD 463

¶ By-fore þe bed hy stode þo,
þe Pope and þe emperour al-so,
Ac hy ne dorste hem tryne.
Hy wende he were a lyues man,
Ac his gost was out a-gon,
I-broȝt he was of pyne.
Eufemian a-doun beiȝ,
His neb, his hondes, he vn-wreiȝ,
With wel mochel drede.
So swote breþ out of him teiȝ,
þat alle þat wer þer neiȝ,
þer-of wonder hauede.
TRINITY

(81)

¶ whan þai hadden so yseide,
Alexius, þere he was yleide,
Opened vp his honde;
To þe pope wolde he nouȝth forsake,
Bot lete hym þoo þe booke vptake,
To rede þat he fonde.
þoo þapostoile had his booke, [leaf 26]
His chaunceler he it bitooke
To rede, I vnderstonde;
Othoo was his name,
A Man yholde of gode fame
Ouer al Rome londe.

LAUD 622

(82)

¶ þe booke he red wiþ gode wille,
þe folke herkned & helde hem stille
wiþouten any boost
Til þe booke was red & seide.
Alexius was bifore hem leide,
ffulfilde of þe holy goste.
þe chaunceler wel loude grade
whan he þe booke of Alexius rade
Among þe cristen oste;
hou he fro frendes gan wende,
And hou his fader fer & hende
Souȝth hym by euery cost;

LAUD 622

The beshope toke þe boke so hynde,

COTTON

That Alex hys hond on bynde;

COTTON

'And þis Mon þat we pope[1] calle,
haþ þe pouwer of vs alle, [1 pope *eras'd*]
and of al holichirche;
fforþi diliuere vp þat scrite,
þat we þer-þorwh mai seo and wite
hou we schul with þe worche.'

VERNON

"And þis man þat we pope calle,
haþ þe kepyng of vs alle
& of holy churche;
þerfore deliure vs vp þe skryt,
þat we þere-þoru may se & wyt
hou we schulle wiþ þe werche."

LAUD 108

¶ Out of his mouþ þer stoede a leom̃
Brighter þan þe sonne beom̃,
þat al þe stede atende.
Adoun þei fellen aH on kneo,
to thanke gode þat is so freo
Of wonder þat he sende.
Towarde god he gan his hondes holde,
A writ betwene þei seye folde,
þei þat were þer-inne.
Eufemian adoun beyȝ,
þat writ he drow & ȝerne tey
he ne myghte it out-winne.

LAUD 463

¶ Out of his mouth stod a lem
Briȝter þan þe sonne-bem,
þat al þe stede atende.
A-doun hy felle, alle on kneo,
To þonky god þat is so freo
Of wonder þat hem sende.
¶ Op to-ward god held his honde;
A writ be-twixe hy seȝe y-folde,
Hy þat were þer-ynne.
Eufemian a-doun beiȝ,
þat writ he drouȝ & ȝerne teiȝ,
Ne myȝte he it wynne.

TRINITY

(83)

¶ And hou he was to þe Emperoure
ysent, to be Man of valoure
And lernen chiualrie,
Of huntyng', & of Ryuere,
Of chesse pleieyng' & of tablere:
Al nas worþ a flye;
Leuer hym was to conne good',
And seruen god wiþ mylde mood',
and his moder Marie:
And hou he ȝede seuentene ȝer
In pilerinage fer & ner
wiþ mychel maladye;

LAUD 622

(84)

¶ And oþer ȝeres seuentene
wiþ his fader he had ybene,
his bedeman by þe wowe,
þat fader ne moder ne his wif'
wisten of his holy lijf',
Ne þat he was hire owe;
And hou his fader sergeauntz alle,
veyn glorie gonne hym calle,
And gorre on hym gonne prowe;
And hou he þe book ywriten hadde:
Of al his lijf, þere he it radde
To þe poeple heiȝe & lowe.

LAUD 622

---

the beshope þat Rolle red A non,
That þey yt harde euerychone.

COTTON

There was there in redly tolde
Alle hys lyfe, yong and olde.

COTTON

¶ whon þei þus hedde iseid heor wille,
þe pope[1] leide his hond þer-tille,
& he þenne let hit go. [1 pope *eras't*]
Anon þe pope[1] let rede hit þere,
bi-foren alle þat þer were,
heringe his fader Also.

VERNON

Wen þei hadde þus seid here wille,
þe pope leyde his hond þer-tille,
Alex þan let go.
þe pope as tyd let rede it þere
Byfore al þo þat þer were,
herynde his fader also.

LAUD 108

// þe pope her-of was adred'.
In his herte god' he bad',
þat him grante sholde,
þat writ þat was in his hond',
þat þei myhte it vnderstond',
betokne what it wolde.

¶ þe pope to þe bed beyȝ,
þe writ of his hond' he teyȝ,
Right wiþ-outen gynne.
þat writ he began to sprede,
& to foren þe folk' to rede,
þat weren þer-inne.

LAUD 463

¶ þe Pope her-of was a-drad,
In his herte, god he bad,
þat him granty sholde
þat writ þat was in his honde,
þat he myȝte it vnderstonde,
Be-tokny what it wolde.

¶ þe Pope to þe dede beiȝ;
þat writ out of his hond he teiȝ,
Al with-oute gynne.
þat writ anon he gan sprede,
And by-fore hem alle rede,
þat þo wer' þerynne.

TRINITY

(85)

¶ þoo Eufeniens þise wordes herd,
Of his son hou it ferd,
Gret was his sorouȝeyng[e]; 1011
His face he[1] rent, & his her. [1 MS. his]
Men sorouȝed for hym fer & ner,
He fel in swowenyng[e]. 1014

LAUD 622

On his owen son þat was,
His cry was eue*r*e, 'allas! allas!
deþ! why nyltou me stynge? 1017
Allas! sorouȝ! what is þi red?
þou hast[t] me brouȝth vnto my ded;
Myne herte wil to-sprynge. 1020

LAUD 622

Whan hys Fad*er* harde of thys,
That he was hys sone I wys, 332
'lorde,' he sayde, 'howe maye þys bee?
ys thys my sone þat I here scee?
Sewentene yere wyt AH,
I had fynde hym in myn haHe; 336

COTTON

I myght nat wyt for none Asaye,
What he was, nyght nor daye.
"leffe sone," he sayde, "why ded þou soo?
Thowe saw I was For þe FuH woo;
for þowe were not At my wyHe, 341

COTTON

¶ who*n* his fader hedde herd hit red,
he was a-wo*n*dred & a-dred,
for serwe he was neiȝ ded. 441
As mo*n* þat hedde þe deþes wou*n*de,
he fel a-dou*n* to þe grou*n*de
as heui as þe led. 444

who*n* he hedde lo*n*ge i-leyn,
& his stat was come*n* aȝein,
he made reuþful chere. 447
He tar his cloþ*us* & drouȝ his her,
w*i*th delful cri & sik*i*ng sor,
þat del hit was to here. 450

VERNON

Whan his fader herde it rede,
he was for-wondred & for-drede,
for sorwe he was ney ded; 441
As man þat hadde deþes wounde
He fel swingge doun to grounde,
Heuy so any led. 444

Wan he hadde longe I-leyn,
þan his stat bi-com a-gayn,
& made reuly chere; 447
he rof his brest, he drou his her
wiþ duelful cry & syking sor,
þat pite it was to here. 450

LAUD 108

¶ þo eufemian was y-war
þat his sone lay þar,
& so long[e] had[de] wiþ him beo, 465
he fel in swounyng[e] on þe molde,
'Allas,' he seide, 'þat[t] euer[e] .I. sholde
so vnkynde beo.' 468

// Be a stounde he gan vp-stonde,
Tar his her & wrong[e] his honde,
þat þe folk[k] myghte rewe. 471
þei weopen & made reuly cry,
for him þei wer[e] wel sory
þat þei him euere knewe. 474

LAUD 463

¶ þo sir[r] Eufemian was y-war
þat his sone lay þar,
His armes he to-spradde, 465
He tar his her, he tar his cloþ,
And fel a-swoȝe opon þe cors,
So moche sorwe he hadde. 468

¶ By a stou*n*de he gan op-stonde,
To-tar his her & wrang[e] his honde,
þat alle folk[k] miȝte rewe; 471
[1]He wep and made reuful cry;
ffor him hy were wel sory, [1 leaf 76, bk]
þat he him er ne knewe. 474

TRINITY

(86)

¶ 'Now I may no ioye haue;
No confort ne may me saue;
My blis is al forlorne!
ffor my son þat lijþ here dec̄,
In elde he shulde haue ben my rec̄.
Allas! þat I was borne!

LAUD 622

O son, whi woldestou suffren smert̄,
And dye wiþ me here in pouert̄,
A begger as þou worne?
To þi comyng was al my speire,
To haue ymade of þee myne eire,
Of londe, Castel & corne.'

LAUD 622

And ewer more þou helde þe styH;
Thyne own s'aruantes þat sholde be,
myche harme ded þey to þee;
Theye kest water on thyn hede, [lf151, bk]
And gafe þe þat was in the dyche leuyde,

COTTON

And euer þou bare þe meke and lawe,
For þat no man should þe there cnawe.
In heuyn ther fore þou hast mede:
Sonne, praye fore me, fore I haue nede."'

COTTON

Muche dcol hit is to telle,
houȝ he on þat bodi felle
of weopyng blon he nouht.
He seide, 'Allas! mi dere sone,
hou miȝtest þou þus longe wone
with me þat kneuȝ þe nouht?
Allas! nou hastou dwelled here
al þis seuentene ȝere
in myn owne Inne;
And þou hast boren þe so lowe,
þat þou woldest neuere ben a-knowe
þat þou wer of mi kinne.

VERNON

Meche doel it is to telle
hou he on þat body felle,
of weping blan he nouth.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
'Allas nou hastou duelled here
Alle þese seuentene ȝere
In myn owene In,
& þou hast boren þe so lowe,
& noldest neuere ben o knowe
þat þou were of oure kyn.

LAUD 108

¶ 'Awey, lorc̄, þat herest̄ my bone,
whi helestou my leoue sone
So lonḡ in my house,
þat wee ne moste him knowe,
And forȝete mychel wowe,
boþe .I. & my spouse.
// 'Awey, my sone, listou her̄,
& euer̄ .I. hopec̄ of þe to here
A-lyue þat þou were.
Me þenkeþ myn herte wile breke,
þat I. ne may wiþ þe speke.
Allas, þat .I. ded nere.'

LAUD 463

¶ "A-wey, lord, þat art vs a-boue,
Why hele þou my leue sone?
To longe in myn house,
þat we ne moste him y-knowe,
And for-ȝute oure wowe,
And kesse him with mouþe.
¶ A-wey, my sone, now listow here,
And euere ich hopede of þe y-here,
A-lyue þat þou were.
Me þenkeþ my herte wil breke,
Now þou ne miȝt with me speke,
A-wey þat ded y-nere."

TRINITY

(87)

¶ His moder herd þat tydynge;
ffor hir son she gan flynge
In Rage as a lyonesse; 1035
Sorouȝ-fullich her pleynt she made;
Noman miȝth hire herte glade,
Of al þe grete presse. 1038

LAUD 622

His fader had ylore þe speche;
To his moder was no leche
þat miȝth her cry acesse. 1041
Letted she nouȝth for al þe þrong,
þat she ne ran þe poeple among,
Hire son to clyppe & kysse. 1044

LAUD 622

---

hys mod*er* lyued in In longyng,
whan sche herde of thys tydyng,
She com Forthe w*ith* A raply rese,
As A lyon lept oute of A lees; 354

COTTON

She weppyd And cryde sore,
As thay don þ*at* arne woo.
'let me,' she sayd, 'my sone see;
I Fed hym on myn owne kee.' 358

COTTON

Allas! allas! and weilawai,
þ*at* eu*er*e I a-bod þis day,
þis serwe forte seo. 465
I w*en*de haue had of þe solas
in myn elde; Allas! Allas!
for deol ded wol i beo.' 468

¶ whon his Moder herde of þis,
heo sturte forþ *in* haste i-wis,
As A lyonesse; 471
w*ith* hirself heo ferde to wonder,
heo ter hir cloþ*us* al *in* sun*der*,
in a gret woodnesse. 474

VERNON

Out ay, allas, & weylawey,
þ*at* I euere a-bod þis day
þis sorwe forto se! 465
I wende han had of þe solas
In myn elde, allas, allas,
for doel ded willi be!' 468

Whenne his moder herde of þis,
ȝe sterte forþ in haste i-wis
as a leonesse, 471
Wiþ hire sulf sche ferde to wonder,
Sche rof hire cloþes al to sonder
In a gret wodnesse; 474

LAUD 108

¶ þe noyse into þe bour' sprong'
of þe sorwe was hem among',
þ*at* in þe halle were. 489
his moder was wel sory,
& axed' what' were þ*at* cry
þ*at* she herde wiþ ere. 492

// Of hir' sone men tolde anon,
þ*at* out while was y.-gon,
& hou he was y.-founde, 495
& hou he hadde þer-inne woned',
& þis werldes blisse shoned',
And tholed' harde stounde. 498

LAUD 463

¶ þe drem in-to þe bour sprong',
Of sorwe þ*at* hem was among',
þ*at* in þe halle were. 489
His moder lay þ*er*e wel sory,
And axste what were al þ*at* cry
þ*at* hy herde w*ith* ere. 492

¶ Of here sone me tolde anon,
þ*at* out whyle was a-gon,
And how he was y-fou*n*de; 495
And how he hadde þ*er*-ynne y-woned,
And al þis worldis blesse y-shoned,
And þolede wel harde stou*n*de. 498

TRINITY

(88)

¶ "O son, þat soke of myne pappes,
þou hastꝰ ysentꝰ me sory happes,
þus sone artꝰ wentꝰ me fro.
I wende haue yhad of þee solas;
Myne hope is tynt, allas! allas!
And welþe is wentꝰ to woo.

LAUD 622

Son, þou doest vs stronge tourmentꝰ!
Oure ioye is al away wentꝰ!
ffor sorouȝ we shullen vs sle;
ffor often þou seiȝ þi fader & me
Erlich & late wepe for þee,
And ekꝰ þi wijf also.

LAUD 622

---

whan she hym sawe, she Fylle downe,
Alꝭ was A waye here Resonne.
whan she rose she stoode hym by,
She kyssyde hym, And sayd on hye,

COTTON

'Sonne,' she sayde, And wept Fulꝭ sore,
'Nowe schall I speke with þe no more.

COTTON

Heo drouȝ hir her as heo weore wod,
& seide, 'for him þat died on rod,
Men, ȝe ȝiue me way,
þat I mai to mi sone go;
was neuer Moder half so wo
as me is þis day.
ȝif me roum, & let me se
þe bodi þat was boren of me,
and fed of my breste.
Let me come þat cors to,
for wel ȝe witen hit is skil so
þat i beo hit nexte.'

VERNON

Sche drou hire her as sche were wod,
& seyde: "for him þat deyde on rod,
ȝe men, ȝiueþ me wey,
þat I may to my sone go!
Was neuere moder half so wo
As me is þis day.
ȝiueþ me roum, & lat me se
þe body þat was boren of me,
& fed was of my brest!
leteþ me come þe cors vntil,
ffor ȝe wyten þat it is skyl
þat I be it next."

LAUD 108

¶ þo she herde of hirꝰ sone,
þat he was aȝein come,
out of bedde she sprongꝰ;
Al hirꝰ yuel she forȝatꝰ,
Andꝰ hardiliche held hirꝰ gate
Al þat folkꝰ amongꝰ.
// 'war anon, par charite,
Letꝰ me go my sone to seo,
And myn oune fode.'
þe teres felle to hirꝰ kneo,
þat al þe folkꝰ myhte seo
þe brestꝰ orñ al o blode.

LAUD 463

¶ þo hy herde of here sone,
How he was aȝen y-come,
Of here bedde hy sprongꝰ;
Al hyre euel hy for-ȝat,
And hardeliche a-doun stap,
þe folkꝰ alle amongꝰ:
¶ 'Remeþ me, for godis lone,
And leteþ me go to my sone,
I se myn owene fode.'
þe teres felle to here kneo,
þat al þat folkꝰ myȝte wel y-seo,
Hire brest al a-blode.

TRINITY

(89)

¶ 'þo þat þee shulden haue *ser*ued trewe,
ffele tymes on þee þai þrewe

LAUD 622

ffilþe & foule vryne,
And beten þee ofte swiþe sore;
And þou suffredest eu*er*more,
And took' it nou3th to pyne.

LAUD 622

Thowe hast be sought in meny A londe,

COTTON

With messengerys, And *with* sonde,

COTTON

Who*n* heo mi3te nei3e hit neer,
heo fel þ*er*-on *with* deolful cher,
& seide, 'Allas! mi sone,
Whi woldestou þ*us* *with* us fare,
to leten v*s* dwelle*n* *in* serwe & care?
whi hastou *þus* done?
þou hast i-se3e*n* þi fader and me
wepe*n* & make*n* *gr*et del for þe,
boþe erly and late;
And *þ*ou hast seue*n*tene 3er
vnknowe*n* i-dwelled mid vs her,
in pore begge*r*s state.'

Ofte-siþes heo fel dou*n*
on *þat* dede cors al *in* swoun,
and custe ho*n*des and feet;
And *þat* face *þat* was so swete,
heo custe hit & mad hit wete
with teres *þat* heo leet.

VERNON

Whan sche myȝtte neyh it nere,
Sche fel þer-on wiþ sori chere,
& seyde: "allas, my son,
Whi hauest tou þus wiþ vs fare,
Suffred vs for þe sorwe & care,
Whi hastou þus don?
þou hast i-seye þi fader & me
Wepen & maken gret doel for þe
Boþe erly & late;
And tou hast seuentene 3er
Vn-knowe duelled wiþ vs her
In pouere beggeres state."

Ofte-siþe 3e fel doun
opon þe body al I-swoun,
& kissede honden & feet;
& þat face þat was so swete,
Sche it kiste, & made it wete
Wiþ teres þat sche let.

LAUD 108

¶ So sone so she to him come, [If HE]
vpon þe liche she fel y.-lome,
And kiste it wel 3erne.
she kist' his neb, she kiste his hond',
on þe liche she lay, & nolde not wond',
Mighte noman hire werne.

// 'Allas, my sone, my dere lyf,
Soriere nas neuere wif
þan .I. am for þe nouþe.
ffor .I. hopede euer' þe to seo,
Er .I. diede, & speke wiþ þe,
And kisse þe wiþ mouþe.

LAUD 463

¶ So sone þo hy to him com,
Ope þe lich hy fel anon,
And keste it wel 3erne;
Hy keste his neb and his honde,
Ope þe lich hy lay wel longe,
Hire ne myȝte noman werne;

¶ "A-wey, my sone, þou were my lyf!
Sorwere nas y-neuere wyf,
þan ich am for þe nouþe.
ffor euere ich hopede þe to seo,
Er ich deye, and speke *with* þeo,
And kesse þe *with* mouþe.

TRINITY

why woldestou cast þee in care,
Of hem to suffre swiche bysmare,
þat weren þine owen hyne? 1065

LAUD 622

Of alle þise seuentene ȝere
Ne woldestou noman tellen here
þou come of body myne." 1068

LAUD 622

Bot there was no man myght þe see,
And euer þou sat be owre knee. 368

COTTON

lewe sonne, þou praye for mee, [leaf 152]
That I may þe in bleyss see.'

COTTON

Heo seide, 'allas! þat me is wo,
þou were my sone with-outen mo,
wepeþ alle wiþ me. 507
Ichaue þe fed moni a day,
Allas! sone, weilaway,
þat i ne knewh not þe. 510

þou mist haue be a gret lordyng,
and ben honoured as a king,
ȝif hit hedde beo þi wille. 513
Nou hastou had despit and wrong
of þi þralles euer among,
and boren hit ful stille. 516

Allas! ho schal ȝiue to me
welle of teres to wepe for þe
boþe dai and niht? [leaf 44, back] 519
Allas! allas! me is wo,
icholde myn herte wolde breken a-two,
þat i saiȝ nou þis siht.' 522

VERNON

Sche seide: "allas, what me is wo!
[1]þou were my sone wiþ-oute mo;
Wepeþ al folk wiþ me! [1 leaf 236, back]
I haue þe fed many a day;
Allas owt & weylawey,
þat I ne knew nout þe! 510

þou myȝtest han ben a greth lording,
& honured als a kyng,
ȝif it hadde ben þi wille; 513
Nou hauest þou had despit & wrong
Of þine þralles euere among,
& bor[e]n it ful stille. 516

Allas, who schal ȝiue to me
Welle of teres to wepe for þe
Boþe day & nyȝth? 519
Allas allas, what me is wo!
I wolde myn herte it breke a-tuo
þat I ne saye nowth þis syȝth." 522

LAUD 108

¶ Ac Al myn hope is y.-lore,
Nou þou list ded me before,
& wiþ me ne myght speke. 525
Lord Crist, .I. bidde þin ore,
Ne let me liuen namore,
ac let myn herte breke.' 528

// She wrong hir hondes & siked sore,
And to tar hire lokkes hore,
As she were woed. 531
'Leoue sone, bidde .I. þe,
Let me dien nou wiþ þe,
Mi lyf nis not goed.' 534

LAUD 463

¶ Ac al myn hope is y-lore,
Now þou list ded me by-fore,
And with me ne myȝt speke. 525
'Lord crist, ich bidde þyn ore,
Ne let þou me lyue namore,
Ac let myn herte breke.'" 528

¶ Hy wrang here hond, and siȝte sore,
To-tar here shroud, here lokkes hore,
As hy were wod. 531
'Leue sone, by-seche ich þe,
þou lete me deye now byfore þe,
þe lyf me nis noȝt guod.' 534

TRINITY

(90)

¶ fforþ com þoo his trewe wijf
wiþ sorouȝ, & care & drery lijf,
And neiȝ for doel ded. 1071
'Allas! she seide, my ioye cast,
Kare & sorouȝ ben in me fast,
As widewe wiþoute red. 1074

LAUD 622

Al my welþe is fro me went,
No woman is in swiche tourment
In lengþe ne in brede. [leaf 26, bk] 1077
Al þis werlde, & it myne were,
I wolde ȝiue it fer and nere,
To seen his fairehede. 1080

LAUD 622

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hys wyfe þat was In chamber stokyn,
Of þys tydynges harde sche spokyn;
She com forthe in A sempyH pace,
Sory, I wott, welle þat che was; 374
She swonnyd at þe fryst syght,

COTTON

That on here was blake, þat rest was wyght.
Than she sayd with mylde chere,
'Where hastowe be, my leman dere?
Full long I myght þe A-byde,

COTTON

¶ þenne com forþ a dreri þing,
i-cloþed in cloþus of mournyng,
þat was his owne wyue. 525
Heo wepte þat pite was to se,
and seide, 'Allas! þat wo is me,
þat euere hedde I lyue. 528

Nou al my ioye a-wei is gon,
er hedde i hope, nou habbe i non
to seon him a-lyue. 531
Nou am i widewe, allas! þe stounde,
serwe haþ ȝiue myn herte a wounde,
þat me to deþ wol driue. 534

VERNON

// þanne cam forþ a drery þing,
I-clad in cloþes of mournyng,
It was Alex wif; 525
Sche wep þat pite was to se
& seyde: "Allas, ful wo is me,
þat euere hadde I lyf! 528

Nou al my ioye awey is gon.
Er hadde I hope, now haue I non
To sen him on lyue; 531
Nou am I wydewe, allas þat stounde!
Sorwe haþ ȝiuen myn herte a wounde
þat me to deþe schal dryue. 534

LAUD 108

¶ Sone þo com his wif,
þat louede him as hir lyf,
To þe hous ago. 537
So sone so she com him to,
betwene hire armes she gan him fo,
& kissed his mouþe þo. 540

// 'Awey, my leof, what hastou do?
whi hastou holde þe so
In þin oune house, 543
þat non ne most com þe to,
So freond auȝte to oþer do,
Ne .I. þat was þi spouse? 546

LAUD 463

¶ Sone þer-after com his wyf,
þat louede him more þan here lyf,
In-to þulke house. 537
So sone so hy com him to,
Be-twixe here armes hy gan him fo,
And keste him with mouþe; 540

¶ "A-wey! my lef, what hastow y-do?
Why hastow þe y-heled so,
In þyn owene house, 543
þat þou ne woldest come me to,
So frend oȝte to oþer do,
Ne ich þat was þy spouse? 546

TRINITY

(91)

¶ 'It is no wonder of my doloure;
Yshadewed is al my myroure[1],
And lorne is my briȝthnesse;
Myne herte may nouȝth lange dure.
Cursed worþe þou, dame auenture,
þat doost me destresse! [1 MS. myrouþe]

LAUD 622

After fair weder falleþ reyn,
After wynnyng wep ageyn,
And care is after kysse,
Erly to day by þe morowe,
I ne wist of care ne of sorowe:
To bale is tourned my blisse.'

LAUD 622

Fore thowe hast soughte pylgermages wyde.
Thowe hast beene frome long,
Forsothe I haue done þe no wrong;
Wyghe þe speke nowe I ne maye,
Nowe maye I weddowe be for Aye,

COTTON

I maye be weddow And mayden dde,
And I haue done as ye me bade.
Thowe weddest me to be þy Free,
O nyght togeder when we were,
Bot, good leuan, nowe praye for me
That we to geder in blese maye be.'

COTTON

Allas! what is me to rede,
mi Muror is broken & is dede,
þat my likynge was Inne.
Hope of ioie nou haue I loren,
& serwe is newed me beforen
þat neuermore schal blinne.'

Al þe folk þat stod be-side,
þat seiȝ heore serwe so vnride,
a wepten ful tenderliche.
þer was non þat miȝte hem holde,
Mon ne wommon, ȝong ne olde,
and þat was no feorliche.

VERNON

// Allas! what is me to rede?
Mi mirour is broken & is dede
þat my liking was Inne.
hope of ioye now haue I lorn,
& sorwe is newed me be-forn
þat neuere more schal blynne."

// Al þat folk þat stod be-syde,
þat say þe sorwe so vn-ruyde,
þey wepe ful tendreliche;
þer ne was non þat myȝtte him holde,
Man ne wif man, ȝung ne old;
& þat nas no ferliche.

LAUD 108

// 'Allas, þat I. was woman bore,
Nou .I. haue þe forlore,
My leof so hende.
Sorwefulliche me is dyght,
Nou þou wiþ me speke ne myht,
I. ne recke whider to wende.'

// vp she stod beforn hem alle,
to drouh hir heer & hir calle,
as she were feye.
Bitter teres she let falle,
for hire þei wer sory alle,
þat hir wepe seye.

LAUD 463

[1 leaf 77] ¶ A-wey, þat ich was woman y-bore,
Now ich haue þe for-lore,
My leman so hende.
Sorweful is me y-diȝt,
Now þou with me speke ne myȝt,
Ne reiche ich whyder to wende."

¶ Of hy stod by-fore hem alle,
To-drouȝ here her, and here calle,
As hy were veiȝe.
Bytere teres hy let falle,
ffor hire were sory alle,
þat here wepe y-seiȝe.

TRINITY

(92)

¶ þapostoile & þe clergie,
þemperoures & her chiualerie,
Token þat confessoure,
And leiden on a bere riȝth;
ffair & wel hij habbeþ hym diȝth,
wiþ menske & honoure;

LAUD 622

To þe chirche of seint Bonefas,
wiþ þe corps þai token þe pas
wiþouten any soioure;
þe belles alle aȝein hem rungen,
Preostes & clerkes merily sungen
wiþ þat swete floure.

LAUD 622

The folke come fast owte of þe cete,
that ryche Relyke for to see.

COTTON

COTTON

¶ þe pope[1] com, & þe Emperours
bad bringe him forþ out of þe hous
& lei him on A bere, [[1] pope *crosst through*]
And bar him wiþ solempnete,
forþ Amidde þe cite,
& criȝinge þat almiȝte here,

And seide, 'come seoþ þat holi mon
þat ȝe haue souȝt euerichon,
here he is in þis place.
He is founden, and he is here,
þat holi bodi on a beere,
þorwh help of godus grace.'

VERNON

// þe pope com forþ, & te Emperours
Leten him bringe owt of þe hous,
& leyden him on a bere,
And beren wiþ gret solempnete
In-to þe mydeward of þe cyte,
& cryeden þat alle myȝten here,

& seyden: "comeþ, seþ þis holyman
þat ȝe han south euerichon!
here he is in þis place;
ffounden he is, & is here,
þat holy body on a bere,
þoru help of godes grace."

LAUD 108

¶ So mychel sorwe þer was,
Bot who-so hadde a tong[1] of bras
ne myghte it al telle.
þe day was almest[1] do,
þe pope & þemperour also
Might no lenger dwelle.

þat liche þei let wake & shride,
wiþ pal & wiþ oþer pride,
þat þei founde þere.
wiþ michel ioye & hey song[1],
þe bisshopes hem alle among[1]
þe corps to chirche bere.

// Amydde ryght[1] þe heye strete
So mychel folk[1] þei gonne mete
þat þei most[1] astonde.
¶ Alle seke þat to him come
y-helede were .y.-lome
Of feet[1] & of honde.

LAUD 463

¶ So moche sorwe þer was,
Bote who-so hadde a tonge of bras,
Ne myȝte he it telle.
þe day him was al-mest y-do,
þe Pope and þe emperour al-so
Ne myȝte lenger dwelle.

¶ þat lich hy lete by-wake, and shrude
With palle and with oþer prude,
þat hy founde þere.
With mochel liȝt, and mochel song[1],
þat holy cors hem alle among[1],
Bischoppis to cherche bere.

¶ Amyddes riȝt þe heȝe strete,
So moche folk[1] hy gonne mete,
þat hy resten a stounde.
Alle þe sike þat to him come,
I-heled were swiþe sone,
Of fet and ek of honde.

TRINITY

(93)

¶ Noman may telle wiþ tunge
þe miracles þat of hym sprunge
As þai þat body bere;
Deef' & doumbe, halte & blynde,
Alle miȝtten bote fynde,
In maladie þat were;
Men þat weren in palesye,
Lunatik', oiþer in frenesie,
Bote hadden þere.
Swiche presse was þe poeple among',
þemperoures miȝtten nouȝth for þrong'
Beren forþ þe bere.

LAUD 622 LAUD 622

Sone in a A lytell stonde þer was
COTTON

Alle þat wusten of þat cri,
þei ornen þidere wel hasteli,
þei tolde þeron nout a lyte.
An Alle þe seke þat þer were,
þat miȝte touche þat bodi þere,
þei weren hole as tite.
þe blinde hedde þere of him here siȝt,
woode of him heore wit fol riȝt,
þe halt here limes hole Anon.
Hit was non þat þider miȝte winne,
what seknes þei were inne,
þat þei were hole vchon.

VERNON

Bothe grete throng And prece.
COTTON

// Alle þat wisten of þat cry,
þei ronne þider hastifly,
& ne drou it nowt to abyd.
And alle þe sike þat þer were,
þat myȝtte touche þe body þere,
þei were hol als tyd.
//þe blynde, of him hadden here syȝth;
þe wode, here wyth hadde ful ryȝth;
þe halte, here lymes lele.
þer ne was non þat þider myȝte wynne,
What syknesse þat þei were Inne,
þat þei ne hadde here hele.

LAUD 108

// þe blynde come to her' sight',
þe crokede gonne to righte,
þe lame to go;
þat doumbe wer' fonge speche,
þei herie' god, þe soþe leche,
& þe halwe also.
// þe day ȝeode & drouh to nyght,
No lenger dwelle þei ne myght',
to chirche þei most' wend'.
þe bellen begonne to rynge,
þe clerkes forto singe,
Euerich in his ende.
¶ þo þei to þe chirche cam,
Glad þei were eche of ham
þat þer-inne were.
þe pope & þemperour
before þe auter of seint sauour
sette þe bere.

LAUD 463

¶ þe blynde come to har' siȝt,
þe crokede gonne sone riȝt,
þe lame for to go;
þat dombe were fenge speche,
þeȝ herede god, þe soþe leche,
And þat halwe al-so.
¶ þe day ȝede, and drouȝ to-nyȝt,
No lenger dwelle hy ne myȝt,
To cherche hy moste wende;
þe bellen hy gonne to rynge,
þe clerkes heȝe to synge,
Euerich in his ende.
¶ þo þe cors to cherche com,
Glad hy were euerichon,
þat þer-ynne were.
þe Pope and þe emperour,
By-fore an auter of seint sauour,
¶ þer sette hy þe bere.

TRINITY

(94)

¶ þai biþouȝtten hem in þis wyse,
þat folk¹ was ful of Coueitise,
And tresore onon of sende, 1119
And casten aboute siluer & golde,
Take it vp who þat wolde,
Largely to spende. 1122

LAUD 622

Nouȝth for þan in eu*e*ry strete
þe presse was swiþe grete,
þai miȝtten hem nouȝth defende; 1125
þai leten lygge þat tresoure,
And foloweden þat confessoure
þat day to þe ende. 1128

LAUD 622

The emp*e*roure, that stode þ*er* þoo,
Sawe þe folke presyd ssoo; 396
Sylvyr in þe strete þey cast,
To lete the folke þ*at* com so Fast,
Bot of sylver yaffe þey no force,
AHe held ħem Fast to se þ*at* corce.

COTTON

At þe last w*ith* trawayle borne hyt was 401
To þe chyrche of seynt bonyffface.
whan yt was to þe chyrche I-brought,
A ryche tombe þere was wrought,
Of marbyll And of ryche stonys,

COTTON

¶ who*n* þe Emp*e*rours sai þe wo*n*der
þei toke þe bere & eode þ*er*-vnd*ur*,
w*ith* the Pope¹ helpande; [¹ *crosst out*]
ffor þei wolde be i-mad holi,
þorwh beri*n*ge of þ*at* bodi,
þei toke þe bere in hande. 576
þei made sowe*n* *in* þ*at* cite
gold & seluer gret ple*n*te;
and þ*at* was for þis skil 579
þ*at* þe folk scholde he*m* w*ith*-drawe,
and þ*at* auayled not worþ an haue,
þei tok no te*n*t þ*er*-til. 582

VERNON

// Whan þe emperour him say þ*at* wonher¹ tok þe bere & ȝide þer-vnder, [der,
Wiþ þe pope he wende, [¹ MS. ho]
ffor he wolde ben mad holy
þoru þe bering of þat body,
he tok þe bere in hande. 576
// he let sowe in þe cyte
Gold & siluer gret plente,
& þat was for þis skyl, 579
ffor þe folk scholde hem wiþdrawe;
bote þat a-vaillede nat an hawe,
þey toke no tent þer-til. 582

LAUD 108

// Aboute þe ber' was mychel lyght',
wiþ fair pal it was betyght',
& wiþ cloþes of golde. 597
fforto honour' þis holy man,
of al þ*at* lond folk' þider cam,
þ*at* fayn wake wolde. 600
// Alle seke þ*at* þere were,
As sone as þei turned þe bere,
hole þei were anon 603
Of þe yuel þ*at* þei hedde,
If þei in þe nome bede
of þis holy mon. 606

LAUD 463

A-boute þe bere was moche liȝt;
W*ith* proude palle was be-diȝt,
I-beten al w*ith* golde. 597
ffor to worschipe þis man,
Al þat lond folk' þuder cam,
þat cors by-wake wolde. 600
¶ Alle þe sike þ*at* þ*er* were,
As sone as hy touchede þe bere,
Hol hy were anon 603
Of þe euel þat hy hadde,
ȝif hy in þe name badde
Of þis holy man. 606

TRINITY

(95)

¶ Riȝth at seint Bonefas chirche,
To seint Alexi þai gonne wirche
A riche monument: 1131
Seuene dayes his frendes duelleden
ffor his body þat lay on bere, [*þere*
And siþens hom þai went'. 1134

LAUD 622

His fader / his moder / & his wiff',
Lyueden after in holy lif'
Trewely wiþ gode entent'. 1137
And whan þai dyeden alle þre,
þai wenten wiþ solempnite
To god omnipotent'. 1140

LAUD 622

Craffetyly, And for þe nonce,
of sylvyr And of golde coloure,
They layd in þys Ryche tresowre.
Sythen cam on to hys tombe 409
Blynde And lame, dethe And dome,

COTTON

And other man many And fell̃e:
Thorowe grace of god þey hadden hell̃.
Be thys holy man men may ssee,
That god lowyght wele pouerte;
he for soke thys worlde all̃ bedene,
And lowyd god, And yt ys sene

COTTON

þei *preced* eu*er* neer and neere,
forte come to þat bere
þat þe cors lay Inne. 585
þei *precede* wiþ so gret fors
þat vnneþe w*ith* þe holi cors,
to chirche miȝte þei winne. 588

¶ whon þei come to þe chirche,
A tou*m*be of gold þei lette worche
of *preciouse* stones. 591
In A schort tyme hit was diht,
ful richeliche and Al ariȝt
þei leide þ*er*-in his bones. 594

VERNON

þei preceden euere ner & nerre,
fforto comen to þe bere
þat þe corps lay Inne; 585
þei preseden þerto wiþ gret fors,
þat vnneþe wiþ þat holy cors
To churche myȝte þei wynne. 588

// Whanne þei comen to þe churche,
A toumbe of gold he leten wurche
Wiþ preciouse stones; 591
In seue dayes it was dyȝth
fful richeliche al a-ryȝth,
þei leyden þer-inne þe bones. [leaf 237]

LAUD 108

¶ To chirche cõ̃ ȝong' & olde,
þat holy corps to beholde,
þat þider was .y.-brought̃. 609
A wel gentyl marbelstoñ,
To louke inne his holy bon,
Sone was y.-sought̃. 612

þe thridde day was .y.-come,
So me dide þe londes wone,
Men dide þe seruise. 615
þeder' cõ̃ more & lasse,
þe pope self song' þe masse,
wiþ-outen feyntise. 618

LAUD 463

¶ To cherche come ȝonge & olde,
þat holy cors to by-holde
þat þuder was y-broȝt. 609
A wel gentel marbel ston,
To louke in his holy bon,
Sone was by-soȝt. 612

¶ þe þridde day was y-come,
So it is þe londis wone,
Me dude þe seruyse; 615
þuder come more and lasse,
þe Pope self song þe masse,
With herte wel blyþe. 618

TRINITY

(96)

¶ þus ende & orde ȝee han yherd,
Of seint Alexi hou it ferd,
wiþouten any lesyng'.
LAUD 622

In þe worschip of god in glorie,
Out of latyn is drawen þis storie,
þorouȝ miȝth of heuene kyng'.
alle þat habben yherd his vye,
LAUD 622

---

he for soke hys Fad*er*, Mod*er*, And wyffe,
COTTON

And lyvyd A pore manys lyfe;
Nowe is he in Ioye þ*at* last[et]he Aye.
COTTON

---

who*n* þ*at* holi cors was leid
in þ*at* tou*m*be þ*at* wel was greiþed,
wiþ ful gret honour,
To alle þ*at* weren *in* þ*at* place
þ*er* com out, þorwh godes *grace*,
a ful swete odour;
So swote felede þei neu*er* no*n*,
as wyde as þei hedd*en* go*n*,
of no spicerie.
VERNON

Wan þat holy cors was leyd
In-to þe toumbe richeliche I-greyþud
Wiþ ful meche honour:
To alle þat were in þat place
þer com owt þoru godes grace
A ful swete odour.
So swete ne smelde þei neuere non,
Als so wyde as þey hadden gon,
Of no spiserye.
LAUD 108

þo þe masse was y.-do,
þe pope & þemp*er*our also,
þe holy corps þei kiste.
þei nome þo þe holy bon,
& leide it in a marbelston,
y-loke in a chiste.
¶ Alle þilk þat þer' were,
herieð god wiþ loude bere,
& crieden mercy,
LAUD 463

¶ þo þe masse was y-do,
þe Pope and þe emp*er*our al-so,
þat holy cors hy kiste.
Hy nome þe holy man, [leaf 77, back]
And leyde him in þe marbel ston,
By-loke in one chiste.
¶ Alle þulke þat þer were,
Herede god *with* loude bere,
And cride him m*er*cy,
TRINITY

God brynge hem to þe compaignye
*þer*e Aungels ben wonyynge; 1149
And sende vs, lorde, þi mylde
mood*e*;

LAUD 622

ffor þorou3 þee sprynge*þ* al good*e*
wi*þ*outen any endynge. 1152
Amen, Amen, Amen.

LAUD 622

God bryng us þere þ*at* best maye.
Praye wee A*ll* þ*at* yt soo bee. 421

COTTON

Amen, Amen, For cheryte.
explicit sante alex.

COTTON

þ*enn*e worschupede*n* heo Alle w*ith* o
steuene,
Ie*s*u, god*us* sone of heuene,
and his Mod*ur* Marie. 606

Ie*s*u c*r*ist, þorwh þe p*rei*3ere
of him þ*at* we haue of told here,
3if þi wille hit be, 609
Gra*u*nt vs alle god endyng,
and in heuene a wonyng.
AMEN p*ar* Charite. 612

VERNON

þei worchipeden him alle wi*þ* o
stephne
& þankeden Ie*s*u crist of heuene
& his moder Marye. 606

// Nou Ie*s*u crist þoru þe preyer
of þ*at* cors seint I tolde 3ou her,
3if þi wille it be, 609
Graunte vs alle god endyng,
And in heuene a wonyi*n*g!
Amen, par charite. 612

LAUD 108

Of þe wonder þ*at* he dide
In þe selue holy stede,
ffor loue of Alexij. 630

¶ Beseke we 3erne & ofte, [leaf 118, bk]
Ihesu þ*at* vs deore boughte,
þ*at* he vs g*r*ace sende. 633
þ*at* we mote him seruy,
And*e* for þe loue of Alexij,
To his blisse wende. AMEN. 636

LAUD 463

Of þe wondres þ*at* he dude
þo in þ*at* ilke holy stude,
ffor loue of allexi. 630

¶ By-seche we þanne, 3erne & ofte,
Crist self þ*at* vs dere bo3te,
þ*at* his g*r*ace vs sende, 633
þ*at* we mote him seruy,
And for þe loue of allexi,
To his blesse wende. Ame*n*. 636

TRINITY

King Solomon's Book of Wisdom,

A BOOK OF MORAL PRECEPTS AND PRACTICAL ADVICE (lines 1—105),

Taken from the Laud MS. 622's headless rymed Bible Story, and followd by the end of that Story, an account of

1. King SOLOMON'S love of Lechery, p. 85, l. 107—111. (For his Coronation, his Judgment on the Child claimd by 2 Mothers, and his Wisdom, &c., see p. 96-8);
2. of his son REHOBOAM, l. 113—131; and the separation of the Kingdoms of Judah and Israel, 132—146; p. 85-86;
3. legends of the prophet ELIJAH, 150; his raising the prophet Jonah[1] (the widow of Zarephath's son, 1 Kings xvii. 17) to life, 156-65; going to Horeb, 166-73; his choosing Elisha, 174-7; burning up king Ahaziah's messengers (2 Kings i. 10—12), 178—199; and going to heaven in a fiery horse and cart (2 Kings ii. 11), 200—213; p. 86-88;
4. of ELISHA, his purifying a well with salt, 214—225 (2 Kings ii. 19-22); and multiplying a poor woman's oil, 226—233 (2 Kings iv. 1—3); p. 88;
5. of DANIEL in the lions' den, fed with Abacuc's food, 234—263; and of Apostles and Friars preaching Christianity, 264-7; p. 88-89;
6. of the *Day of Doom*, 268; and herein, p. 89-90;
7. of ANTICHRIST, 272; how he shall go into the Holy Land, 274; slay Enoch and Eli, who have come to earth from Paradise to fight him, 292-6; and shall then himself be smitten to death by the Holy Ghost in the form of a sword.

All in alternate fours and threes[2], the latter ryming. In the rymes the equivalence of final 'ȝth' with 'ȝt' is to be noted[3],—l. 52, 51, 71-2; (but see 57-8, 7-8, 19-24, 33-4, &c.),—and these forms and rymes: *prep.* mytte (with), wytte, 43-4; but 'myde', iryde (ridden), 249-50; erþe, fierþe (fourth), 99-100; mesure, here, 89-90; consaile (*obl.*), availe (*inf.*), 115-16; but conseil (*obj.*), israel, 141-2; seiȝe (3 *pl. perf.* saw), diȝe (*inf.* die), 191-2; but 'seiȝ', on heiȝ (high), 201-2; pite (put, ? *inf.*, *imp.*, or *subj.*), a 'lite' (little), 225-6; ydytte (*pp.* of dihtan, see 254) 'pytte' (pit), 241-2; vchone, fon, 262-3. The *ie* is right: folie, wrie (*inf.*), 79-80; Elye, prophecie, 152-3, &c. The final *e* can hardly be allowd to þing (*obl.*) to match springe (*inf.*), 3-4 (see 59-60); cp. telle, wel, 55-6. Mowe, abouȝe, 27-8, seem to show the silence of ȝ. There are two 'longe' s probably of the same meaning ryming, 91-2. The ryming of 'ysed' (*pp.*) with 'ded' (dead, *pp.*), 195-6; of 'sede' (*perf.*) with 'falshede', 266, and the six '-ede' words in 267-272 (*drede* among them); of 'seide' with 'rede', 179-180, shows that the Elizabethan and our 'sed' is not, as has been asserted, a mere late slurring of the broad 'said', tho' that form or spelling has won in the fight for the survival of the fittest.

[1] That Jonah was the son of the widow of Zarephath is in the Midrash Yalqût (a legendary Commentary on the Old Testament, called Yalqût) to the book Jonah, quoted from the Talmud of Jerusalem.—A. Neubauer.

[2] A few fours, as 183, 202, 207, are but three measures; while a few threes, as 234 and 244, are fours.

[3] Cp. *Havelok*, fiht, rith, 2716; with, knith = wiht, knight, 2720.—Skeat.

[*Laud MS.* 622, *leaf* 69, *back.*]

Proem. Solomon's every word was wisdom.

SO mychel wisdo*m* neue*r* y-herd wa*s* ꝺ as kyn*g*ꝭ salamo*n*
coupe :
Vche wordꝭ wytꝭ & wisdo*m* was ꝺ þat co*m* outꝭ of his mouþe.
þe kynde he couþe of vche beestꝭ ꝺ & of vche quikꝭ þin*g*ꝭ,
And þe ve*r*tu ofꝭ vche herbe ꝺ þat doþ on erþe spr[i]nge ;
And þorou3 quei*n*tise in bookꝭ ywrite ꝺ þe fende to oue*r*-come,
þa*t* þise clerkes 3uttꝭ to þis day ꝺ in priuete habbeþ some.

I. *Solomon's Book of Wisdom.* He made a Book of Wisdom. I'll give you part of it.

A Bookꝭ he made of wisdo*m* ꝺ þorou3 his owe*n* þou3th ;
Su*m* ich wil þe*r*of telle ꝺ for al ne may I nou3th.
þe bookꝭ biga*n* in þis mane*r*e ꝺ eue*r*ich wytꝭ & wisdom,
Euer wi*th* oure lordꝭ it is ꝺ & fro hy*m* firstꝭ it com.
Who schulde þe rein-dropes telle ꝺ oiþe*r* þe gra*u*el i*n* þe Cee,
Oiþe*r* þe dayes þa*t* eue*r*e were ꝺ botꝭ 3if it were he ?
To douten god almi3tty ꝺ of vche wisdo*m* it is rote.
On erþe & atꝭ þine endyngday ꝺ of alle bales he is bote.
3if þou louestꝭ wisdom ꝺ lookꝭ þou ri3th loue ꝺ
Vnbuxu*m* ne be þou nou3th ꝺ to þe*m* þa*t* be*n* þe aboue.

Fear of God is wisdom's root.

Help the needy.

Helpe þe man þat nedeful is ꝺ be a3ei*n*s hy*m* þa*t* is vnmylde.
Be þou me*r*ciable to widewe ꝺ & to fa*d*erles childe.
Ne hide nou3th þi wisdom ꝺ ne wiþseie nou3th þe ri3th.

Don't fight strong and wrathful men.

A3ei*n* stronge men & ireful ꝺ lookꝭ þa*t* þou ne fi3th.
Answere þe poue*r*e myldelich ꝺ to longe abid þou nou3th
Forto tu*r*ne a3ei*n* to godꝭ ꝺ 3if þou be in synne brou3th.

Cease not to work and fight to sustain the right.

// Ne bileue þou nou3th to tra*u*aile ꝺ oiþe*r* to deþ[e] fi3th,
For Ie*s*u cristes swete loue ꝺ to susteyne þe ri3th.
Wiþ þe fole ne wone þou nou3th ꝺ 3if þou wiltꝭ goodꝭ lerne.
þou wisse hy*m* þa*t* litel goodꝭ can ꝺ þe vnwise teche 3erne.

Don't be a Justice unless you're fit for one.

Ne wilne nou3th Iustise to be ꝺ botꝭ 3if þou cu*n*ne & mowe.
þe vnbuxu*m*, chastise wiþ ri3th law3e ꝺ & make þe proude abou3e.

Þei3 þou haue a .M. frendes : take on þat be good & priuee, Have 1 good friend.
Þat þou mowe þi conseil telle : lest' þe oþer failen þe. 30
For summe ben at' þi borde þi frende : ac at' þi nede bihynde.
Best' tresore is þine elde frende : þat men on erþe may fynde ; An old friend is the best treasure on earth.
Þi trewe frende emforþ þi-self' : þou mi3th telle þi þou3th ; 33
Michel solas he wil þe don : 3if þou art in baret' brou3th.
¶ To Newfangel ne be þou nou3th : lest þou finde vntrewe.
Þine olde frende þat þou fonded haste : bileue þou for no newe.
Faire speche is [ful] good þing' : it passeþ many fon, 37 Fair speech beats many foes.
And makeþ many a good frend : & holdeþ hol many a bon.
Chese þe a witty hyne : & loue hym with al þi mi3th ;
Of his Salerie wiþholde þou nou3th : þat þou schalt hym with ri3th.
Þerwhile þi sones 3onge beþ : þou hem chastise & lere ; 41 Thrash and teach your young sons. [*Eccius.* xxx. 1, 10.]
Wite þi douttren with eye wel : þat þai haue of þe fere ;
Selde þou make hem fair semblaunt : þerwhile þai ben þe mytte ; Seldom smile at your daughters.
Whan þai schullen ywedded be : take hem a man of wytte. 44
// Honoure fader & moder : þat þe in-to þis werlde brou3th ; Honour your father and mother.
Þe pyne þat þi moder had : haue it mychel in þou3th.
Who so honoureþ fader & moder : þe lenger he worþe alyue ;
His hous & al his erþlich þing' : þe better schal yþriue. 48
To þe seke gladlich þou go : þan doostou as þe kynde.
In euerych dede þat þou doost' : þine endynge haue in mynde.
¶ Ne chide nou3th wiþ no foule speker : with riche ne plede Don't go to law with rich men
þou no3t' ;
For oft' þe ri3th, þorou3 gret' mede : is in-to wrong' y-brou3th. 52 They bribe.
Mid a fole, of þi þing' : ne make þou non In mone. Don't share your goods with a fool.
Wiþ a Man þat fool-hardy is : ne goo þou nou3th alone.
To fool ne to non vncouþ man : þi conseil [þou] ne telle, [col. 2]
For þe fool, bot' his foly : noþing' ne loueþ wel. 56
Ne biholde no faire wymmen : þat þai ne chaunge þi þou3t' ;
Ne loue no womman with þine hert' : þat sche ne gile þe nou3t' ; Don't love any woman, for fear she'll trick you.
Ne biholde nou3th in þe strete : aboute fram þing' to þing'.
3if a liþer man doþ þe vnri3th : ne haue þerof no likyng'. 60
Dele þi frendes & poure men : þi good by þi daye ; Give your money away while you live.
Ne bileue it nou3th to oþer men : lest þai þe bitraye.

Don't have many children.
Ne delite þe nouȝth to gete children ſ many & vnmylde,
ffor ȝut þe were better ſ to deye wiþouten childe. 64
¶ Amended is al a cuntre ſ wiþ a Man þat is wys.
And for a liþer man ſ mychel enpaired I-wis.

Ware taverns and Lechery.
A riche werk of dronkelew man ſ selde is yfounde,
For Tauerne & leccherie ſ many man bringeþ to grounde 68

Keep your secrets to yourself.
Noiþer þi frende ne þi foo ſ ne telle þou þi priuete;
For bot he be þe better frend ſ ȝif he wot any yuel by þe
þat þou ne most þe more hym bowȝe ſ ȝif þou misseist hym ouȝt,
þat yuel þat he wot by þe ſ he nyH it hele nouȝth. 72

Reprove your friend if he does wrong, unless he's a fool.
Vndernyme þi frend ſ ȝif þou seest hym mysdo;
ȝif he is a fool or þi foo ſ ne do þou nouȝth so.
Riche ȝiftes & presentȝ ſ maken þise Iuges blynde,
þat þai cunnen yse þe riȝth ſ þe wrong sone þai fynde. 76
// wisdom yheled, litel is worþ ſ oiþer treuþ ihyd;
Bot boþe þai wexen swiþe ſ ȝif þai ben y-kyd.

Show wisdom. Hide folly.
Good is, wisdom to schewe ſ & to hely folie;
For þe fool ne can hele noþing ſ bot he it out wrie; 80
His hert is as a vessel ſ þat boþome ne haþ non;
Whan any þing þerinne comeþ ſ it goþ out onon.

How to know a fool: he's a runabout, eaves-dropper, and liar.
A fool, men mowen wel yknowe ſ for oft he goþ aboute
With erandes to many hous ſ & oft he stant without, 84
And goþ to a windowe stillelich ſ & soft lokeþ þer-inne,
Oiþer herkneþ þerat what men ſ seien þere wiþinne.
Sone & lovde he wil liȝe ſ whan he hereþ foly telle: 87
A wise man wolde aschamed be ſ ȝif swich a cas hym bifelle.
Vche word þat at his mouþe schal come, schal be by mesure;
Hym is loþ to telle myche ſ ac leue myche to here. 90

3 wisdoms.
ȝut þre wisdoms lerne of me ſ ne þenche nouȝth to longe;
Be nouȝth sory for no los ſ ne after noþing longe, 92
Namelich þat þou ne miȝth nouȝth haue ſ ne nouȝth þerfore ne care.
Ne al þat þou herest, ne leue þou nouȝth ſ ȝif þou wilt wel fare.

The good of teaching.
An vntauȝt childe his fader schent more ſ þan þei hem selue don;
þe man þat teche his children wel ſ sore saweþ his fon. 96

3 things on earth no man can know.
þre þinges on erþe beþ ſ þat men mowen nouȝth y-knowe:
Whiche hij ben, I schal ȝou telle ſ boþe to heiȝe & lowe:

þe fisches weie *in* þe Cee : þe snakes weie *on* erþe,
And þe foules waie i*n* þe sky : þe werst is þe fierþe :
þat is, childes waie *in* his 3ouþe : 3if it haþ his wille.
For many a foule waie it will goo : & selde sitt' stille.
þis book' made Salamo*n* : of þise wisdoms & more : [leaf 70]
To mychel he loued leccherie : for al his wise lore,
Seue*n*ty wyues i*n* spousehode : he helde al his lyf',
And þre hu*n*dreþ in leccherie : þat no*n* þe*r*of wa*s* his wyf'.
Fourty wyntre*n* he wa*s* ky*n*g : & died i*n* þe fourtide 3ere.
Telle me*n* mi3tten þat he were saf' : 3if leccherie nere.
Foure hu*n*dreþ 3er & seue*n*tene : it wa*s* þo he died, & mo,
þat þe folk' of Isra*e*l : out' of Egipte gu*n*ne*n* go.

100 The 4th and worst: to let a child have its will.

104 End of *Solomon's Book of Wisdom.* He had 70 wives and 300 concubines.

108 His lechery may have damnd him.

Affter ky*n*g' Salomo*n*s deþ : Roboam his sone
Was of þat londe kyng' ymade : as it wa*s* þe wone.
þat folk' cried o*n* hy*m* a day : þat he a-legge scholde
þe se*r*uage þat his fade*r* hem made : þe bette*r* se*r*ue hy*m* þai wolde.
þe*r*fore wi*th* alle his olde me*n* : þe kyng' we*n*t to co*n*seile :
þai radde*n* hy*m* mylde forto be : þe more it wolde hy*m* availe.
He cleped forþ his 3onge folk' : as he hy*m* self' was,
& axed wheþe*r* þe reed wa*s* good' : þai seide*n* þat it nas ;
Bot' "be þou sterne & dredeful : & þa*n* wil þai be*n* good' ; 119
Ne schaltou hem neue*r*e good holde : bot' wi*th* sterne mood'."
¶ þe ky*n*g' þis conseil loued wel : his bo*n*dememe*n* he lete fecche.
"Wene 3e for my fade*r* was wys : þat ich wil be a wreeche.
In þe left' fynge*r* þat ich haue : strengþe þe*r*e is more
þa*n* wa*s* i*n* al my fade*r* schulde*r* : for al his wise lore
3if he 3ou brou3th i*n* se*r*uage : to more I wil 3ou drawe.
Wene 3e þei3 ich be 3ong' : þat ich ne couþe 3ou lawe ?"
þis folk' crieden 3erne & wepe*n* : sore þai hem dradd' ;
Ac for no þi*n*g' þai mi3tten do : o þe*r* word' þai nadd'.

II. *Of Rehoboam.* Rehoboam his son reignd in his stead.

When his folk askt him to lighten their serfage,

he followd his young friends' advice,

and told his bondmen

that his left finger should be heavier than his father's shoulder (1 *Kings* xii. 10—14).

PO þai were*n* from hy*m* ywe*n*t : gret conseil þai toke*n*.
þe ten kyndes of isra*e*l : for kyng' þai hy*m* forsoke*n*,
And made hem a newe ky*n*g' : ne stode hem of hy*m* non eie ;
ffor þe*r*e ne leued wiþ hy*m* : bot þe ky*n*des tweie,

So the 10 tribes of Israel chose them a new king (Jeroboam),

and left Rehoboam only 2 tribes,

Bot þe kynde of Beniamyn ſ & þe kynde of Iudas;
Alle þe kyndes of þe oþer ten ſ aȝeins hym fast was.
þe kyngꝰ sent messagers to hem ſ & gret doel to hym he nom;

and stoned his messengers (Adoniram, 1 *Kings* xii. 18).

Wiþ stones þai slowȝen his messagers ſ þat to hem from hym com. 136

Afftер þai maden Ieroboam kyng ſ wel he gan hem paie;
And euere þe kyngdom departed is ȝutꝰ to þis daye.
þe kyngdom of þe tweie kyndes ſ Iudee ycleped is;
þerinne oure lordꝰ was ybore ſ in Bethleem iwis. 140

Jeroboam's kingdom of 10 tribes is calld Israel.

þe kyngdom of þe ten kyndes ſ ycleped is israel;
þere miȝth Roboam þe kyngꝰ ſ acursy fole conseil.
Ofte eye & pride, harme doeþ ſ þere men miȝth yse;

No man can stand alone.

So riche a man in londe nis ſ þat mowe al-one be; 144
So riche a kyngꝰ in þe werlde nys ſ þat poure begger he nere,
ffor al þe richesse þat he haþ ſ ȝif vche man his fo were.

III. *Of Elijah.*

IT bifel in israel ſ by þe kyngesday, swiche a cas:
þere was a wise prophete ſ Elye ycleped he was. 148
In wildernesse he woned ſ þe goodꝰ prophete Elye,
ffor þe kyngꝰ awaited hym to sle ſ for his prophecie.

He dwelt in the desert for fear of King Ahab; and a raven fed him (1 *Kings* xvii.).

A morewen & an euen a Rauen ſ þere com vche a day,
And brouȝth þe prophete mete ſ in wildernesse þere he lay. 152
Siþen as oure lorde hym hete ſ to a toun he wende,
And seiȝ a widewe gadre woodꝰ ſ onon to hir he kende.

He raisd to life the widow of Zarepheth's son, who was afterwards the prophet Jonah, and was sent to preach against Niniveh.

þere he woned longe wiþ hire ſ a day þer fel a cas
þat þe widewe son died ſ he was yhote Ionas; 156
Elie arered hym fram deþ to lyue ſ þorouȝ goddes sonde;
And siþen he was a prophete ſ þe wisestꝰ in þe londe.
ffor wel longe afterwardꝰ ſ oure lordꝰ bad Ionas gon
To þe Cite of Niniue ſ þat schulde haue ben fordon 160
ffor synne þat þai hadden ydon ſ Ionas was adraddꝰ,
Ac forto prechen þider he ȝede ſ as oure lordꝰ hym badꝰ.

Elijah was 40 days at Horeb without food (1 *Kings* xix. 8).

// To þe hil of Oreb ſ Ely redy wende
þere Moyses in þe brennyngꝰ þorne ſ oure lorde kende: 164
ffourty dayes he was þiderwardꝰ ſ þat he ne ete ne dronkꝰ
As it goddes wiłł was ſ he had mychel þonkꝰ.

þere oure lorde spak wiþ hym : & hete hym good lyf lede,
And wende aȝein to israel : & noþing ne drede.
"// A Man þat hatte Elisee : by þe waie þou schalt fynde ; God bade him take Elisha with him.
þou schalt hym take forþ wiþ þe : þat he ne leue bihynde."
Elie þe prophete went forþ : til he in-to desert cam.
He fonde Elyse gon on þe pleyn : with hym forþ he hym nam They go to the land of Israel.
To þe londe of israel[1] : þai nadden of þe kyng non eye.
Elise fonde anoþer prophete : & þider þai wenten beie.
þo lay þe kyng sore seek : & þo it was hym yseȝd, King Ahaziah is sick,
Elye tolde his messagers : þat he schulde be deȝd.
He hete his men wende after hym : þat þai sparen ne scholde ; and sends his men after Elijah (2 *Kings* i. 9).
He wende, ȝif he miȝth hym haue hadd : þat he hym hele wolde.
þei wenten forþ & comen to Elye : "goddes man" þai seide :
"þe kyng hete þe come & speke with hym : ȝif þou couþest hym rede."

Elie seide "ȝif ich am goddes man : I. biȝd god al-one, At Elijah's word,
þat wilde fire come fram heuen adoun : & brenne ȝou vchone."
Amyd þis word onon : fire fram heuen com, fire from heaven burns the men to dust.
And brent þise men al to dust : þere was an hard dom.
Sore alonged was þe kyng : after hym ylome ;
Tueie he sent of oþer men : þo þai nouȝ[th] ne come. Twice, other men of Ahaziah's are thus burnt (2 *Kings* i. 11).
þai seiden as þe oþer deden : þo þai Elye seie ;
And as þe oþer þai weren serued : ibrouȝth on liȝth leie.
þo þai ne comen nouȝth aȝein : þe kyng þouȝth longe,
And lete sende after hym : wise men & stronge.
// ȝerne þai crieden mercie : þo þai Elye seiȝe :
"Haue mercy on þe kyng : or elles he schal diȝe."
þerof seide Elye : "Siker he may be.
Ac, forto paye his corage : ich wil hym ones see."
Elye went forþ to þe kyng : & seide he schulde be deȝd ; At last Elijah goes to the king; foretells his death; and he dies.
And sone he died þerafter-ward : as he had yseȝd.
Elie & Elisee in þe londe : wide aboute went,
For to tellen of prophecie : as oure lorde hem sent.
As þai precheden goddes lawe : from heuen þere aliȝth
A fyry hors & a cart :—boþe þai weren wel briȝth ;—

[1] MS. isrk.

Elijah goes up to heaven in a fiery horse-and-cart.

Elye þerinne went ſ þat hors hym drouȝ vp on heiȝ
In þe cart to heuen ſ þat men neuer eft hym ne seiȝ.
// Riȝth to heuen ne segge ich nouȝth ſ þat he euer come,

But he 'll have to come back to earth on Dooms-Day,

For he schal haue fleschlich lyf ſ forto aȝeins þe day of dome.
We rede nouȝth bot of two Men ſ þat hennes alyue went,
Enok & Elye ſ as god hem after sent.

that he and Enoch may fight Anti-christ, and get killd.

Boþe þai wonen in paradys ſ & boþe þai schullen aliȝth
Aȝeins þe day-of dome ſ & wiþ antecrist fiȝth.
Anticrist hem schal boþe sle ſ & siþþen þai schullen wende
To þe blisse of heuen ſ & wonen þere wiþouten ende.

IV. *The Story of Elisha,*

PO Ely in þis fair cart ſ to heuen was ylad, Elye [If 70, bk.]
Elisee his felawe ſ was sory, & nouȝth glad.

Elisha finds a bad well in Jericho,

He ȝede to don his prophecie ſ in þe londe of Ierico:
þere he fonde a liþer welle ſ þat many man dude wo,
ffor it wolde wex & sprede ſ wide & brode ilome,
Ne miȝth þe erþe bere no fruyt ſ þere þe water come.

and cures it by casting salt into it (2 *Kings* ii. 19—22).

þe prophete blissed salt ſ & in þe watere cast;
þe liþerhede þat þerinne was ſ miȝth no lengere last;
It bicom þe best watere ſ þat euer miȝth ben;
Al þat it comeþ neiȝ ſ þe bettere schal þeen.

For this miracle, the priest puts salt to holy water.

ffor þe miracle þat men þo say ſ þat white salt had ydo,
Whan þe preest makeþ haliwater ſ salt he doþ þerto.

A Womman cried on Elisee ſ as sche hym mette, Eliseus
& seide, men took al hir good ſ for hire hosebonde dette,
& þat sche nadd nomore good ſ bot Oile alite.

Elisha multiplies the widow's oil (2 *Kings* iv. 1—8), so that she can pay her debts, and live.

Elisee bad hire take þerof ſ & in vche vessel it pite
þat sche had in al hire hous ſ & þo sche had ydo þis,
Euerich vessel was ful ſ of good oyle Iwis.
þis womman had þer þorouȝ ſ ynouȝ of al good
fforto ȝelde her dettes ſ & to hire lyues food.
It bifel þat men of Babiloyne ſ weren of liþer bileue:
þai honoureden a fals god ſ a morewe & ek an eue.

V. *The Prophet Daniel.*

A Wise prophete was in þat londe ſ þat hiȝth Danyel. ¶ Danyel.
He com & told þe kyng fore ſ his men bileueden noȝt wel.
ȝiue me power ouer hem ſ & ich hem wil bringe of dawe.'
þan seide þe kyng to hym ſ "þat were no wise lawe."

þat folk' þo þai herden þis ⁊ þe kyng' þai comen to :
"3iue vs" þai seiden "Danyel ⁊ oure wiH *with* hym to do,
Oiþer we schullen þe sle ⁊ er we hennes gon."
þe kyng' was of hem sore adrad' ⁊ & graunted' hem onon. 240
Onon þai token Danyel þo ⁊ & casten hym in-to a pytte,
þere seuen hungri lyouns weren ⁊ þereinne aH ydytte,
ffor þai hym strangli scholden ⁊ ac þai deden hym non harme ;
Bot' whan þat he was sett' adoun ⁊ þai leneden *in*-to his barme.

AMan þere was þat hi3th Abacuc ⁊ *in*-to þe felde he went',*
Repmen forto bere mete ⁊ sone he hym þider sent'. * ¶ Abacuk.
þe Aungel hym bad' abide ⁊ & to Danyel it bere. 247
Sone he seide 'he nolde' ⁊ & 3af' hym li3th ansuere.
þe aungel took' hym by þe top ⁊ & bare hym forþ þer myde,—
Hym had' ben bettere to haue ygo ⁊ þan so fer to haue iryde,—
& so hym he bare to Danyel ⁊ & þo he com hym to, 251
He 3af hym þe mete þat he bare ⁊ & lete Abacuc' go.
þo Danyel had' seueni3th ⁊ ibe *in* þe dep pytt',
þe kyng' loked to his lyouns ⁊ & lete hem vndytt'. 254
¶ Alyue he fond' Danyel ⁊ gret' wonder he hadde.
Wiþ gret' ioye he took' hym vp ⁊ & to his fon hym lad'.
þe men þat brou3tten hym þere ⁊ he lete nyme fast',
And euerych after oþere ⁊ amonge þe lyouns cast'. 258
Sone hadden þe Lyouns ⁊ forswelewed' hem vchone ;
And so oure lorde euer among' ⁊ takeþ wreche of his fon.
þapostles, forto þai weren yslawe ⁊ prechedeu cristendom ;
And many man after hem ⁊ good prechour bycom. 262
And now þise freres don also ⁊ prechen aboute ylome,
ffor of prechyng' it worþe nede ⁊ er þe day of dome.

ÞE first signe þer a3eins ⁊ as oure lord hym-self sede,
Hunger schal on erþe be ⁊ treccherie & falshede, 266
Batailes & litel loue ⁊ sekenesse & haterede ;
& þe erþe schal quaken ⁊ þat vche man schal drede ;
þe mone schal turne to blood ⁊ þe sunne to derk'hede ;
Antecrist' schal on erþe gon ⁊ & prechen his li,er hede.
He schal go bot' in þe holy londe ⁊ þere oure lord' 3ede,
& his deciples in-to al þe werlde ⁊ his yuel wordes wil bede.

The Babylonians demand Daniel of their king,

and cast him in a den of 7 hungry lions.

The lions lean on Daniel's bosom.

Abacuc refuses to take Daniel food.

So an angel picks him up by his top, gives Daniel his food, and drops Abacuc (*Bel and the Dragon*, 33—39).

The King takes Daniel out of the den, and casts his foes into it.

The Apostles preacht; and so do the Friars now; and they need.

VI. *The Signs of the Day of Doom.* And herein

VII. *Of Antichrist.* He shall go into the Holy Land only.

His men shall do miracles, but not raise the dead.

As þai speke*n*, þai schulle*n* do ⁝ miracles gr*e*te & ryue ;
Bot' we ne fy*n*de nou3th þai mowe ⁝ arer*e* þe ded to lyue. 274
Bot' *in*-to cursed gostes ⁝ fendes wille þ go,
fforto bere he*m* witnesse ⁝ of al þ*at* he sei þ hem to.

Wise clerks shall withstand 'em.

Þise gr*e*te clerkes & wise ⁝ a3ei*n* hy*m* schulle*n* speke,
fforto holde*n* vp *c*ristendo*m* ⁝ þ*at* me*n* it nou3th ne breke. 278

Fools say that clerks shall destroy this world.

Bot' many of þise foles sigge*n* ⁝ in her hastite,
þ*at* clerkes schulle*n* fordo þis werld' ⁝ bot' so schal it no3t' be,
Bot' þe fals clergie ⁝ þ*at* antec*r*ist' schal of pr*e*che ; 281
& fele þ*at* i*n* godenesse schulde*n* be ⁝ li þ*er* he wil he*m* tec*h*e.
Ac so wys clerk' ne wor þ þ*er* no*n* ⁝ þ*at* ne schal haue to do*n* ynou3
fforto disputen a3ei*n*s hy*m* ⁝ þei3 he haue þe wou3.

Antichrist shall turn many to evil.

Many me*n* schulle*n* t*ur*ne ⁝ to yuel, me*n* may drede, 285
ffor on er þe me*n* may se ⁝ to li þ*er*, stedfast hede.
Oure lord' let' hy*m* *on* er þe gon ⁝ for þ*at* he wil fonde
Whiche me*n* of stedfastnesse be þ ⁝ & *c*ristendo*m* vnderstonde.

Enoch and Elijah

Tueie men ben in p*ar*adys ⁝ Enok' & Elye ; 289
þai ne suffrede*n* neuer de þ ⁝ as we han seid twie.

shall come down from heaven, fight Antichrist, and be slain.

A3ei*n*s þe day of dome ⁝ þai schulle*n* on er þe ali3th,
And her ei þ*er* aft*er* o þ*er* ⁝ a3ei*n*s Antec*r*ist fi3th.
Antic*r*ist' he*m* schal bo þe sle ⁝ & fele Me*n* wille*n* þ*er*fore 293
T*ur*ne to her bileue ⁝ & make her soules forlor*e*.

The Holy Ghost shall kill Antichrist.

Atte last schal come þe holi gost' ⁝ i*n* fo*ur*me of swerd' al[i]3t',
& Antic*r*ist' to de þ smyte ⁝ þorou3 his swete mi3t. 296

St. Jeremie's 15 Tokens before Doomsday.

WITH

LAMENTACIO ANIMARUM,

WHAT OUR LORD SHALL DO AND SAY ON THAT DOOMSDAY; AND A SONG OF JOY AND BLISS, TO PRAISE THAT SWEET DEW, CHRIST.

(See other englisht copies of these '15 Tokens' attributed to St. Jerome, in my *Early English Poems* (Philolog. Soc. 1862), p. 7-12, and p. 162-4 (from *Metrical Homilies*, ed. Small, before publication); my *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ* (E. E. T. S., 1867), p. 118-125; Dr Morris's 'Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*' (Philolog. Soc.), p. 135, l. 4738, &c, and *Cursor Mundi* (E. E. T. Soc.), p. 1282-1298, Part IV, and p. 1616-18 (from the Edinburgh MS), in the Appendix, Part V; Mr T. Wright's *Chester Plays* (copid by Geo. Bellin in 1592), vol. ii. 147-9; and in the same vol., p. 219-21 (from Harl. MS. 913, ab. 1309 A.D.), and p. 222-4 (from Harl. 2255); Mr Small's Northern '*Metrical Homilies*', p. 25-6, given also in Morris and Skeat's *Specimens of Early English*, 1298—1393, p. 83-5; Sir David Lyndesay's *Monarche*, book iv, l. 5462 (in Skeat's *Specimens*, 1394-1579, p. 254-6), &c, &c, &c. Old Friesic has a version of these 15 Tokens, says Mr Skeat: see Richtofen, *Friesische Rechtsquellen*, p. 130. Mr Small says that 'no copy of the original is to be found in the Benedictine edition of Jerome's Works'; and Mr Wright states that 'others say they are first found in the *Prognosticon futuri seculi* of Julianus Pomerius, a theologian, who died in the year 690'.)

The Song that follows the *Signs* here, has pretty bits and good words in it.

[*Laud MS.* 622, *leaf* 70, *back, col.* 2.]

¶ ffiftene toknes. ¶ Ieremie.

St. Jerome's 15 Tokens:

SEint Ieremie telleþ in his book' ſ of xv. tokenyng' þat god wil aȝeins domesdai ſ here on erþe bring': þe first day þe Cee schal arise ſ & as a wal stonde, Wel heiȝer by .xl feet' ſ þan any hil in þis londe. 4

1. The sea rises 40 feet.

2. it nearly vanishes.

þat oþer dai, it schal so lowe aliȝt' ſ þat vnneþe men schul it se;

3. all fish turn up and cry.

Alle þe fissches þe þrid day ſ abouen þe water schuH be, & so reuly a cri ȝiuen ſ þat aH men schullen haue fere;

4. water burns.

þe fierþe day, water schal brenne ſ as þeiȝ it coles were; 8

5. trees bleed.

þe v^te. day, schal euerych tre ſ blede dropes of blood';

6. castles fall.

þe vj^te. day, schuH castels & houses faH ſ aH þat euer stood;

7, 8. stones fight, &c.

þe vij^te. day, stones schuH fiȝtt' ſ þe viij . þe erþe quake;

9. hills flatten.

þe ix^e day, aH hilles spreden abrod ſ & al þe werld' euen make;

10. men run like mad, for fear.

þe x. day, men schul renne aboute ſ as þai wode were, 13

As wilde bestes holes to seche ſ to hide hem inne for fere.

11. dead bones rise.

// þe xj. day, bones of ded' men ſ arisen schuH & vpriȝt' stonde;

12. stars fall.

þe xij dai, as þeiȝ it steren weren ſ fram heuen to þe londe; 16

13. all die.

þe xiij. dai, vche quik þing' schal dye ſ þe xiiij. fire aliȝt',

14. earth burns.

And brenne al þe middelerd' ſ so crist it wil diȝt';

15. four angels shall blow.

þe xv. dai, schollen .iiij. Aungels comen ſ a .iiij. half mydlerde, & blowen þorouȝ-out al þe werlde ſ þat vche man schal be aferd';

Christ shall arise with his earthly body,

ffor in þilk' age he schal arise ſ þat god was inne ded, 21

Of litel more þan .xxx^ti. wyntren ſ as ich ȝou habbe ised',

¶ Lamentacio animarum.

[*This is the Head line in the MS, tho' there is no break in the story.*]

[1] Wiþ þilk' body þat he had' here ſ he ne schal so litel misse As þe lesȝ her of his body ſ I sigge ȝou Iwisse. [leaf 71] 24

Oure lord schal come & smyte adoun : as liȝttyng doþ to ground, and come down like lightning.
þere þat he to heuen stiȝe : with his bledyng wounde.[1]
An Aungel schal þe spere & þe nails : & þe crovne of þorn, An angel shall bear the spear, nails, cross, &c.
& þe rood þat he died on : with hym bringe aforn.
In þe vale of Iosephat : his dom he wil do ; The Doom shall be held in the Vale of Jehoshaphat.
þe best man schal sore agrise : þat schal come þerto.
Leuere had his owen moder : in helle pyne to be,
Al þe while þe dom ylast : þan her sones face to see.
Allas ! hou schuld we þan ouercome : þilk griselich fere,
Whan vche seint schal aferde be : oure lord crist to see þere ?

OVre lord wil schewe his bitter woundes : And Sigge, "Man ! Christ will ask who has done the 7 deeds of Mercy,
for þe,
Look what ich haue ysuffred : what hastow suffred for me ?"
Mest he wil vnderstonde þere : þe vij. merciful dedes :
Who þat haþ hem here ydo : as he with his mouþ sede,
þe hungri forto fede : & schride þe cloþles,
Ofte goo to sek men : & herberewe þe housles,
þe dede forto bury, : þe bounden to vnbynde,
þai þat þise on erþe loueden : þere hij schullen it fynde. and reward them.

OVre lord wil to þe liþer sigge : as we reden in gospelle, The cursed shall be carrid off by devils.
"Ze cursed gostes, goþ : in-to þe pyne of helle !"
þe deuelen willen come ȝernend : & speten fire & blast,
& taken þe wrecched soulen : & in-to pyne hem cast.

OVre lord wil to good men sigge : "in my riȝth honde ȝe come, The good, Christ shall take to his father's kingdom.
And afongeþ my fador riche : þat aȝeins ȝow is ynome,
þat to ȝou was ymaked : bifore þe werldes biginnyng ;
þere ȝe schullen be in ioye with me : wiþ-outen any endyng."
In þis book we finde ywrite : þat þre manere folk schal saued be, Maiden, spouse, and widow, shall be sav'd.
Maidenhod & spousehod : & widewehode : þise þre.
Ich bid hym þat vs deme schal : kyng of alle kynge,
Among his blissed sones : oure soules to heuen bryngе. Amen.

OFf ioye & blisse is my song : care to bileue, *A Song of Joy that that honey-drop, Christ, has come.*
& to herie hym among : þat al oure sorouȝ schal reue.
Ycome he is, þat swete dew : þat swete hony drope,

[1] MS. woudē

Iesus, kynge of alle kynges : to whom is al oure hope.
Bicome he is oure broþer : whare was he so longe;
He it is, & non oþer : þat bouȝth vs so stronge.
Oure broþer we mowe hym clepe wel : so seiþ hym-self ilome,
& so ne miȝtten þai neuer adel : þat bifore vs come.
He nas oure broþer nouȝth : er he oure flesch nome;
þerwiþ he haþ vs dere abouȝth : to maken vs ysome.
ysome nere we nouȝth bifore : Aungels & oure kynde,
Er swete Iesus were ybore : þat to selde is in mynde.
// Bot now he haþ oure flesch ynome : & oure broþer is;
Oure kynde is wel heiȝe ycome : among oþer, Iwis;
ffor he is oure kynde heixt : saue his godhede,
& al aboue his throne next : so heiȝe is manhede.
Aungel ne worþ hym nouȝt so neiȝ : for he is oure broþer nouȝth,
& þat oure kynde is ek so heiȝe : he haþ vs dere abouȝth.
Aungels he ne bouȝth nouȝth : we ben hym wel neer;
Whan he haþ vs so dere bouȝth : wel ouȝtten we to louen hym here.
Ne aungel nys naþemo : bot his messagere, [leaf 71, col. 2]
How miȝth it þan go : to be his broþer here?
& in heuen þai schullen also : whan þat we ben þere,
Oure hestes & oure wiH do : as þai oure hynen were,
And to oure heste seruen vs : to foot & to honde,
Oure owen mowe we holden hem : as ich vnderstonde;
wel mowe we þan glade be : to habbe suich an hyne.
& siþþe we mowe here isee : as we iseþ atte fyne,
þat we ben alþer kynde heiȝest : wiþ-oute god al-one,
And in heuen also hym next : among his aungels vchone.
And aH þat now late comen : siþ oure lorde aliȝth,
And oure flesch haþ here ynomen : yheried be his miȝth!
þilk þat toforne vs come : whan þai þe deþ founde,
þan were þai onon ycast : in-to helle grounde.
Nere he neuer so holy ne so good : þere nas non forbore;
And so hem longed sore : after oure lorde þerfore.

He bought us. We may call him Brother.

He took our flesh, to make us one with him.

Angels are not so near him as we are.

Angels are only his messengers, and they shall serve us in heaven.

We are highest of all, except God.

Blessed be his might!

Before us, all men went to hell.

// þe prophetes þat weren so good : & so holy alle, The prophets
þat of oure lorde vnderstoden : & what schulde bi-faH,
Hij wisten þat he schulde come : ac hij nysten whanne;
þe tyme hem þouȝt long ynouȝ : vche ynche hem þouȝt a spanne. thought it long ere
þai gradden after hym oft : in her prophecie, Christ came.
And in þe bokes þat þai writen : þat he schulde dye :
"God ȝeue," quoþ on of hem : "þat heuen broste atwo, One prayd that heaven
þat he miȝth aliȝth adoun : & vs sauen so." might burst, and Christ alight to save men.
Sumdel hem longed þo : whan þai nolden abide,
þat heuen cleue soft a two : to saue vche side. But tho' they wisht the heaven to cleave,
Ac it schulde al to brest : & oure lorde falle adoune,
Miȝth þai hym haue yhent : fast by þe crovne.
Ac he ne heiȝed nouȝth so swiþ : bot com soft adoun;
þai wolde hym narewȝ hab y-hent : ac he held hem þer doun.
Parde, ȝit ne com he nouȝth : ne were hem neuer so wo; Christ came not to them.
þai hadden þe grounde of helle isouȝth : er he com hem to.
Seint Dauid after his anoie : after hym grad þus : David cried after Him,
"Lord, in heuen to vs abowȝe : & aliȝth to vs!
Schewe vs þine holy face : & we worþe hool onon."
Hym longed ek after his face : þe holy Symeon, and so did holy Simeon.
And aH blis hym was bynome : & oft he gradd þerfore :
"Lorde, whan wiltou come : & wilt ben ybore?
Wene ȝe ich may dure : wene ȝe ich may see?"
Her mone was doel to see : þere gamed hem no gle.
// Ac hym ne greued nouȝth : aȝeins oþer bifore,
ffor he nas nouȝth to deþ ibrouȝth : er god were ibore,
Ac liued forto he hym seiȝ : & in his armes nome, And Simeon livd to take
þo he on Candelmesday : to þe temple come. Christ in his arms.
Lorde, wel may vs be : bet þan hem was þo, How well for us
þat ne miȝtten nower fle : lorde, what hem was wo.
þere oure lorde seide : þo he was ybore,
þat we miȝtten ben ful glade : ouer oþer þat weren bifore. that we can see Him
þe prophetes wilned hym forto see : & many kynges also, whom Prophets and Kings longd
þat we isen ȝif it miȝth be : ac hij ne miȝtten it nouȝth do. in vain to see; and
// we mowen now as it were : for nouȝth, to heuen come, that we may gain heaven
Siþþen oure lord had ibouȝth : & þe fendes power bynome. for nought,

since Christ has bought it for us!

Ac þai þat suich *grace* ne hadde*n* ꝭ þat tofore vs come,
After oure lorde þai gradde*n* ꝭ in þe *pro*phecie ylome;
After hym þai gradden ꝭ wiþ gret' wille & longe;
No mendement' þai ne seie ꝭ bot' gret' pyne & *stronge*;

They longd for Him till they were weary,

So longe þat þai wery were*n* ꝭ & lete*n* be al stille,
And he[r] gredyng' forbere*n* ꝭ & *turneden* to goddes wille;
ffor þai ne seiȝen no*n* o*þer* won ꝭ þouȝ hem þouȝtte*n* longe;
Oure lorde lete her wiꝺ ago ꝭ er he wolde flesc̄h a-fonge.
And þo þai were*n* wery ynouȝ ꝭ as who seiþ for sore,
Vche of hem to rest' drouȝ ꝭ & speke*n* of hy*m* nomore,

and then that sweet bairn took our nature, to fell the fiend. God grant us a place in heaven!

þat swete barne oure ky*n*de took' ꝭ boþe of flesche & felle,
In whiche he dyed on rood' ꝭ þe fendes strengþe to felle.
þorouȝ whiche *pre*ciouse deþ ꝭ god vs *grant* þat *grace*
þat we mowe afte*r* oure deþ ꝭ *in* heue*n* haue a place. Amen.

SOLOMON'S CORONATION, DEEDS, AND JUDGMENT ON THE TWO MOTHERS' CLAIM TO ONE CHILD. HIS COURT AND TEMPLE.

[In order to complete the Life of Solomon, of which his *Book of Wisdom*, &c., form part, I add the MS. bit that comes before the *Book*. The passage about his birth is too far back to be taken.]

[*Laud MS.* 622, *leaf* 69, *col.* 1.]

Adonijah tries to be king in David's lifetime (1 *Kings* i. 5—10).

¶ þo D*auid* i*n* elde was ꝭ his eldest son was alyue.
Adonye ycleped he was ꝭ *with* Salamo*n* he gan striue.
Aboute he was kyng' to be ꝭ by his fader daye.
Gret' feste he made on a day ꝭ þat folk' to paye.
He ne bad' nowgth þider Salamo*n* ꝭ ne his mode*r* þe q*uene*;
þerfore sche was *with* hym wroþ ꝭ for wy*mmen* beþ oft' kene.

But Bathsheba appeals to David on Solomon's behalf (1 *Kings* i. 15—21).

"Sir," sche seide to D*auid* ꝭ "oft' þou swore me,
þat my son Salamo*n* ꝭ schulde be kyng' afte*r* þe.
Now haþ Adonye iþouȝth to be kyng' bi þi lyue;
& afte*r* þi day to sle my son ꝭ for þai ne be*n* by on wyue."

David has Solomon crownd (1 *Kings* i. 32—40),

Þe kyng lete somony all his men: a fest he made sone, [col. 2]
And lete coroone Salamon: & sette hym in his throne.
By his lyue he made hym kyng: & bigan to prechi fast
fforto sustene vp goddes law3e: þer-while his lif ylast;
þat he bulde forþ goddes hous in Ierusalems burgh3,
þat þe law3es better weren: ysustened þorou3 & þorou3. 16*

and dies in the 40th year of his reign (1 *Kings* ii. 10, 11).

Dauid was kyng fourty wyntren: in werre & in strife;
And in þe fourtide 3er: in pes he ended his lyf.

Solomon slays Adonijah (1 *Kings* ii. 24-5),

Afftere his fader, Salamon: slou3 his broþer Adonye
In þe first 3er, & all þat with hym weren: to hym he made boweye, 20*
& he wex faiþful man & wis: þat folk better to wisse,

weds the king of Egypt's daughter (1 *Kings* iii. 1),

þe kynges dou3ttere of Egipte: he wedded in gret blisse.
þe grete þinges forto don: he destred[1] goddes grace,
fforto arere goddes temple: in on faire place, 24*
And aboute Ierusalem: treble wal arere.

[1 ? desired]

þat to his bihofþe & vche riche kyng: þe court arered were,
His sacrifise he dude to god: & gan to hym crie:

and prays to God for wisdom (1 *Kings* iii. 6—9:.

"Lorde!" he seide, "to 3ong icham: to haue suich maistrie.
Teche me, 3if þi wille be: wel my folk to wisse, 29*
And to knowe god & yuel: þat I þerof ne mysse."
Oure lord hym graunted þinges þre: to haue maistri ouer his fo,
To habbe worldes richesse ynou3: & wisdom ynou3 þerto.

(1 *Kings* iii. 16—28.)

IT bifel þat two wymmen: in on In, a ni3th were; 33*
Eiþer had a 3ong childe: boþe of on 3ere.
In hire slep þat o womman: her owen childe ouerlay,
And siþþe leide it by her felawe: & hir child nom away. 36*
þo þe womman awook: & vnder3at þis gile,
3erne þai striueden & chid · for þe quik child a long while.
þat on seide, þe quyk childe was hire: þat oþer seide it nas.
Boþe þei comen bifore þe kyng: & tolden al her cas. 40*
¶ þo þe kyng ne mi3th vnder3ete: wheþer had þe ri3th,
"Take hider," he seide, "my swerd: & euen, I wil it di3th;
Cleuen ich wil, 3if ich can: þe quyk childe a two.
& taken eiþer of 3ou þe haluendel: whan 3e nyllen oþer do."

A woman who had overlaid her child, put it by another mother, and took her living babe away.

They strove, and came before Solomon.

He orderd the living babe to be cut in halves.

The false mother agreed;

"3e, sir," seide þe fals quene : "crist' it' 3elde þe;
So þou mi3th best legge strif : þan mowe we euen be."

the true one gave up her child.

"Nay, sir," seide þe ri3th moder : "mercy, þat do þou nou3th!
Take hire raþer euerich del : þat it ne be to deþ ybrou3th."

To her, Solomon adjudgd the babe.

"3e, good woman," þe kyng' seide : "take þat child' to þe;
ffor þou hast' þe ri3th weye : & þe oþere þe falste."

Folk wonderd at his wisdom.

Michel wonder hadden al þat folk' · þat herden of þis strif',
þat þe kyng' þou3th swich wisdom : in his 3ong' lyf'. 52*

Men douteden þerafter-ward hym þe more : for þilk cas.
Good pais þere was in hil londe : þer while he kyng' was.

The weekly food for Solomon's household (1 *Kings* iv. 22-3).

Vche weke he spended in his hous : xxx. quarters of whete,
And an hundreþ fatte weþers : & xxx. Oxen grete, 56*
Wiþouten venison & oþer þing' : þat he had' by deinte :
In þe werlde was non so riche court' : ne of so gret plente.

His triple wall round Jerusalem.

He arered treble wal : swiþe fair & strong'
Aboute þe burgh3 of Ierusalem : swiþe fair & long'. 60*

His Temple.

þe fierþe 3er of his regne : he gan his temple arere,
& in þe elleuenþe 3er was it : er it redy were.

His Court.

þo bigan he arere his court' : swiþe noble & hende;
Xiij. 3er þer-aboute he was : er it were brou3th to ende. 64*

[*For what follows, see p.* 82, *above.* The Book of Wisdom may be compard with the A B C, and How the Good Wife and Good Man taught their Daughter and Son, in my *Babees Book*, *Q. Elizabethes Achademy*, &c., and with Mr Lumby's *Ratis Raving*, &c, &c.]

NOTES.

p. 17. The version of *Alexius* in Barbour's great collection of Saints' Lives in the unique MS. Gg. 2. 6, in the University Library, Cambridge, I leave for Mr Bradshaw's long-projected edition of that book. The Durham version, Canon Greenwell kindly tells me, "agrees in the main with Laud MS. 108 and Vernon MS. (p. 20 above), as you will see from the part I have transcribed. The Life is contained in a MS. V. ii. 14, fol. 92 recto, Cosin's Library, together with The destruction of Thebes, Cato in verse (St Alexius), Life of St Margaret, Life of St Mary Magdalene in prose. It is written not-verse fashion."

Uita Sancti Alexi Confessoris

Sitteth stille with outen stryf.
And j wille tellen yow of the lyf.
Of an holy man ſ
Alexywys was his name.
to serue god thoght him no shame.
therof neuere he ne blan.

¶ His fader was a gret lordyng.
Of rome a kynges euenyng.
And hight Eufemyan ſ
Pore men to clothe and feede.
In al rome that ryche stede.
Suche ne was ther nan.

¶ Euereche day weren in his halle.
Yleyde thre bordes for to calle.
Pore men forto feede ſ
Hem to serue he was ful glade.
He did as Iħu crist hym bade.
He hopede therfore to haue his meete.

¶ Whan thei weren serued by and by.
Than was he redy.
to gone to his mete ſ
ffor the loue of godes sone.
With men of relygyōne
Wolde he sytte and ete.

¶ Hys wyf hight dame Aglaes.
To sey the sothe with outen les.
that moche was to preyse{ 27
But she did the same maner.
As dyd hir lord as ye myght here.
she was noght at ese. 30

¶ Children by twene hem hadde thei none.
Therof to god thei made her mone.
bothe day and nyght{ 33
Iħu cryst he herde her bone.
And sent hem a ful goode sone.
her hertes for to lyght. 36

¶ Sone as he was borne that blessyd childe.
Alix bothe meke and mylde.
And of maneres hende{ 39
Sone after *with* gret haste.
Thei avowed bothe hem chaste.
to her lyues ende. 42

Prof. Schipper of Vienna has just publisht a critical edition of what he considers the oldest English version of the Alexius, that from the Vernon and Laud 108 (p. 20 above), with collations from the Naples quarto MS., formerly O. 4 n 6—12, A. 47, later XIII. B. 29 (A.D. 1457), of which Mr David Laing gave the following specimen in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* (1843), ii. 64-5 :—

P. 80—86. Of Seint Alex of Rome

Sitteth still withouten [s]trife
Ycche wolle you telle the life
Of an holi man :
Alex was his right[e] name ;
To servy God he thouȝt no schame,
Ther of never he ne blan

His father was a grete lordlyng,
Of Rome a kyng[es] evenyng,
And hight Sur Eufamyan :
Pore men to clothe and fede,
In al Rom, that riche stede,
Suche ne was ther nan.

Explicit vita Sancti Alex.

In all, 618 lines, or 103 stanzas of six lines each.

p. 89, l. 245. *Abacuc and his top.* The Apocrypha version of this story (*Bel and the Dragon*, verse 33-4) makes Habbacuc a prophet in Jury ; and says, that after Daniel had eaten his pottage and bread, "the angel of the Lord set Habbacuc in his own place again immediately."

INDEX OF WORDS AND SUBJECTS,

MAINLY BY

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In the *St. Alexius* references, L. i. stands for Laud MS. 622; L. ii. for Laud 108; L. iii. for Laud 463. C. is for Cotton, Titus, A xxvi; V. for the Vernon MS.; and T. for the Trinity (Oxford) 57. 20/57 means page 20, line 57.

A, L. 20/57, up; awook, awoke.

Abod, V. 68/464, *v. pt. t.* endurd, livd until. A.S. *abidan.*

Abouȝe, 82/28, *v.* bow down. A.S. *abogan.*

Abouȝth, 94/20, *pp.* bought, redeemed. A.S. *abycgan.*

Ac, L. iii. 27/107; T. 27/107, *conj.* but.

Acesse, L. i. 68/1041, *v.* stop, put an end to, make to cease.

Acursy, 86/142, *v.* curse.

Adel, 94/16, *adv.* a bit, in the least, at, all.

Adradd, 86/161, *pp.* afraid, frightend.

A-Feryd, C. 58/282, *pp.* afraid.

Affter, C. 47/227, *prep.* according to; affter me, according to my will.

Affye, L. i. 27/178, *v.* trust. Fr. *affier.*

Afliȝth, L. i. 62/948, *pp.* afflicted, uneasy, disturbd.

Afong, L. iii. 24/44; Vnderfonge, T. 24/44, *v.* take, receive. O. L. Ger. *fangan;* afongeþ, 93/48, *imper.* receive.

Aforn, 93/28, *prep.* in front, before.

Agast, L. i. 27/170, *adj.* astonisht, afraid.

Agloes (mother of St. Alexius), 22; her lamentation over her son, 68.

Agrise, 93/30, *v.* be afraid; agros, L. iii. 29/143; T. 29/143, *v. pt. t.* was frightend, trembld. A.S. *agrisan.*

Ak, L. i. 47/588, *conj.* but.

Akneo, L. iii. 57/384, *adv.* on their knees.

Alegge, 85/113, *v.* lighten, ease. A.S. *alecgan.* See Wedgwood, *s.* allege.

Alesed, L. i. 49/651, *pp.* praisd, renownd.

Alexius, St., his family, 20, 21; his birth and christening, 24; his education, 25; his father chooses him a wife, 26; he is marrid, 27; takes farewell of his wife, 29; starts off on a pilgrimage, 31; arrives at Galys, 32; goes to Syria, 33; gives away all his clothes and money, 34; his friends send to seek for him, 35; the messengers do not know him, 39; is pointed out by the image of the Virgin, 42; is honourd by the Syrians, 44; flees to Galicia, 45; sets sail to Tarsus, but is driven to Rome, 46; asks his father for alms, 49; is receivd into his father's house, 51; ill-treated by his father's servants, 53; writes his life, 54; a voice from heaven speaks about him, 57; his death is foretold, 58; his death, 59; his father questiond about him, 60; he will not give up his book to the Emperor, 63; gives it up to the Pope, 64; his life read to the people, 65; burid at the

Church of St. Boniface, 74; miracles workt by his corpse, 75.

Aleye, C. 26/64, *s.* friend, alliance.

Alite, *s.* 88/225, a little.

Aliȝt, 90/295, *adj.* burning, flaming.

Aliȝt, 92/5, *v.* settle down, sink. A.S. *alihtan.*

Aliȝth, 87/199, *v. pt. t.* came down. A.S. *alihtan.*

Almesse, L. ii. 33/99; Almus, V. 33/99, *s.* alms. A.S. *ælmesse.*

Almest, L. iii. 74/562, *adv.* almost, nearly.

Alonged, 87/185, *pp.* longing, anxious.

Alre, V. 41/186; Alþres, L. ii. 41/186; Alþer, 94/57, *gen. pl.* of all.

Amended, 84/65, *pp.* assisted, benefited.

Among, 93/4 (in the Song), *adv.* constantly? (generally 'at intervals.')

Amongus, V. 33/100, *prep.* amongst.

Amorwe, T. 42/271, *adv.* in the morning.

Anan, L. i. 60/391, *adv.* presently.

Aniȝth, L. i. 24/129, *adv.* in the night, at night.

Ankre, L. i. 39/420, *s.* anchorite.

Annys, The city of, 33; The image of the Virgin at, 34.

Anoie, 95/105, *s.* trouble.

Antichrist, p. 89, 90; shall go only into the Holy Land, 89/271; shall turn many to evil, 90/285; shall slay Enoch and Elijah, and be killd by the Holy Ghost, 90/289—296.

Apertely, L. i. 55/776, *adv.* plainly.

Apliȝth, L. i. 48/613, *adv.* completely, quite.

Aquited, L. i. 31/248, *v. pt. t.* paid.

Archadius and Honorius, the Emperors of Rome, enquire about Alexius, p. 60; try to get Alexius's book from his corpse, 62.

Are, V. 32/84, *adv.* before, ere.

Arere, 97/22, *v.* rear, raise, build. A.S. *arǽran.*

Arne, C. 68/356, *v. pr. t.* are.

Asaye, C. 66/337, *v.* attempt.

A-slawe, T. 31/165; Y-slawe, L. iii. 31/165, *pp.* slain.

Astond, L. iii. 37/234; Astonde, T. 37/234, *pp.* upstood, landed, settled; Astonde, L. iii. 45/288; T. iii. 45/288, *v. inf.* land.

Aswoȝe, T. 29/141; Yswowe, L. iii. 29/141, *adj.* in a swoon, fainting. A.S. *swogan.*

At Arst, L. ii. 22/20; first. Aterst= indeed.—Cole's Dict.

Atayse, L. ii. 23/30, at ease.

Atende, L. iii. 64/441, *vb. pt. t.* lighted up; *tenden*, to kindle, light, burn.

Atom, V. 36/122, *adv.* at home.

Atterliche, L. iii. 29/143, *adv.* bitterly.

Aȝe, T. 26/88; Aȝein, L. iii. 26/88, *adv.* again, back.

Autere, 15/139, *s.* altar.

Auȝte, L. iii. 72/545; Oȝte, T. 72/545, *v. pt. t.* ought.

Auȝtte, L. i. 30/228, *s.* possession.

Auenture, L. i. 73/1085, *s.* fortune.

Avoweden, L. i. 24/122; Auouwede, L. ii. 24/41; V. 24/41, *v. pt. t.* vowd. Fr. *avouer.*

Awey, T. 73/547, *interj.* alas.

Awreke, 14/104, avengd. A.S. *wrecan.*

Axen, L. i. 36/362, *v.* enquire, hear of.

Axste, T. 68/491, *v. pt. t.* askt.

Ayre, C. 38/148, *s.* hair cloth.

Ayþer, L. i. 26/157, one, each.

Aȝeins, L. i. 21/73, *adv.* against.

Aȝeins, 92/2, *prep.* before; 93/48, for, in readiness for. A.S. *ongean.*

Aȝeinward, 12/19, *adv.* back, in return.

Bachelers, L. 121/80, *s. pl.* young warriors, squires. Lat. *baccalaureus.*

Bad, L. ii. 48/297, *v. pt. t.* beggd.

Bale, L. iii. 29/140, *s.* sorrow, trouble.

Barayne, L. i. 22/97, *adj.* childless. O. Fr. *baraigne.*

Baret, 83/34, *s.* quarrel, contest. O. Fr. *barat.*

Barme, L. '. 34/300, *s.* breast, bosom. A.S. *bearm.*

Barne, 96/165, *s.* child. Scot. *bairn.*

Bede, L. iii. 23/28; T. 23/28, *v. pt. t.*, beggd, prayd. A.S. *bidan.*

Bede, 14/118, *v. pt. t.* bade. A.S. *beodan.*

Bedeman, L. i. 49/658, *s.* beadsman, one who offerd up prayers for the welfare of another.

Bedene, C. 77/415, *adv.* at once, completely.

Bedeyes, C. 41/186, *s. pl.* prayers, beads.

Beere, V. 74/557; Bere, L. i. 74/1096, *s.* bier.

Beie, *adj.* 87/174, both.

Belde, V. 26/49; L. ii. 26/49, *v.* increase in size and strength, to furnish out; cf. our 'man of large build.'

Bellewarde, L. iii. 41/267; Belward, T. 41/267, bell-ringer.

Bem, T. 64/440; Beom, L. iii. 64/440, *s.* beam.

Berd, L. iii. 51/318, *s.* beard.

Bere, L. iii. 29/129, *s.* voice, words. A.S. (ge)*bære.*

Beryng 15/135, *s.* birthday, nativity.

Beshoppys, C. 26/62, *s. pl.* bishops. A.S. *biscop*, from Lat. *episcopus.*

Besshope, C. 60/289, *s.* bishop.

Bete, L. iii. 29/135; T. 29/135, *v.* amend, abate, atone for. A.S. *betan.*

Beteche, L. iii. 31/178; Byteche, *v. pr. t.* betake to, commit to.

Betyght, L. iii. 76/596, *pp.* deckt, envelopt. A.S. *bityhtan.*

Beyȝ, L. iii. 63/433; Beiȝ, T. 63/433, *v. pt. t.* bowd. A.S. *began.*

Bi, 96/9, *prep.* bi þi lyue = during thy life, whilst thou art alive.

Bid, 93/53, *v. pr. t.* pray.

Biddeth, 14/112, *v. imp.* pray, offer. A.S. *bidden.*

Bien, 14/104, *v.* to be. A.S. *beon.*

Bifalle, 16/154, *v.* happen, come to pass.

Bigile, L. i. 47/589 *v.* deceive, cheat.

Bihofþe, 97/28, *s.* benefit.

Bihynde, 83/31, *adv.* behind, hanging back, and so false.

Bilaue, L. i. 19/21; Bileue, 83/62, *v.* cease, leave off.

Bileue, 14/100, *v.* remain, stay. A.S. *bilæfan.*

Bileue, 88/231, *s.* belief, religion.

Bileued, L. i. 35/325, *pp.* left, remaining.

Birth of St. Alexius, 24.

Bisouȝth, L. i. 32/262, *v. pt. t.* besought.

Bitake, L. i. 23/113, *v.* give, bequeath. See *Beteche* above.

Bitauȝtte, L. i. 33/286, *v. pt. t.* betook, committed to, commended.

Biþouȝten, L. i. 76/1117, *v. pt. t.* bethought, thought. A.S. *bithincan.*

Bitook, 15/137, *v. pt. t.* took. A.S. *bitacan.*

Bitraye, 83/62, *v.* betray.

Blan, L. ii. 20/6; Blon, V. 20/6, *v. pt. t.* ceast. A.S. *blinnan.*

Blast, 93/45, *s.* wind.

Blede, L. iii. 22/27; T. 22/27, *s.* lit. blood, hence family, children.

Blee, 15/140, *s.* colour.

Bleyss, C. 71/370, *s.* bliss, heaven.

Blin, V. 60/389; Blyn, L. ii. 60/389, *v.* stop.

Blissed, 88/217, *v. pt. t.* blessed.

Blynne, L. i. 35/348, *v.* cease.

Bo, L. iii. 38/235, *adj.* both.

Boke, L. i. 25/133, *s.* learning, school.

Bon, 83/38, *s.* bone.

Bone, 12/49, *s.* prayer, request. O. Icel. *bón.*

Boniface, St. Alexius married at the Church of, 27. St. Alexius buried at, 74.

Boost, L. i. 64/975, *s.* noise, disturbance.

Borde, 83/31, *s.* table. A.S. *bord*, Goth. *baurd.* "Boorde, *tabula, mensa.*"—Prompt. Parv.

Bordes, L. ii. 21/14; Bordus, V. 21/14, *s. pl.* tables.

Bore, 12/46, *pp.* born.

Boredes, C. 22/15, tables. A.S. *bord.*

Borgh, T. 32/181; Bour, L. iii. 32/181; Burhg, L. iii. 21/13, *s.* town. A.S. *burg*, *burh.*

Bote, L. ii. 23/28; But, V. 23/28, *conj.* unless, except.

Bote, L. i. 75/1109, *s.* help, relief.

Boþome, 84/81, *s.* bottom.

Boun, V. 38/136, *adj.* ready, prepared.

Boure, L. i. 60/888, *s.* chamber.

Boweye, 97/20, *v.* bow down, become subject.

Bowȝe, 84/71, *v.* bow to, give way to.

Brak, L. iii. 29/127; *v. pt. t.* brake; he broke off. Brake, T. 29/127, it broke up. (?)

Brede, T. 29/128, bride.

Breech, L. i. 53/731, *s.* breeches.

Brennyng, 86/164, *v. pr. t.* burning.

Breyde, L. i. 37/396, *v. pt. t.* to breyde = pulld asunder (? not tore in pieces).

Broht, L. iii. 52/329, *s.* See Broþ.

Broste, 95/86, *v.* burst. A.S. *berstan.*

Broþ, V. 52/310, *s.* Broþ of fissches, water in which fishes had been boiled.

Bryght, C. 29/88, *s.* bright one, (?) bride.

Bulde, 97/14, *v.* build. A.S. *byldan.*

Burghȝ, 97/14, *s.* city.

Buste, L. iii. 53/331, *v. pt. t.* burst, broke his skin, or bustled, hustled, (burst, T.).

By, 84/70, *prep.* against.

By, 96/3, *adv.* before.

By, 97/6; L. i. 73/1090, *prep.* during, in; by his lyue = during his lifetime.

By, L. i. 37/381, *v.* be. A.S. *beon.*

Byffell, C. 20/4, *v. pt. t.* happend.

Bynome, 95/143, *pp.* taken away.

Bysmare, L. i. 71/1064, *s.* disgrace, outrage.

Byt, C. 27/70, *conj.* but.

By-wake, T. 76/600, *v.* watch by.

Bywent, L. i. 27/171, *v. pt. t.* became.

Candelmesday, 95/128, *s.* Candlemas Day, Feb. 2, the Purification of the so-calld Virgin Mary.

Catel, L. i. 46/575, *s.* goods, property, chattels. O. Fr. *catel*, Lat. *capitale.*

Cee, L. i. 31/244, *s.* the sea.

Celli, V. 34/104, *s.* (selly L. ii.) blessed object, relic. A.S. *sælig* beatus.

Cenatoure, L. i. 20/65, *s.* a senator.

Cette, C. 26/58, *s.* city.

Chalenged, L. i. 60/880, *v. pt. t.* questiond, chargd.

Chanse, they leuyd, C. 24/36, (?) a miswriting for 'chaste they livede.'

Chapman, L. ii. 32/82, *s.* merchant. A.S. *ceapman.*

Chaunceler, L. i. 64/968, *s.* chancellor.

Chere, 11/12, *s.* countenance.

Cheryte, C. 41/182, *s.* charity, alms.

Ches, 15/148, *v. pt. t.* chose. A.S. *ceosian.*

Cheste, V. 61/401, *s.* strife, quarrelling.

Chide, 83/51, *v. imper.* argue, quarrel.

Chircheward, L. i. 32/258, *adv.* towards the church.

Ciclatounes, L. i. 38/397, *s. pl.* a sort of cloak, made of siclatoun or siglaton, a rich kind of stuff brought from the East. See Halliwell, *s. v.* Cyclas.

Clepe, 94/13, *v.* call. A.S. *cleopian.*

Cleped, L. iii. 20/8; Y-clepud, T. 20/8, *pp.* named, calld. A.S. *cleopian.*

Clers, L. i. 21/79, *adj.* bright, shining.

Clethe, C. 50/244, *s.* clothes.

Cleue, 95/92, *v.* cleave, open.

Clooþ, L. i. 61/923, *s.* clothing.

Cloþles, 93/39, *adj.* naked.

Clyppe, L. i. 68/1044, *v.* embrace, clasp.

Colde, L. i. 37/380, coldness, want of heat of youth.

Con, V. 32/84, *v. pt. t.* knew. A.S. *cunnan.*

Conseile, L. i. 27/168, *s.* council, councillors.

Conuey, 14/101, *v.* conduct, guide.

Coppe, C. 27/75, *s.* cup.

Corage, 87/194, *s.* spirit.

Corce, C. 76/400, *s.* corpse.

Coronation of Solomon, 97.

Coroone, 97/2, *v.* crown ; lete coroone = causd to be crownd.

Cors, V. 63/420 ; Corps, L. ii. 63/420, *s.* corpse, body. Fr. *cors*, Lat. *corpus*.

Couþe, 82/1, *v. pt. t.* knew, understood. A.S. *cunnan*, pt. t. *ic cuđe*.

Cristendom, L. iii. 24/44 ; T. 24/44, *s.* baptism.

Cristenmesse, 13/70, *s.* Christmas.

Cristiente, 12/48 ; Cristianete, 13/82, *s.* Christendom.

Croice, L. i. 59/866, *s.* the cross.

Crokede, L. iii. 75/578, *adj.* deformed, lame.

Crommes, L. i. 50/661, *s. pl.* crumbs.

Croun, V. 52/312, *s.* head.

Cuntrees, L. i. 35/346, *s. pl.* countries.

Curteis, L. i. 21/81, *adj.* courteous.

Custe, V. 70/501, *v. pt. t.* kisst.

Custyume, C. 22/14, *s.* custom, habit.

Cyte, C. 20/4, *s.* city.

Daniel in the lions' den, 89 ; fed by Habbacuc, 89.

Davy, Adam, Marshal of Stratford-at-Bow, 14/113, 15/149, 16/163.

Dawe, 88/235, *s.* day, life. Bringe of dawe = deprive of life.

Daye, 96/3, *v. pt. t.* died.

Dde, C. 73/385, *v.* die.

Deciples, 89/272, *s. pl.* disciples, followers.

Decollacioun, 12/37, *s.* beheading. Lat. *collum* = the neck.

Ded, C. 66/339, *v. pt. t.* didst.

Def, L. i. 34/293, *adj.* deaf. A.S. *deaf*.

Del, V. 66/450, *s.* a pity. A.S. *deol* = grief.

Dele, 83/61, *v. imper.* distribute.

Delful, V. 66/449, adj. doleful, pitiable.

Delite, 84/63, *v. imper.* delight, be pleasd.

Delte, L. iii. 33/197, *v. pt. t.* divided. A.S. *dælan*.

Dent, L. i. 25/143, *s.* blow, stroke. A.S. *dynt*.

Deope, L. iii. 32/190 ; Dep, T. 32/190, *adj.* deep.

Deore, L. iii. 79/632 ; Dere, T. 79/632, *adv.* dearly.

Departed, 86/138, *pp.* divided.

Dere, 94/20, *adv.* dearly. A.S. *deore*.

Derk, 15/121, *s.* darkness. A.S. *dearc*, *deorc*.

Derkhede, 89/269, *s.* darkness.

Derworþ, 12/50, *adj.* dear, precious. A.S. *deorwyrđe*.

Despens, L. i. 31/248, *s.* expenses.

Dethe, C. 77/410, deaf. Cf. *afirst*, for 'athirst,' &c.

Dette, 88/224, *s.* debt. Fr. *debte*, Lat. *debitum*.

Deye, L. i. 60/892, *v.* die.

Dien, L. iii. 71/533, *v.* die.

Digne, L. i. 34/299, *adj.* noble, worthy. Lat. *dignus*.

Diȝe, 87/192, *v.* die.

Diȝth, L. i. 19/28, *v.* prepare. A.S. *dihtan*.

Diȝth, L. i. 37/382, *pp.* set, fixt.

Dissches, V. 52/311, *s. pl.* dishes.

Doȝty, T. 20/7 ; Doughty, L. iii. 20/7, *adj.* valiant, noble. A.S. *dohtig*.

Doloure, L. i. 44/513, *s.* grief, lamentation. O. Fr. *dolur*, *doleur*, Lat. *dolor*.

Dome, C. 77/410, *adj.* dumb.

Domesdai, 92/2, *s.* the day of judgment.

Don, 14/94, *pp.* put to death.

Doom, the Day of ; its signs ; 89/265 ; p. 92, 93.

Doomsday ; St. Jerome's 15 tokens before it, p. 92.

Dooþ, 16/154, *v. imp.* put, place, cause to be put.

Dou3tter, L. i. 26/154, *s.* daughter. A.S. *dohtor*.

Dou3ttiest, L. i. 25/143, *adj.* mightiest. A.S. *dohtig*.

Doute, L. iii. 25/71, *s.* trouble, danger.

Douteden, 98/53, *v. pt. t.* feard, revered.

Douten, 82/13, *v.* fear.

Douttren, 83/42, *s. pl.* daughters.

Drem, T. 68/487, *s.* noise. A.S. *dream*.

Dreri, V. 38/133, *adj.* sad, dreary.

Dreued, L. i. 35/326, *pp.* driven; to-dreued=driven apart. A.S. *drifan*.

Drey, L. iii. 53/337, *v. pt. t.* went through, sufferd. A.S. *dreogan*.

Dright, L. iii. 23/35; Dry3te, T. 23/35, *s.* Lord. A.S. *drighten*, O. Icel. *drottin*.

Dronkelow, 84/67, *adj.* drunken, dissipated. "Drunkelew, *ebriosus*."—Prompt. Parv.

Drou3, L. iii. 37/230, *v. pt. t.* dragd, tore. A.S. *dreogan*.

Dubbyng, 13/76, *s.* ornaments, decoration.

Dude, 88/214, *v. pt. t.* causd.

Duden, L. i. 19/19, *v. pt. t.* did.

Dure, L. i. 73/1084, *v.* endure, last.

Dwelle, V. 38/139, *v.* delay, stop.

Dyche, C. 53/258, *s.* dish.

Dyghte, L. iii. 21/12; Dy3te, T. 21/12, *v. pt. t.* furnisht, prepared. A.S. *dihtan*.

Dyned, L. i. 46/561, *v. pt. t.* roard.

Dyngnytee, C. 63/320, *s.* rank, dignity.

Ede, V. 33/97, *v. pt. t.* went. A.S. *eode* = ivit.

Edissa, The city of, 32.

Eie, 85/131, *s.* awe, fear. Stode hem of hym non eie = stood in no fear of him.

Eire, L. i. 67/1031, *s.* heir.

Eke, T. 21/18, *adv.* also. A.S. *eac*, *ec*.

Elde, L. i. 25/136, *s.* age, years. A.S. *eald*, *ald*.

Elijah raises Jonah, 86; burns up the messengers of King Ahaziah, 87; is taken up into heaven, 88.

Elisha purifies a well with salt, 88.

Elke, C. 28/79; Ilke, Ylke, *adj.* each, every.

Emforþ, 83/33, *v. imp.* (?) strengthen. O. Fr. *enforcer* renforcer, rendre plus fort.

Ene, L. i. 34/317, *adv.* once. A.S. *æne*.

Enk, L. i. 53/754, *s.* ink.

Enpaired, 84/66, *pp.* injurd.

Enpeirement, L. i. 32/255, *s.* injury, loss.

Entayele, C. 41/188, *s.* shape, form.

Entent, L. i. 39/412, *s.* purpose.

Enticement, L. i. 32/264, *s.* snares, allurements.

Eode, V. 48/261, *v. pt. t.* went.

Ere, 12/25, *s.* ear. A.S. *eare*.

Erley, C. 27/67; Erlich, L. i. 41/433, *adv.* early, soon. A.S. *earlice*.

Erþlich, 83/48, *adj.* worldly, earthly.

Euen 92/12, *adj.* level, flat.

Euenyng, V. 20/8; Euening, L. ii. 20/8, *s.* peer, equal. O. Icel. *iafningi*.

Euerichon, L. iii. 33/194, every one, all.

Eufemian (father of St. Alexius), p. 20, 21, 28, 37, 40, 48—51.

Euyne, C. 28/79, *s.* even, evening. A.S. *æfen*.

Eye, 87/173, *s.* awe, fear; A.S. *ege*. See Eie.

Eyled, L. iii. 27/108, *v. pt. t.* (?) no play, aild, troubled, him; he didn't care for it. T. has 'no play (in bed) easd them, the bridegroom and bride.'

Eyre, L. i. 23/112, *s.* heir.

Fairhede, L. i. 72/1080, *s.* beauty.

Fare, L. iii. 26/85; T. 26/85, *v.* go, travel. A.S. *faran*.

Fayne, C. 24/40, *adj.* glad, pleased. A.S. *fægen*.

Fe, T. 33/196; Feo, L. iii. 33/196, *s.* property. L. Lat. *feudum*.

Feble, L. i. 33/278, *adj.* poor, miserable.

Fede, T. 57/378; Feode, L. iii. 57/378, *v.* feed.

Feinte, 14/118, *v.* fall, be afraid.

Felawȝe, L. i. 35/329, *s.* fellow, companion. A.S. *felaga.*

Felawrede, L. i. 43/477, *s.* company, fellowhood.

Felde, C. 26/54, *sb.* field (? to manage loans and fields, business and agriculture).

Fele, C. 21/10, *adj.* many. A.S. *fela.*

Felede, V. 78/601, *v. pt. t.* experienced, met with.

Felle, C. 26/62, *adj.* many.

Felle, 96/166, *s.* skin. A.S. *fell*, Lat. *pellis.*

Fen, L. i. 45/527, *s.* mud. A.S. *fenn.*

Fend, T. 25/70; Feond, L. iii. 25/70, *s.* fiend, devil.

Fenge, T. 75/580; Fonge, L. iii. 75/580, *pp.* receivd, granted.

Feorliche, V. 73/546; Ferliche, L. ii. 73/546, *adj.* wonderful. A.S. *fœrlic*, sudden, from *fœr* = sudden.

Ferd, V. 62/404, *v. pt. t.* fared, was.

Fere, L. iii. 25/59; T. 25/59, *s.* companions, schoolfellows.

Fere, 83/42, *s.* fear, respect.

Fette, L. i. 54/759, *v. pt. t.* fetcht.

Feye, L. iii. 73/555, *adj.* dead. A.S. *fœge.*

Fierþe, 85/100, *adj.* fourth. A.S. *feorđe.*

Fiȝth, L. i. 61/930, *s.* quarrelling, fighting.

Fle, T. 20/5; Fleo, L. iii. 20/5, *v.* flee from, resign. A.S. *fleon.*

Flene, L. i. 33/276, *v.* fly. A.S. *fleon.*

Fleschlich, 88/204, *adv.* in flesh.

Flynge, L. i. 68/1034, *v.* fling herself, rush.

Flyt, L. iii. 22/20, *s.* scolding, brawling. A.S *flit.*

Fo, L. iii. 72/539, *v.* take (clasp, embrace), A.S. *fon.*

Fode, L. iii. 23/29; T. 23/39, *s.* lit. food, hence, 'one brought up,' *alumnus*, finally = child, boy. A.S. *fôda.*

Follde, C. 56/267, *v. pt. t.* folded.

Fon, 83/37, *s. pl.* foes.

Fonde, 90/287, *v.* try, find out.

Fonding, L. iii. 28/119; Fondynge, T. 28/119, *s.* temptation, trial, perplexity.

Foot, 94/49, *s.* to foot and to honde = in every way.

Forbore, 94/69, *pp.* spared.

Force, C. 76/399, *s.* consideration, thought. Yaffe no force = took no notice.

Fordon, 86/160, *pp.* ruind.

Foresaweþ, 84/96, (?) *fore*, before; and *sawen*, to sow; or 'saws apart,' like *for-drifan*, drive asunder.

Forlore, L. iii. 30/158; T. 30/158, *pp.* lost, ruind.

Forsake, L. i. 64/964, *v.* refuse, deny.

Forsakyng, C. 39/155, *pp.* forsaken.

Forswelewed, 89/259, *pp.* swallowd utterly.

Forto, 95/125, *adv.* until.

Forto, T. 34/207, *adv.* until.

Forþer, 15/138, *adv.* fore, front.

Forþi, V. 35/112, *conj.* in order that.

Forȝete, L. iii. 67/479; Forȝute, T. 67/479, *v.* forget. A.S. *forgitan.*

Fourtide, 85/107, *adj.* fortieth. A.S. *feowertigođa.*

Fowlke, C. 57/272, *s.* folk, people. A.S. *folc.*

Frakel, L. iii. 44/279, *adj.* frail, fragile.

Frape, L. i. 60/390, *s.* crowd, numbers. O. Fr. *frape.*

Fre, T. 20/2, 20/4; Freo, L. iii. 20/2, 20/4, *adj.* free, noble.

Frel, T. 44/279, *adj.* frail, fickle. O. Fr. *frele, frail.*

Frenesie, L. i. 75/1112, *s.* madness.

Freond, L. iii. 72/545, *s.* a friend.

Frere, L. i. 61/928, *s.* friar, monk. Lat. *frater*.

Fryst, C. 72/375, *adj.* first.

Fyȝt, T. 22/20, *s.* fighting, quarrelling.

Fyn, L. iii. 26/90; Fyne, 94/56, *s.* ending, end of life. Fr. *fin*, Lat. *finis*.

Fyne, T. 26/90, *v.* end one's life, die.

Gaffe, C. 25/50, *v. pt. t.* gave. Gaffe he nought = took no heed, cared nought for.

Galys (Galicia), 32.

Game, L. i. 29/208, *s.* play.

Gamed, 95/120, *v. pt. t.* pleased.

Gange, L. ii. 25/44; Gonge, V. 25/44, *v.* walk. Scotch, *gang*.

Gascoyne, C. 28/78, *s.* Gascony.

Gate, L. ii. 33/98, *s.* road, way. Icel. *gata*.

Gate, C. 22/17, *s.* class, description. A.S. *geat*.

Gentel, T. 77/610; Gentyl, L. iii. 77/610, *adj.* noble.

Gest, C. 28/79, *s.* guest. A.S. *gæst, gest*.

Gete, V. 50/282, *v.* recover.

Gewyn, C. 41/182, *pp.* given.

Gile, 83/58, *v.* beguile, deceive.

Ginne, V. 62/412; Gyn, L. ii. 62/412, *s.* plan, means. Fr. *engin*, Lat. *ingenium*.

Gle, T. 27/106; Gleo, L. iii. 27/106, *s.* glee, merriment.

Glem, 12/27, *s.* gleam.

Godes, L. ii. 50/363; Godus, V. 58/362, *s.* of God.

Godspel, L. i. 19/34, *s.* Gospel.

Goed, L. iii. 21/17; Guod, T. 21/17, *adj.* good.

Gom, L. iii. 27/104; Gome, T. 27/104, *s.* man. A.S. *guma*.

Gonnen, L. i. 24/130, *v. pt. t.* began, settled. A.S. *ginnan*.

Gorre, L. i. 65/1005, *v. pt. t.* mud, dirt. A.S. *gor*.

Gostes, 93/44, *s. pl.* spirits. A.S. *gast*.

Gostlich, T. 25/72; Gostliche, L. iii. 25/72, *adv.* spiritually, in spirit.

Goþ, V. 38/142, *v. imper.* go.

Grad, L. i. 64/979, *v. pt. t.* read, spoke. Gradde, L. i. 36/364, cried. A.S. *grædan*.

Gram, L. iii. 60/406, *adj.* angry, annoyed. A.S. *gram*.

Gramed, L. i. 53/734, *v. pt. t.* grievd, annoyd. A.S. *gramian*.

Grede, L. iii. 53/340, *v.* cry. A.S. *grædan*.

Gredyng, 96/156, *v.* crying.

Greiþed, V. 78/596, *pp.* prepard.

Grene, L. i. 34/316, *adj.* green, fresh, sharp. Cp. verjuice, and Fr. *verd*, 'rawly tart or sharpe, as vnripe fruit, or wine,' &c.—Cotgrave.

Grente, L. iii. 36/217, *v. pt. t.* groaned.

Grete, L. i. 46/564, *v. pt. t.* wept. A.S. *grætan*.

Greth, L. ii. 24/40, *adj.* great.

Grette, L. ii. 48/296, *v. pt. t.* accosted, addrest.

Grijs, L. i. 38/398, *s.* the fur of the gray or martin.

Grikkissh, L. i. 47/591, *adj.* Grecian.

Grille, L. i. 46/564, *adv.* terribly. "Grym, gryl, *horridus*."—Prompt. Parv.

Griselich, 93/33, *adj.* fearful.

Grone, L. i. 39/414, *v.* groan, lament.

Grot, L. i. 47/608, *s.* lot, literally fragment. A.S. *grot*.

Grucchyng, L. i. 46/547, *s.* grumbling. O. Fr. *grouchier*.

Gylle, C. 25/51, *s.* guile, deceit.

Gynne, L. iii. 65/459, *s.* trick.

Gyrdell, C. 31/103, *s.* girdle.

Hab, 95/99, *v.* have.

Halewen, 12/44, *s. pl.* saints. A.S. *halig, haleg*, holy.

Halt, L. i. 61/931, *v. pt. t.* holds.

Haluendel, L. i. 35/334, *s.* half.

Halwe, L. iii. 75/582, *adv.* holy man, saint.

Ham-ward, V. 40/164, *adv.* homeward.

Happes, L. i. 69/1046, *s. pl.* fortune.

Hare, T. 22/23, *poss. pr.* their. A.S. *heor.*

Hast, L. i. 46/576, *s.* haste. On hast, in haste, very quickly.

Hatte, L. ii. 32/88; Hette, V. 32/88, *v. pt. t.* was named. A.S. *hatan.*

Haue, V. 76/581; Hawe, L. ii. 76/581, *s.* a haw, the berry of the hawthorn, equivalent here to our expression "not a fig."

Hawȝe, L. i. 35/328, *s.* yard or enclosure. A.S. *haga.* Chaucer uses it in the sense of a churchyard.

He, L. ii. 39/153, *pr.* they.

Hedde, L. ii. 57/358; Huddc, V. 57/358, *v. pt. t.* hid, coverd.

Heer, L. iii. 30/146; Her, T. 30/146, *s.* hair. A.S. *hær.*

Heiȝe, 15/139, *adj.* high, principal, noble.

Heiȝed, 95/98, *v. pt. t.* hied, hastend. A.S. *higian.*

Heiȝer, 92/4, *adj.* higher.

Heixt, 94/29, *adj.* highest. Ancren Riwle, pp. 42 and 138. Laȝamon, 1807, 2325 and 24,142.

Hele, L. iii. 29/127, *v.* conceal (his resolve).

Hele, 84/72, *v.* hide, cover. A.S. *helan.*

Helestou, L. iii. 67/476; Heleþou, T. 67/476, *v. pt. t.* didst thou hide. A.S. *helan.*

Hell, C. 77/412, *s.* cure, healing. A.S. *hæl.*

Hende, L. i. 21/81, *adj.* gentle, kind, polite. A.S. (ge)-*hende.*

Hende, L. i. 37/374, *adv.* near, at hand.

Hennes, L. i. 37/384, *adv.* hence. A.S. *heonan.*

Heo, V. 23/28, *pr.* she.

Heold, V. 62/409, *v. pt. t.* held.

Her, L. i. 53/731, *s.* hair-cloth.

Her, 90/292, of them. Her either after oþer = one of them after the other.

Herberewe, 93/40, *v.* harbour, shelter, lodge. "Herberwyn or receyvyn to hereboroghe, *hospitor.*"—Prompt. Parv.

Herd, V. 62/403, *pp.* heard.

Herde, V. 41/182, *s.* company, group.

Herede T. 39/250; Heried, L. iii. 39/250, *v. pt. t.* praisd, worshipt. A.S. *hérian.*

Herest, L. iii. 67/475, *v. pr. t.* hearest.

Herie, 93/4, *v.* praise, worship.

Herkynnythe, C. 20/2; Herkeneþ, T. 20/1, *v. imp.* hearken, listen.

Herne, L. i. 63/951, *s.* corner. O. Dutch, *herne.* "Hyrne, *angulus.*"—Prompt. Parv.

Herynge, T. 44/278, *s.* praise, honour.

Hest, L. i. 47/587, *s.* orders, command.

Hete, L. i. 60/904, *v. pt. t.* was named. A.S. *hatan.*

Hete, 86/153, *v. pt. t.* orderd, commanded. A.S. *hatan.*

Hetilich, 11/15, *adv.* hatefully, spitefully. A.S. *heteliee.*

Heþingge, L. ii. 52/308, *s.* contempt, mockery.

Heu, L. iii. 27/99; Hewe, T. 27/99, *s.* complexion. A.S. *heow.*

Heuede, 13/59, *s.* head. A.S. *heafod.*

Heuenriche, 14/108, *s.* of heaven. A.S. *heofonrice.*

Hide, L. i. 52/713, *s.* features. A.S. *hyd.*

Hiȝte, V. 22/25; Hihte, V. 21/9; Hyȝtte, L. ii. 22/25, *v. pt. t.* was named. A.S. *hatan.*

Hij, 11/16, *pr.* they. A.S. *hi.*

Hol, 83/38, *adv.* safe, whole. A.S. *hal.*

Hom, V. 42/193, *s.* man, servant.

Honden, 14/95, *s. pl.* hands. A.S. *hond.*

Hore, L. iii. 36/218, *adj.* white, hoary.

Hosebonde, 88/224, *s.* husband.

Hote, L. i. 43/488, *v. pr. t.* bid, order. A.S. *hatan.*

Hou, L. i. 19/48, *adv.* how.

Houseled, L. i. 35/337, *pp.* receivd the Sacrament. A.S. *huslian.*

Housles, 93/40, *adj.* houseless, homeless.

Hungred, L. i. 35/335, *pp.* of hungred = exceedingly hungry, from A.S. *ofhingrian.*

Hure, 13/59, *s.* cap. "*Howe* or *hure*, heed hyllynge, Tena, capedulum."—Prompt. Parv.

Hy, T. 22/22, *pr.* they.

Hye, C. 69/362, *adv.* on hye = aloud, in a loud voice.

Hylde, C. 52/257, *v. pt. t.* coverd. A.S. *hilan.*

Hyllde, C. 63/315, *v. pt. t.* held, kept.

Hynde, C. 64/340, *adv.* kindly, gently.

Hyne, L. iii. 31/176, *s.* attendant. A.S. *hîna.*

Hywe, T. 28/117, *s.* complexion, colour. A.S. *heow.*

Ibe, 89/253, *pp.* been.

Icham, 97/28, I am.

Ichaue, V. 71/508, *v. pr. t.* I have.

Icholde, V. 71/521, *v. pr. t.* for I wolde = I wish, I would.

I-herid, L. ii. 40/157, *pp.* praisd. A.S. *hêrian.*

Ihote (11/5), *pp.* calld, named. A.S. *hatan.*

Ilche, V. 43/210; Ilk, L. ii. 43/210, *adj.* same, very one.

In, 97/33; Inne, V. 67/459, *s.* house, residence.

Innocent, Pope, enquires about St. Alexius, 60; receives the book from Alexius, 64.

Ireful, 82/20, *adj.* wrathful.

Iryde, 89/250, *pp.* ridden, been carried.

Ised, 92/22, *pp.* said, told.

Isen, 95/140, *v. pt. t.* have seen.

I-seȝen, V. 70/493, *pp.* seen.

Iwisse, 92/24, *adv.* certainly, assuredly. O. Fris. *wis*, Icel. *viss*, Dutch, *gewis* = certain.

Jerome's, St., Fifteen Tokens before Doomsday, p. 92.

Jonah swallowed by a whale, 47, 48.

Judgment of Solomon, 98.

Kee, C. 68/358, *s.* for "knee."

Ken, V. 33/96; Kenne, L. ii. 33/96, *v.* know, recognise. A.S. *cunnan.*

Kende, 86/154, *v. pt. t.* became acquainted with. A.S. *cunnan.*

Kene, 96/6, *adj.* angry.

Kenne, T. 27/99; Kinne, L. iii. 27/99, *s.* family, race.

Kepte, L. iii. 44/278, *v. pt. t.* regarded, valued. A.S. *cêpan.*

Kesse, T. 67/480, *v.* kiss.

Kete, L. iii. 33/201, *adj.* strong.

Kiþe, L. i. 30/224, *v.* show, make known. A.S. *cýðan, cuðian.*

Knaue, C. 27/69, *s.* servant, dependant.

Kneuȝ, V. 67/456, *v. pt. t.* knew, recognised.

Knouyng, L. i. 33/275, *s.* knowledge, recognition.

Knwe, C. 41/177, *v. pt. t.* knew, recognised.

Kyd, L. iii. 61/410, *adj.* known, recognised. A.S. *cuð.*

Kynde, L. i. 20/49, *s.* kin, family, nature. A.S. *cun.*

Kyndes, 85/130, *s. pl.* tribes.

Kyngesday, 86/147, *s.* days, time or reign of King Ahab.

Kyngus, V. 20/8, *s.* of a king.

Kynrede, L. i. 22/93, *s.* family.

Lafdy, 14/91, *s.* lady.

Laodicea, St Alexius arrives at, 45.

Lask, L. i. 50/681, *v.* alleviate.

Lauedye, L. iii. 23/33; Leuedye, T. 23/33, *s.* lady.

Lauȝtte, L. i. 30/219, *v. pt. t.* came upon, seizd. A.S. *læccan.*

Lawe, 85/126, *v.* put down, subdue.

Lawȝes, L. i. 54/748, *s. pl.* laws.

Leccherie, 84/68, *s.* dissipation, indulgence. "Lechery, *luxuria, fornicatio.*"—Prompt. Parv.

Leche, V. 28/59, *s.* physician, curer. A.S. *læce.*

Led, C. 26/56, *v.* spend, pass.

Led, V. 66/444, *s.* lead.

Ledes, L. i. 23/111, *s. pl.* people, dependants. A.S. *leod.*

Lees, C. 68/354, net, snare. O. Fr. *las, lays,* a snare, ginne, or grinne. —Cotgrave.

Lees, C. 22/20; Les, V. 22/26, *s.* lying, a lie. A.S. *leas,* false.

Leet, L. i. 32/268, *v. pt. t.* gave up, resignd. A.S. *lettan.*

Leffe, C. 66/439, *adj.* dear. A.S. *leof.*

Lefnesse, L. i. 48/627, *s.* faith. "Levenesse or belevenesse, *fides.*"—Prompt. Parv.

Legge, 98/46, *v.* appease, settle.

Leȝe, V. 57/358, *v. pt. t.* lay.

Leiden, 11/15, *v. pt. t.* laid on, pressed on.

Leie, 87/188, flame. A.S. *leg, lig.*

Leinte, 14/117, *s.* the season of Lent.

Lele, L. ii. 75/567, *adj.* whole, sound.

Lem, T. 64/439; Leom, L. iii. 64/439, *s.* ray of light, beam.

Leman, T. 29/130; Lemman, L. iii. 29/130, *s.* sweetheart, love. A.S. *leofman.*

Leneden, 89/244, *v. pt. t.* lay, leant.

Lengþe, L. i. 25/136, *s.* stature, height.

Lepy, T. 36/215, *adj.* single. O lepy = anlepy = a single. A.S. *anlepig.*

Ler, L. iii. 37/232; Lere, T. 37/232, *v.* teach, tell. A.S. *leornian.*

Lere, L. iii. 28/122; T. 28/112, *s.* countenance. A.S. *hleor,* O. Icel. *hlyr.*

Lere, V. 25/45; L. ii. 25/45; Lore, L. iii. 24/54; T. 24/54, *s.* learning, school.

Leryd, C. 58/281, *adj.* learned.

Les, 15/147, *s.* lying, lies.

Lest, L. i. 47/595, *v. pt. t.* lasted.

Lest, 92/24, *adj.* least, smallest. A.S. *læst.*

Letanye, L. i. 57/830, *s.* a litany.

Lete, L. i. 28/181, *v. pt. t.* set aside, gave up, restraind. A.S. *lettan.*

Leten, L. ii. 74/548, *v. pt. t.* causd.

Lette, 15/123, *v.* be prevented, stop. A.S. *lettan.*

Leue, 14/92, *adj.* dear, beloved.

Leue, 14/99, *s.* leave, permission.

Leued, 85/132, *v. pt. t.* remaind, were left.

Leuen, L. iii. 29/132, *v.* live, remain.

Leuer, L. i. 27/172, *adv.* rather, sooner.

Leuyde, C. 67/346, *pp.* left.

Lewde, C. 58/281, *adj.* unlearned.

Lewe, C. 71/369, *adj.* dear.

Lewe, C. 31/101, *v.* live, remain.

Libbe, L. i. 55/792, *v.* live.

Liche, L. iii. 70/512; Lich, T. 70/512, *s.* body. A.S. *lic.* "Lyche, dead body, *funus.*"—Prompt. Parv.

Lift, L. iii. 56/371; Luft, T. 56/371, *s.* air; bi the lift = aloft, on high.

Liȝe, 84/87, *v.* lie. A.S. *leogan.*

Liȝth, L. i. 19/6, *adj.* active.

Liȝth, 87/188, *adj.* light, burning.

Liȝttyng, 93/25, *s.* lightning. A.S. *lȳhtinge.*

Liggande, V. 63/420; Liggynde, L. ii. 63/420, *pr. p.* lying.

Liht, V. 23/36; Lyȝthe, L. ii. 23/36, *v.* lighten, comfort. A.S. *lihtan.*

Lijf, L. i. 26/147; Lyffe, C. 26/56, *s.* life.

Limes, V. 75/567; Lymes, L. ii. 75/567, *s. pl.* limbs.

Liþer, 83/60, *adj.* rascally, wicked. A.S. *lyðer.*

Liþerhede, 88/218, *s.* badness, impurity.

Liuesman, L. iii. 63/430, *s.* a living man.

Llawe, C. 51/253, *adj.* low.

Lombe, 15/138, *s.* lamb.

Look, L. i. 50/674, *v.* attend to.

Loos, L. i. 44/499, *s.* praise, glory. O. Fr. *los,* Lat. *laus.*

Lordingges, L. ii. 59/383; Lordingus, V. 59/383, *s. pl.* Sirs.

Lothe, C. 36/132, *adj.* loath, troublesome, sorrow-causing.

Lovde, 84/87, *adv.* loudly.

Loueden, L. i. 19/3, *v. pt. t.* loved.

Louelich, 14/93, *adj.* lovely.

Louke, L. iii. 77/611, *v.* enclose. A.S. *lucan* = to lock.

Lousse, C. 63/321, *s.* loose.

Lowe, C. 41/174, *s.* love.

Lowthe, C. 42/195, *v.* bow, kneel. A.S. *hlûtan.*

Lowyght, C. 77/414, *v. pr. t.* loveth.

Luþer, T. 61/409, *adj.* wretched, vile. A.S. *lyðer.*

Lyte, a, V. 75/561, *adv.* a little, a bit.

Lywyd, C. 40/168, *v. pr. t.* lived.

Maistrie, 13/85, *s.* the mastery, victory.

Make, V. 37/130, *s.* mate, partner. O. Icel. *maki.*

Mangery, C. 26/63, *s.* feast, banquet. Fr. *mangeoir.*

Manyon, L. iii. 30/155; T. 30/155, many a one.

Marriage of St. Alexius, 27.

Maryole, L. i. 43/481, *s.* little Mary, little image. Lat. *mariola.*

May, L. iii. 28/116; T. 28/116, *s.* maiden. A.S. *mæg.*

Me, V. 44/228, men, people.

Mechul, V. 44/220; Muchel, L. ii. 44/220, *adj.* much, great.

Mede, T. 57/375; Meode, L. iii. 57/375, *s.* reward. A.S. *med.*

Meignee, L. i. 61/914, *s.* servants, household. See Meyny.

Melys, C. 35/126, *s.* meal.

Mende, L. i. 33/271, *s.* mind, thoughts.

Mendement, 96/152, *s.* improvement, help.

Mene, L. i. 40/421, *v.* lament.

Menee, L. i. 60/903, *s.* retinue, attendants. See Meyny.

Menge, L. iii. 48/299, *v.* think, remember. A.S. *myngian.*

Menged, L. iii. 28/118, *v. pt. t.* became confusd or disturbd. A.S. *menegan,* mix; O.L. Ger. *mengian.*

Menske, L. i. 74/1098, *s.* honour, reverence. O. Icel. *menska.*

Meschief, L. i. 36/353, *s.* trouble, misery.

Messe, L. i. 56/877, *s.* Mass.

Mest, 93/37, *adj.* especially.

Mester, V. 51/300.

Mesure, 13/60 *s.* measure. A measure =fitting, suitable. Fr. *à mesure.*

Met, C. 35/123, *s.* meat, food. A.S. *mete.*

Mette, 11/3, *v. pt. t.* dreamt. A.S. *mætan.*

Metyng, 12/42, *s.* dream.

Meyny, C. 47/232, *s.* servants, household. O. Fr. *maisne* = household, from L. Lat. *maisnada* (from Lat. *minus natu*), a company; cf. *menials.*

Mid, 83/53, *prep.* with. A.S. *mid.*

Middelerd, 92/18, *s.* earth.

Miracles wrought by the corpse of Alexius, 75.

Misse, 92/23, *s.* lose, be without.

Misseist, 84/71, *v. pr. t.* say against, annoy.

Mist, V. 71/511, *v. pt. t.* mightest.

Miȝtten, 11/16, *aux. v.* might, could.

Mode, L. 19/26; T. 60/404; Moed, L. iii. 60/404, *s.* spirit, heart, mind. A.S. *môd.*

Molde, L. i. 21/83, *s.* earth. A.S. *molde.*

Mon, C. 23/28; L. ii. 23/32; Mone, V. 23/32, *s.* lamentation.

Mone, 83/53, *s.* 'non In mone,' (?) no mention, or 'no share,' community.

Moneþ, 12/38, *s. pl.* months. A.S. *monaƌ.*

Monnes, V. 26/50, *s.* man's; Monnus, V. 45/230, *pl.* men's.

Morenyng, C. 40/157, *s.* mourning, lamentation.

Mot, L. iii. 29/131; L. 29/131, *aux. v.* must.

Mote, 14/101, *aux. v.* may.

Mowen, L. i. 39/409, *aux. v.* may.

Murre, 15/140, murry, mulberry-coloured, red-purple.

Mychel, 11/4, *adj.* much, great.

Myd, 11/12, *prep.* with. A.S. *mid.*

Myddellerede, 16/167; Mydlerde, 92/19, earth. A.S. *middeleard.*

Mydeward, L. ii. 74/551, midst.

Myldelich, 82/21, *adv.* mildly.

Mysse, 97/30, *v.* miss, fail.

Mystook, L. i. 22/94, *v. pt. t.* transgrest, offended.

Mytred, 13/79, *pp.* with a mitre on.

Mytte, 83/43, *prep.* with. A.S. *mid.* Goth. *miþ.*

Nadde, L. iii. 24/49; T. 24/49 for 'ne hadde' = had not.

Nam, T. 31/169, *v. pt. t.* took. A.S. *niman.*

Namelich, 84/93, *adv.* especially.

Narewe, L. i. 61/932; Narew3, 95/99, *adv.* closely, nearly, narrowly, in small compass.

Nas, 85/118, for 'ne was' = was not.

Naþeles, L. i. 28/181, *adv.* nevertheless.

Naþemo, 94/41, *adv.* nothing more.

Neb, L. iii. 63/434; Nebbe, L. iii. 52/330, *s.* head, face.

Nedliche, V. 35/116, *adv.* necessarily.

Nei3, T. 63/436; Ney3, L. iii. 63/436, *adv.* near, nigh.

Nei3e, V. 70/487; Neyh, L. ii. 70/487, *v.* approach. A.S. *nehwan.*

Nempned, 12/45, *pp.* named, mentioned. A.S. *nemnan.* Lat. *nominare.*

Nere, L. iii. 30/150; T. 30/150, for 'ne were' = was not, were not.

Nest, V. 56/339, *adj.* next.

Newed, V. 73/539, *pp.* renewed.

Newfangel, 83/35, *adj.* new-fangled, new, inconstant.

Ney, L. iii. 25/56; Ne3, T. 25/56, *adj.* near, nigh. A.S. *neh, neah.*

Niht, V. 23/33; Ny3the, L. ii. 23/33, *s.* night.

Nineveh, 47.

Niste, L. iii. 53/332; Nuste, T. 53/332, *v. pt. t.* for 'ne wiste,' *i. e.* did not know of.

Nolde, L. i. 29/202, for 'ne wolde' = would not.

Nom, 13/58, *v. pt. t.* took, directed. A.S. *niman.*

Nome, L. iii. 76/605, *s.* name.

None kynnes, L. i. 33/274, no manner. See 'Scunes.'

Noot, L. i. 39/419, for 'ne wot' = do not know.

Noue, C. 37/144, *adv.* now.

Nou3th, 14/118, *adv.* not.

Nowar, L. ii. 58/372; Nower, 95/131, *adv.* nowhere. A.S. *nâhwer*, for *ne âhwer.*

Nowder, C. 27/69, neither.

Nowgth, 96/5; Nowth, L. ii. 53/92, *adv.* nought, not.

Nyll, 84/72, for 'ne wyll' = will not.

Nyllen, 97/44, for 'ne wyllen' = are not willing.

Nyltou, L. i. 66/1017, for 'ne wylt thou' = wilt thou not.

Nyme, 89/257, *v.* take, be taken.

Nysten, 95/78, for 'ne wysten' = did not know.

Obedde, L. iii. 22/23, *adv.* to bed.

Oftesiþes, V. 70/479, *adv.* oftentimes.

Oiþer, L. i. 75/1112, *conj.* or.

On, L. i. 28/191, *num.* one; on & on = one by one.

Ou bynde, C. 64/341, *v. pt. t.* opened.

Onon, 12/23, *adv.* presently, anon.

Oo, L. i. 41/442, *num. adj.* one.

Oord, L. i. 54/763; Orde, L. i. 78/1141, *s.* beginning.

Oord, L. i. 29/200, the edge or point. A.S. *ord.*

Opbreyde, T. 30/155; Vpbreed, L. iii. 30/155, *v.* upbraid, abuse, blame.

Ordre, L. i. 22/86, *s.* a religious order.

Ore, L. iii. 36/220, *s.* mercy, pity.

Orn, L. iii. 69/510, *v.* run, flow; Ornen, V. 75/560, *pt. t.* ran.

Ost, L. i. 64/981, *s.* company. O. Fr. *host.*

Oþer while, L. iii. 31/173, sometimes.

Oþer, 92/5, that oþer dai = the next

or the second day; cf. Havelok, l. 1755 (ed. Skeat), *þe oþer day*.

Ou, V. 31/73, *pr.* you.

Ouerlay, 97/35, *v. pt. t.* lay on, smothered.

Oune, L. ii. 48/300; Owene, T. 48/300, *adj.* own.

Ouse, L. i. 50/672, *v.* use.

Outgan, L. iii. 63/431, *pp.* departed.

Outwinne, L. iii. 64/450, *v.* get (it) out.

Ouȝtten, 94/40, *v. pr. t.* ought, owe.

Owe, L. i. 49/643, *adj.* own, his owe = his own parents, friends.

Oxse, T. 21/11, *s. pl.* oxen. A.S. *oxa*. Gothic, *auhsa*.

Paie. L. i. 35/324, *v.* please. See Paye.

Pais, 98/54, *s.* peace. Fr. *paix*. Lat. *pacem*.

Pal, L. iii. 74/566; Palle, T. 74/366, *s.* fine cloth. Lat. *pallium*.

Palesye, L. i. 75/1111, *s.* palsy.

Palfreies, L. i. 23/114, *s. pl.* riding-horses. Fr. *palefroi*.

Paraile, L. i. 27/165, *s.* dress.

Paraile, L. i. 56/810, *s.* make, trim.

Parchemyne, L. i. 53/754, *s.* parchment, paper. Fr. *parchemin*.

Parde, 95/102 = par dieu = by god.

Partener, L. ii. 58/365; Partinere, V. 58/365, *s.* partner, sharer. L. Lat. *partionarius*.

Party, L. i. 37/384, *v.* depart. Fr. *partir*.

Pas, L. iii. 24/41, *s.* steps. Lat. *passus*.

Passeþ, 83/37, *v. pr. t.* appeases, overcomes.

Paye, C. 27/66, *v.* please; welle to paye = so as to please greatly. Lat. *pacare*.

Pece, C. 27/75, *s.* a drinking cup. — Palsgrave. *Cateria*, Anglice, a *pese*.—Nominale MS.

Peines, L. iii. 29/134; Peynes, T. 29/134, *s. pl.* pains, troubles.

Pelured, L. i. 38/398, *adj.* trimmed with fur.

Pendaunt, C. 21/12, *s.* Fr. '*Pendant*: m. a pendant; a hanger; any thing that hangeth, or whereat another thing hangs.'—Cotgrave.

Pens, L. i. 31/247, *s.* pence, money.

Perchement, C. 63/314, *s.* writing.

Pere, L. i. 42/468, *adj.* equal.

Pilerinage, 14/103, *s.* pilgrimage. Fr. *pélerinage*, from Lat. *peregrinus*, a pilgrim.

Pine, L. iii. 30/159; Pyne, T. 30/159, *s.* pain, trouble.

Pite, 88/226, *v.* put.

Plawe, L. iii. 31/168, *s.* pleasure, amusement.

Plede, 83/51, *v. imper.* go to law.

Pleyn, 87/172, *s.* plain.

Pliȝt, V. 29/62; Plyȝth, L. ii. 29/62, *s.* danger. A.S. *pliht*.

Plouh, L. iii. 21/11; Plouȝ, T. 21/11, *s.* ploughs. O. Icel. *plôgr*. O. Dutch, *ploeg*.

Pormen, C. 22/16, *s. pl.* poor men.

Pouere, L. i. 20/59, *adj.* poor.

Pouste, L. 20/56, *s.* power, authority. Lat. *potestas*.

Prece, C. 75/394, *s.* press, crowd.

Preced, V. 77/583; Preceden, L. i. 77/583; Preseden, L. ii. 77/586, *v. pt. t.* prest, crowded.

Preijs, L. i. 38/397, *s.* value. Lat. *pretium*.

Prestes, C. 26/62, *s. pl.* priests. A.S. *preost*. O. Fr. *prestre*.

Presyowse, C. 62/306, *adj.* precious.

Preȝere, V. 52/304, *s.* prayer.

Priueli, V. 32/80, *adv.* privately, secretly.

Puruyaunce, L. i. 26/148, *s.* provision.

Puruyde, C. 26/55, *v. pt. t.* provided, found.

Pylte, L. i. 48/623, *v. pt. t.* pushed up.

Pymente, C. 27/72, piment, a drink made of spiced wine or ale.—See Halliwell, *s. v.* Piment.

Queintise, 82/5, *s.* cleverness, knowledge.

Queme, L. iii. 52/321, *s.* to queme= at his pleasure.

Quene, 98/45, *s.* woman. A.S. *cwen.* Greek, γυνή.

Quik, V. 61/396, *adj.* alive, living. A.S. *cwic.*

Rad, L. i. 64/980, *v. pt. t.* read. A.S. *rédan.*

Radden, 85/116, *v. pt. t.* advised, counselled. A.S. *rædan.*

Raply, C. 68/353, *adj.* quick, speedy. Cf. Lat. *rapere* = to snatch.

Rauȝtte, L. i. 30/225, *v. pt. t.* handed, gave. A.S. *ræcan.*

Rebauudrye, C. 52/255 (alter *n* to *u* in the text), *s.* ribaldry.

Recke, L. iii. 73/552; Reiche, T. 73/552, *v. pr. t.* care, reck.

Red, L. i. 27/173, *s.* plan, course. A.S. *ræd.*

Red, L. i. 67/1025, *s.* A.S. *ræd*, 1. counsel, 2. advantage, benefit, reward.

Redly, C. 65/329, *adv.* plainly. A.S. *rædlice*, reasonably.

Reed, 85/118, *s.* advice, counsel.

Rehoboam made king, 85.

Reindropes, 82/11, *s. pl.* drops of rain.

Relyke, C. 74/392, *s.* relic.

Remeþ, T. 69/505, *v. imper.* make room for, clear away from. A.S. *ryman.*

Rent, L. i. 35/327, *pp.* torn, to-rent = torn to pieces.

Repmen, 89/246, *s. pl.* reapers.

Rese, C. 68/353, *s.* haste.

Reue, 93/4, *v.* take away.

Reuly, L. ii. 66/447, *adj.* pitiable, grievous.

Reuthe, L. iii. 59/398; Ruthe, T. 59/398, *s.* pity.

Rewe, L. i. 29/201, *v.* grieve, trouble. A.S. *hreowan.*

Rewe, 12/31, *s.* row, order, by rewe = in a line, in order. A.S. *raw.*

Rewely, L. i. 31/236, *adv.* woefully.

Righte, L. iii. 75/578: Riȝt, T. 75/578, *v.* be healed, cured.

Rijf, L. iii. 26/156, *adj.* plenty, numerous.

Rochell, C. 28/78, *s.* Rochelle. "Rynische wyne and Rochelle."—Morte Arthure, E. E. Text Soc., Ed. Brock, p. 7, l. 203.

Rod, V. 69/476, Rode, 14/93, *s.* the rood, cross.

Rody, L. i. 60/941, *adj.* ruddy.

Rolle, C. 65/327, *s.* roll, writing.

Rome, 20, 35, 36, 45, 58.

Ron, V. 62/404, *v. pt. t.* ran, hurried.

Rood, 13/55, *v. pt. t.* rode. A.S. *ridan.*

Ros, L. iii. 29/42, *v. pt. t.* arose, recovered.

Rote, 82/13, *s.* root, foundation, beginning.

Roted, L. i. 38/408, 50/684, *pp.* rotted.

Roum, V. 69/481, *s.* room, place.

Route, T. 25/71, *s.* course, condition.

Royn (The River), 45.

Rymes in Solomon's *Book of Wonders*, p. 81.

Ryue, L. i. 52/720, *adj.* full, abounding.

Ryuere, L. i. 65/988, *s.* river-sports; hawking at the river-side; flying hawks at water-fowl.

Saiȝ, V. 71/522; Saye, L. ii. 71/522, *v. pt. t.* saw.

Sake, 14/90, *s.* guilt, sin.

Sarasynes, 14/86, *s. pl.* Saracens, pagans.

Sauh, V. 33/94, *v pt. t.* saw.

Sawȝe, L. i. 37/393, *s.* proverb, saw. A.S. *sagu.*

Say, L. ii. 31/73, *v. pt. t.* said, told.

Scee, C. 66/334, *v. pt. t.* see.

Schent, 84/95, *v. pr. t.* ruins, disgraces.

Schipes, V. 32/79, *s. pl.* ships. A.S. *scyp.*

Schome, V. 20/5, *s.* shame, disgrace.

Schride, 93/39, *v.* clothe. A.S. *scrydan.*

Schulder, 85/124, *s.* shoulder. A.S. *sculdor.*

Scunes, V. 62/412, Non scunes = nonnes kunes = no manner, no kind. See note to l. 219 of Joseph of Arimathie.

Seche, 92/14, *v.* seek, find.

Seeten, 33/98, *v. pt. t.* sat.

Segge, 88/203, *v. pt. t.* said.

Sei, V. 31/73; Seien, 84/86, *v. pt. t.* said, told. A.S. *secgan.*

Sekande, V. 39/145, *pr. p.* Sekynde, seeking.

Seke, L. iii. 21/13; Sike, T. 21/13, *adj.* sick folk.

Seld, L. iii. 33/194, *v. pt. t.* sold.

Selde, 94/24, *adv.* seldom. A.S. *seld.*

Selly, L. ii. 34/104, *s.* blessed object, relic. See Celli.

Semblaunt, 83/43, *s.* appearance, looks.

Sen, L. i. 25/142, *v.* see. A.S. *scon.*

Separation of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, 85.

Serieauntz, L. i. 42/452, *s. pl.* attendants. Lat. *servientes.*

Serued, 14/108, *pp.* deserved.

Seruy, L. iii. 79/634, *v.* serve, worship.

Serwe, V. 60/441, *s.* grief.

Seueniȝth, 89/253, *s.* a week, seven nights.

Seuenteþe, L. ii. 54/325, *adj.* seventeenth.

Sexteyene, C. 42/192; Sextayne, C. 43/203, *s.* sacristan (sexton).

Sey, L. ii. 33/94, *v. pt. t.* saw. A.S. *seon.*

Seyetȝ, L. ii. 36/122, *v. pr. t.* sighs.

Shene, L. i. 26/154, *adj.* shining, beautiful.

Shent, L. i. 27/177, *pp.* ruined, disgraced. A.S. *sceandan.*

Shilde, 14/90, *v. imp.* shield, protect. A.S. *scildan.*

Shille, L. i. 46/550, 561, *adv.* shrilly.

Sho, 13/61, *s. pl.* shoes.

Shonde, L. iii. 26/80; T. 20/80, *s.* disgrace. A.S. *sceand, sceond.*

Shone, L. iii. 30/161; Shonye, T. 30/161, *v.* shun, avoid.

Shoures, L. 19/36, *s. pl.* conflicts, struggles. A.S. *scûr.*

Shred, L. iii. 28/126; Y-shrud, T. 28/126, *pp.* clad.

Shrewen, L. i. 46/572, *adj.* wicked.

Shride, L. iii. 74/565; Shrude, T. 74/565, shrouded. A.S. *scrydan*

Shroud, T. 36/218, *s.* clothes.

Shryuen, L. i. 35/338, *pp.* shriven, absolved. A.S. *scrifan.*

Sigge, V. 22/26, *v.* say. A.S. *secgan.*

Sike, L. iii. 51/315, *v.* sigh.

Sikeþ, V. 36/122, *v. pr. t.* sighs.

Sikerliche, V. 59/383; Sikerly, L. ii. 59/313, *adv.* assuredly, certainly. Lat. *secure.*

Siking, V. 66/449; Syking, L. ii. 66/449, *s.* sighing.

Sithen, L. iii. 26/88; Suþþe, T. 26/88, *adv.* afterwards.

Siȝte, T. 28/121; Syȝte, L. iii. 28/121, *v. pt. t.* sighed.

Skars, L. i. 46/560, *adj.* scarce, little. O. Fr. *escars.*

Skeet, L. i. 44/493, *adv.* quickly, speedily. O. Icel. *skiotr.*

Skil, V. 76/579; Skyl, L. ii. 76/579, *s.* reason, purpose.

Skorninge, V. 52/308, *s.* mockery.

Skript, L. ii. 62/409; Skrit, V. 62/409, *s.* writing.

Slake, L. ii. 57/354, *v.* cease, end, lessen.

Sle, 86/150, *v.* slay. A.S. *slean.*

Slowȝen, 86/136, *v. pt. t.* slew. A.S. *slean*, pt. t. *ic sloh.*

Smelde, L. ii. 78/601, *v. pt. t.* smelt.

Smerte, L. i. 33/281, *s.* suffering, pain.

Snell, L. iii. 38/240; Snelle, T. 38/240, *adv.* quickly, at once. A.S. *snell.*

So, 12/27, *conj.* as.

Soft, 95/92; Softe, L. i. 19/32, *adv.* easily, gently.

Soioure, L. i. 74/1101, *s.* delay, stopping.

Soke, L. i. 69/1045, *v. pt. t.* didst suck.

Solomon, his love of lechery, 85; succeeded by Rehoboam, 85; his coronation, 97; his judgment, 98.

Somony, 97/1, *v.* summon; lete somony = caused to be summoned.

Sond, V. 32/82, *s.* land, shore.

Sonde, L. i. 31/239, *s.* message.

Sonenday, L. i. 56/817, *s.* Sunday.

Sonne-bem, 12/28, *s.* sunbeam, ray of the sun.

Soriere, L. iii. 70/518; Sorwere, T. 70/518, *adj.* more grieved.

Sorouȝeyng, L. i. 66/1011, *s.* Sorrow, grief.

Sorouȝfuleich, L. i. 68/1036, *adv.* piteously.

Soþlich, 15/132, *adv.* in truth, truly. A.S. *soþlice.*

Soulde, C. 26/56, *aux. v.* should, might.

South, L. ii. 74/554; Souȝth, L. i. 33/273, *pp.* sought for.

Souȝtten, L. i. 55/777, *v. pt. t.* sought.

Sowe, L. i. 33/282, *v. pt. t.* saw.

Sowen, V. 76/577, *pp.* scatterd, thrown about.

Speire, L. i. 67/1030, *s.* hope, wish. Lat. *sperare.*

Spelye, T. 35/208, *v.* spare. Occurs in Ormulum, l. 10133.

Speten, 93/45, *v.* spit out.

Spicerie, V. 78/603; Spiserye, L. ii. 78/603, *s.* spices.

Spille, 16/156, *v.* to kill. A.S. *spillan.*

Sposaile, L. i. 26/159, *s.* betrothal.

Spousehode, 85/105, *s.* marriage, matrimony.

Spousyde, C. 26/60, *pp.* betrothd.

Spreusse, C. 45/220, *s.* Prussia.

Springe, V. 44/223, *v.* spread.

Sse, C. 31/106, *s.* the sea.

Stant, 84/84, *v. pr. t.* stands.

Stap, T. 69/503, *v. pt. t.* stept, walkt.

Stedes, L. i. 23/114, *s. pl.* steeds, horses. A.S. *stêda.*

Stel, 11/8, *s.* steel. A.S. *style.*

Stephene, L. ii. 43/202, *s.* voice. A.S. *stefne.*

Steren, 92/16, *s. pl.* stars. "Sterre, *stella.*"—Prompt. Parv.

Steuene, L. i. 19/11, *s.* voice. A.S. *stefne.*

Stillelich, 84/85, *adv.* quietly.

Stiȝe, 93/26, *v. pt. t.* ascended. A.S. *stégan*, to mount. Prov. Eng. *stee* = a ladder. Cf. Eng. *stirrup*, i.e. *sti-rop*, a rope to mount by, *stair*, and *stile.*

Stod, T. 64/439; Stoed, L. iii. 64/439, *v. pt. t.* stood, issued.

Stout, L. ii. 61/401, *s.* (generally "sturt ne strif") daring, challenging, quarrelling. E.E. *Stout*, audax.

Strangli, 89/243, *v.* strangle, seize by the throat, kill, slay.

Stretford-atte-bowe, 14/113; Stretforþe-bowe, 16/164, Chaucer's Stratford-atte-Bow, in the East of London.

Strijf, L. i. 39/419, *s.* trouble.

Striueden, 97/38, *v. pt. t.* strove, contended.

Stronde, L. iii. 32/183, *s.* shore.

Stude, V. 45/231, *s.* place.

Sturte, V. 62/410, *v. pt. t.* started, hurried.

Stynge, L. i. 66/1017, *v.* sting, strike.

Suete, L. iii. 29/138, *adj.* sweet, dear.

Sumdel, 95/89, *s.* some.

Sumdel, L. i. 62/941, *adv.* somewhat, rather.

Sunne, V. 28/59, *s.* sin. A.S. *synn.*

Surrie (Syria), 33.

Sustene up, 97/14, *inf.* uphold.

Swalewe, L. i. 47/611, *v. pt. t.* swallowed.

Swaþel, T. 28/116, swa pel, so.

Swein, V. 48/263, *s.* attendant.

Swete, L. ii. 78/601; Swote, V. 78/601, *adj.* sweet.

Sweuene, 11/2, *s.* a dream. A.S *swefen.*

Swingge, L. ii. 66/443, slap, flat (down to the ground).

Swiþe, 11/17, *adv.* very, exceedingly, quickly.

Swounynge, L. iii. 29/142; Swoȝenynge, T. 29/142, *s.* swoon, faint.

Swoȝeny, T. 36/222; Swoune, L. iii. 36/222, *v.* faint, swoon.

Swynke, C. 57/275, *v.* labour, work. A.S. *swincan.*

Sylffe, C. 35/128, self.

Sylvyr, C. 76/397, *s.* silver, money.

Sythyn, C. 24/37, *adv.* afterwards, thenceforward.

Syttynde, L. ii. 41/181, *pr. p.* sitting.

Syȝte, L. iii. 36/217, *v. pt. t.* sighed.

Tablere, L. i. 65/989, *s.* the game of tables, or backgammon.

Tac, V. 30/70; Tak, L. ii. 30/70, *v. imp.* take.

Takyne, C. 39/156, *v.* betake.

Tar, L. iii. 30/146; T. 30/146, *v. pt. t.* tore.

Tarsus, St. Alexius sets sail for, 46.

Tauȝtte, L. i. 29/211, *v. pt. t.* taught, instructed. A.S. *tæcan.*

Tee, 16/162, *v.* go, turn, be drawn. A.S. *teon.*

Teiȝ, T. 63/436; Teyȝ, L. iii. 63/436, *v. pt. t.* came, issued. A.S. *teon.*

Teiȝ, T. 64/449; Tey, L. iii. 64/449, *v. pt. t.* drew.

Tene, L. iii. 26/86; T. 26/86; Teone, L. iii. 40/264, *s.* trouble, misery.

Teo, L. iii. 43/274; T. 43/274, *v.* draw, lead. A.S. *teon.*

Tere, L. iii. 52/326, *v. pt. t.* tore.

Teres, L. iii. 28/122, *s. pl.* tears.

Thak, C. 35/122; Thake, C. 49/242, *v.* take. A.S. *tacan.*

Theode, L. iii. 39/258, *s.* land, people.

Therforne, C. 24/40, *adv.* for that, for it.

Thewe, L. iii. 20/2, *adj.* bond, slaves. A.S. *þeow.*

They, L. iii. 25/55; Yþeȝ, T. 25/55, *v. pt. t.* throve, grew.

Thow, C. 62/309, *adv.* there.

Thralle, L. iii. 39/252, *s.* servants. A.S. *þræl.*

Throofe, C. 25/44, *v. pt. t.* throve, grew. O. Icel. *þrifa.*

Tides, L. 19/30, *s. pl.* seasons. A.S. *tid.*

Tit, V. 62/410; Tyd, L. ii. 62/410, *adv.* quickly; as tit = as quickly as possible.

Tiþande, V. 63/417, *s.* tidings.

Tiwes-niȝtte, 12/43, *s.* Tuesday night.

To-breke, L. iii. 36/214, *v.* break in pieces, burst.

To-cleued, L. i. 48/622, *pp.* cut to pieces.

To foren, L. iii. 65/461; To forne, 94/65, *prep.* before.

Tome, L. i. 45/540, *adj.* empty.

Ton, T. 51/317; Tone, L. iii. 51/317, *s. pl.* feet, toes.

Tong, L. iii. 74/560; Tonge, T. 74/560, *s.* a tongue.

Took, L. i. 20/51, *v. pt. t.* betook, gave up.

Toȝt, T. 28/116, *adj.* (?) 'tight little lassie,' natty, well put together.

To-sprynge, L. i. 60/1020, *s.* burst, break.

To-tore, L. i. 43/490, *adj.* with clothes torn into rags, in tattered clothes.

Tourne, L. i. 35/343, *s.* turn, departure.

Tre, L. ii. 37/129; Treo, V. 37/129, *s.* tree.

Tresore, L. i. 76/1119, *s.* treasure, money.

Trine, L. iii. 63/429, *v.* (?) weep.

Trowyd, C. 62/303, *v. pt. t.* believd.

Tueie, 87/186, *adv.* twice.

Tueie, 90/289; Tweie, 12/24, *num. adj.* two. A.S. *twegen.*

Turtel, L. iii. 31/164; Turtle, L. ii. 37/129; Turtul, V. 37/129, *s.* turtle-dove. Lat. *turtur.*

Twyes, L. i. 59/863, *adv.* twice.

Tydingge, L. ii. 63/417, *s.* tidings, news.

Tyght, L. iii. 45/284, *v. pp. t.* intended.

Tynt, L. i. 69/1049, *pp.* lost. O. Icel. *tyna.*

Tyt, L. iii. 30/155; T. 30/155, *adv.* soon, quickly.

þapostles, L. i. 19/19, *s. pl.* the Apostles.

þapostoile, L. i. 64/967, the apostle.

þe, L. iii. 52/325, *pro.* those.

þede, L. ii. 21/11; þeode, V. 21/11, *s.* country, people. A.S. *þeod.*

þeiȝ, 16/156, *conj.* although, though.

þeos, V. 63/426, *pr.* these.

þerwhile, 83/41, *adv.* while.

þider, L. iii. 33/202; þuder, T. 33/202, *adv.* thither.

þilk, 12/20; *pr.* that, those.

þinketh, L. i. 19/35, *impers. v.* seems, appears. þhuȝte, V. 20/5, *pt. t.* it seemd.

þo, L. iii. 24/52; T. 24/52, *adv.* when.

þole, L. iii. 26/80; þolye, T. 26/80, *v.* suffer, endure. þoled, 11/18, *pt. t.* sufferd, endurd. A.S. *þolian.*

þolemod, L. ii. 53/316, *adj.* meek, long-suffering.

þolemodenesse, 16/157, *s.* patience, meekness.

þonder, L. i. 46/561, *s.* thunder.

þonked, L. iii. 23/35; þonkede, T. 23/35, *v. pt. t.* thanked.

þoo, L. i. 23/117, *pr.* those.

þorgh, T. 21/14; þoruhg, L. iii. 21/14, *prep.* through, throughout.

þorne, 86/164, *s.* bush, thorn.

þorst, L. i. 33/281, *s.* thirst.

þouȝth, 13/55, *v. pt. t.* it seemd.

þre, L. ii. 21/14; þreo, V. 21/14, *num. adj.* three. A.S. *þreo.*

þrid, 13/67, *num. adj.* third.

þrong, L. i. 75/1115, *s.* the crowd.

þrowe, L. i. 33/285, *s.* time.

Vchadel, V. 55/334, *adv.* every bit, entirely.

Vche, L. i. 21/71, *adj.* each, every.

Veiȝe, T. 73/555, *adj.* dead. A.S. *fæge.*

Vijs, L. i. 27/171, *s.* face, countenance.

Vnbuxum, 82/16, *adj.* disobedient. A.S. *buhsom* = obedient; '*boxome*, obedient.'—Palsgrave.

Vncouþ, 83/55, *adj.* strange, unknown. A.S. *uncuð*, unknown, *cuð*, known.

Vnderfonge, T. 24/44, *v.* take, receive. See Afong.

Vndergo, 15/134, *v. imp.* receive, take.

Vndernam, L. i. 61/914, *v. pt. t.* questiond, examind, understood, perceivd. A.S. *vndcrniman*, to undertake.

Vndernom, L. iii. 33/199, *v. pt. t.* understood.

Vndernyme, 84/73, *v. imper.* take in hand, reprove, rebuke.

Vnderstonde, 98/37, *v.* mean, point to.

Vnderȝat, 97/37, *v. pt. t.* perceivd, discoverd. A.S. *undergitan.*

Vnderȝete, 97/41, *v.* discover, determine.

Vndytt, lete hem (lions), 89/254, causd 'em to be removd, shut up. The reverse of *dihtan*, make ready, prepare.

Vnlede, T. 53/333, *adj.* wicked, base. See Halliwell, *s.v.* Vnleed.

Vnmylde, 84/63, *adj.* rude.

Vnneiled, 14/95, *v. pt. t.* unnailed, freed.

Vnneþe, 92/5, *adv.* scarcely. A.S. *uneað* = uneasy; from *eað* = easy.

Vnride, V. 73/542; Vnruyde, L. ii. 73/542, *adj.* excessive.

Vnwrast, L. i. 53/738, *adj.* wicked, base, mean.

Vnwreiȝ, T. 63/434; Vnwrey, L. iii. 63/434, *v. pt. t.* uncoverd. A.S. *unwrigan.*

Vryne, 70/1059, *s.* urine.

Vuel, V. 61/402, *adj.* evil, wicked.

Vyage, C. 30/100, *s.* journey. Fr. *viage.* Lat. *viaticum.*

Vyde, C. 40/161, *adv.* wide.

Vye, L. i. 78/1147, *s.* life. Fr. *vie.*

Wade, L. i. 46/548, *v.* go, pass. A.S. *wadan.* Lat. *vadere.*

Wake, L. i. 19/48, *v.* watch.

War, L. iii. 69/505, *v. imper.* take care, give way.

Ware, L. i. 26/145, *adj.* aware.

Warisshed, L. i. 35/320, *pp.* well protected, saved. Fr. '*Guarir.* To heale, cure, mend, recouer, make whole, restore vnto health.'—Cotgrave.

Waster, L. ii. 21/12, was there.

Waten, L. i. 28/191, *v. pt. t.* went.

Weddowe, C. 73/384, *s.* a widow. A.S. *widewe.*

Wei, V. 33/98; Weie, 85/99, *s.* way, course. A.S. *weg.* O. Fris. *wei.*

Weila-wey, V. 36/125; Weylawey, L. ii. 36/125, wellaway! alas! A.S. *wá la wá = woe, la! woe.*

Wel, 92/4, *adv.* much.

Welde, L. i. 40/431, *v.* to rule, possess.

Wele, L. i. 19/23; Well, C. 21/9, *s.* fortune, wealth. A.S. *wela, weola.*

Wellde, C. 26/54, *v.* manage his affairs. A.S. *weldan.*

Welonye, C. 52/256, *s.* ill-treatment.

Wem, V. 29/65; L. ii. 29/65, *s.* stain, guilt. A.S. *wamm.* Goth. *ramm.*

Wene, 85/122, *v. pr. t.* do ye think. A.S. *wenan.*

Wepþ, L. ii. 37/127, *v. pt. t.* weeps.

Werche, T. 38/246; Wirche, L. iii. 38/246, *v.* work, do, fulfil.

Wernage, C. 27'76, vernage, a kind of white wine.

Werne, L. iii. 70/516, *v.* prevent, stop. A.S. *wernan.*

Werned, C. 22/18, were forbidden, warned from. A.S. *wernan*, to deny, refuse.

Werst, 85/100, *adj.* worst. A.S. *wyrst.*

Wessch, L. ii. 52/311, *v. pt. t.* washt.

West, C. 37/140, *v. pt. t.* knew, wist.

Weste, T. 53/335, *v. pt. t.* wisht.

Wete, V. 70/503, *adj.* wet.

Wetten, C. 63/323, *v.* know. A.S. *witan.*

Wex, L. i. 25/136; C. 25/44, *v. pt. t.* grew, increast.

Whulche, V. 43/207, *pr.* which.

Widewe. L. i. 72/1074, *s.* widow. A.S. *widewe.*

Wijf, L. i. 26/150; Wyf, V. 26/51; Wyffe, C. 26/55, *s.* a wife.

Wikke, L. iii. 61/409, *adj.* wicked, wretched.

Wilk, L. ii. 43/207, *pr.* which.

Willen, L. i. 19/28, *v.* will, wish to.

Wilne, 82/27, *v.* wish. A.S. *wilnian.*

Winne, V. 62/414; Wynne, L. ii. 62/414, *v.* obtain.

Wisse, 97/21, 29, *inf.* teach, guide.

Wissed, L. iii. 24/53; Wissede, T. 24/53, *v. pt. t.* taught. A.S. *wisian.*

Wisselich, 15/133, *adv.* certainly, surely.

Wit, V. 75/566; Wyth, L. ii. 75/566, *s.* senses.

Wite, 83/42, *v. imp.* (?) A.S. *witan*, punish, blame, reproach; not *witan*, wit, know.

Wite, 14/120, *v.* know, be informd. A.S. *witan.*

Witerli, V. 42/196; Wyterly, L. ii. 42/196, *adv.* assuredly.

Witty, L. iii. 27/98; T. 27/98, *adj.* sensible.

Wiþerward, 12/20, *adj.* adverse, opposed. A.S. *wiðerweard.*

Wiþerwynes, 13/85, *s. pl.* enemies, adversaries. A.S. *wiðerwynna*, an enemy.

Wiþseie, 82/19, *v. imp.* oppose.

Wiȝtte, L. i. 31/240, *s.* creature. A.S. *wiȝt.*

Woed, L. iii. 71/531, *adj.* mad.

Won, V. 47/247, *s.* dwelling, place to live in.

Wond, L. iii. 70/515, *v.* cease.

Wondes, L. ii. 50/283, *s. pl.* wounds.

Wone, 13/62, *s.* custom, habit. A.S. [ge]-*wuna.*

Woned, L. iii. 40/259; Y-woned, T. 40/259, *pp.* dwelt, lived.

Wonen, L. i. 19/33, *v.* dwell, live. A.S. *wunian.*

Wonyynge, L. i. 79/1149, *pr. p.* dwelling.

Woo, L. i. 44/511, *adj.* sorrowful, mournful.

Wood, L. i. 47/593, *adj.* furious.

Woodnesse, V. 68/474; Wodnesse, L. ii. 68/474, *s.* madness.

Wook, L. i. 20/57, *v. pt. t.*

Wop, 13/64, *v. pt. t.* beat hard.

Worschiplich, L. i. 20/58, *adv.* honourably, in honour.

Worþ, 94/33, *v. pr. t.* is. A.S. *weorđan.*

Worþe, 83/47, *v.* shall be.

Worþing-niȝth, 14/87, *s.* (?)

Wosschen, V. 52/311, *v. pt. t.* washt.

Wott, C. 26/61, *v. pr. t.* know, am sure.

Wouȝ, 90/284, *s.* wall (to fight with his back to), the protection or advantage of his learning.

Wowe, L. iii. 54/346, *s.* wall. A.S. *wag, wæg.*

Wrake, L. i. 19/45, *s.* injury, hurt.

Wrast, C. 63/315, *v.* wrest.

Wraþþi, L. i. 29/202, *v.* grieve, vex.

Wrecche, 85/122, *s.* wretched fool. A.S. *wræcce;* exul, profugus, miser. Cf. Fr. *un misérable.*

Wreche, L. i. 29/216, *s.* ruin, punishment.

Wrie, 84/80, *s.* betray, disclose.

Wuste, V. 54/326, *v. pt. t.* knew, was conscious.

Wyghe, C. 73/383.

Wynnying, L. i. 73/1088, *s.* pleasure, enjoyment.

Wyntersende, C. 54/261, *s.* winter's end.

Wyntren, 92/22, *s. pl.* winters, years.

Wytt, C. 25/47, *s.* sense, understanding.

Wyue, 96/10, *s.* wife.

Yaffe, C. 31/103, *v. pt. t.* gave.

Yate, C. 22/18, *s.* gate, door. A.S. *geat.*

Ychaunged, L. i. 36/358, *pp.* changed, altered.

Ycloþed, 15/140, *pp.* clothed, dresst. A.S. *cladian.*

Ydytte, 89/242, *pp.* prepared, ready, A.S. *dihtan.*

Yfalt, L. i. 61/932, *pp.* folded.

Yfere, L. i. 60/881, *adv.* together. A.S. *gefera.*

Yheled, 84/77, *pp.* conceald, hidden. A.S. *hilan.*

Yhent, 95/96, *v.* catch.

Yheried, 94/64, *pp.* praisd, glorified.

Yhote, 86/156, *pp.* named. A.S. *hatan.*

Yhud, T. 61/409, *pp.* hidden, conceald.

Ykud, T. 61/410, *pp.* known, recognisd.

Ykyd, 84/78, *pp.* shown, made manifest. A.S. *cuđ.*

Ylad, 88/211, *pp.* taken, led.

Ylast, 93/32. *v.* lasts, continues.

Yleide, L. i. 64/962, *pp.* laid.

Ylome, L. i. 21/69, *adv.* often, frequently. A.S. *gelome.*

Ylore, L. i. 68/1039, *pp.* lost.

Ynche, 95/79, *s.* inch. Lat. *uncia.*

-ynd, ryming with -ing; sekynd, tyding, L. ii. 39/145.

-yng, for -en, pp.; *forsakyng,* forsaken, ryming with inf. *takyne,* betake, C. 39/156.

Ynke, C. 55/265, *s.* ink.

Ynouh, L. iii. 21/10; Y-nouȝ. T. 21/10, *adv.* enough. A.S. *genoh.*

Ypocrite, L. i. 53/739, *s.* hypocrite.

Yrne, 11/8, *s.* iron. A.S. *iren.*

Yse, 84/76, *v.* see, perceive.

Ysed, 87/175, *pp.* told, reported.

Yshadewed, L. i. 73/1082, *pp.* darkend.

Yshred, L. i. 21/82, *pp.* clad, dresst.

Ysome, 94/20, *adj.* peaceable, loving. A.S. *gesome.*

Ysowe. L. i. 61/915, *v.* saw.

Yswowen, L. i. 17/386, in a swoon.

Yuel, 15/150, *adj.* evil, ill.

Y-wis, T. 26/78, *adv.* assuredly, certainly. A.S. *gewiss.*

Y-wissed, L. iii. 62/426, *pp.* told, informd.

Ywite, L. i. 56/809, *v.* know, find.

Ywonden, 13/57, *pp.* wrapt. A.S. *windan.*

Ywrouȝth, L. i. 25/140, *pp.* wrought, done.

ȝaf, V. 33/93, *v. pt. t.* gave. A.S. *gifan.*

ȝare, L. i. 46/543, *v.* go. A.S. *gearwian.*

ȝare, L. ii. 32/84, *adj.* ready. A.S. *gearu.*

ȝare, V. 43/211, *adv.* readily, quickly.

ȝeden, L. i. 22/85, *v. pt. t.* went, travelled. A.S. *eode* = went.

ȝelde, 88/230, *v.* pay.

ȝer, L. iii. 25/58; ȝere, T. 25/58, *s.* year.

ȝerd, V. 52/302, *s.* court, house. "Yard, or yerd, *hortus.*"—Prompt. Parv.

ȝerne, L. iii. 23/35; T. 23/35, *adv.* earnestly. A.S. *geornian*, to desire.

ȝernend, 93/45, *adv.* eagerly.

ȝeue, L. iii. 25/69; T. 25/69, *v.* to give, graunt.

ȝing, V. 30/68; L. ii. 30/68, *adj.* young. A.S. *geong.*

ȝungge, L. ii. 52/307, *adj.* young.

ȝutt, 82/6, *adv.* yet.

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